



# The Girlspell - Book 3 Arabella's Revenge

SILVER  
MOON   
ADULT FICTION

# William Avon

# **The Girlspell – Book 3**

## **Arabella's Revenge**

William Avon

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# Prologue: Nightmare

The dome of the great silver platter lifted, exposing Arabella's nakedness to the gaze of the guests. She gave a muffled shriek as they looked into her red, tear-streaked eyes as they stared out wildly over her gag and saw the full horror of her humiliation.

She was mounted on an angled metal brace bolted to the base of the platter. A leather strap was pinched tight about her neck, forcing her chin up and head back, so that her body was bowed outward for all to see. Her arms were bound tightly behind her with a strap above her elbows, thrusting forward her shapely breasts: breasts that glittered with the heads of a dozen drawing pins that had been thrust into their creamy softness.

Her wrists were tied to the crossed ankles of her bent and wide-splayed legs. She was sitting with her anus impaled by a thick rubber dildo mounted on the base of the platter. Her body trembled with the stretching of her back passage, even as her distended anus sucked on the intruder like a lolly. The tendons of her inner thighs stood out as she strained to hold her knees wide, vainly trying to prevent the sprig of holly whose stalk had been pushed up her vagina from scratching the lips of her love mouth any further.

She was resting in a golden puddle of her own urine, ejected in fear as the dildo had forced its way up inside her. This mingled with the droplets trickling down from her soaking hair where her unknown assailants had added their own final insult before they had closed the dome of the platter and let her be carried off to the banqueting room.

Her uncle and guardian, Major Haverecot-gore, looked down at her in disbelief while shock and horror filled the guests' faces. Even the naked bondslaves mounted decoratively on the walls could see her shame.

Distantly she heard her uncle saying foolishly: 'Good God, Arabella! What are you doing there?'

Then the guests began laughing at her, mocking her shame and nakedness. And her uncle was laughing as well. Even the bondslaves were laughing. She had been disgraced before them all. It was like a nightmare... a nightmare!

Arabella Westlake sat up in her bed with a jerk.

Morning sunlight glowed warmly about the drawn curtains of her bedroom. Yes, it had been a nightmare, but as her sore body testified, also a replay of the terrible truth.

Mysterious masked men really had kidnapped and humiliated her, substituting her for the slave girl who should have been on the silver platter. They had disgraced her and turned her orderly, privileged world upside down and made her feel... no, she could not accept what they had made her feel.

But had been so terribly wronged. Yes, that was what she had keep in her mind above all else. And for that she would have her revenge!

# Chapter 1: Fun in a Cellar

The five young men clad in grey blazers and caps stood nervously before the garden gate of the neat whitewashed thatched cottage which nestled amongst the trees close to the imposing main gates of Cranborough House Public School, which was situated just outside the village of Shaftwell. Summer term was due to start in two days' time but the boys had other things on their mind. The cottage belonged to Miss Newcombe, the formidable matron of their school, who currently held their future at Cranborough in her hands.

Just three mornings earlier Miss Newcombe had caught the boys in their dormitory with five naked young women bound to their beds, who they had subjected to an orgy of abuse the previous night. It did not help that three of these girls had been what were known locally as 'outlanders' or 'tramontane', whose presence in the country was required by law to be reported to the authorities. One of these outlanders the boys had broken out of the local police cell, the second they had stolen from Major Havercottgore's Markham Hall girlpack, where she had become his prize sporting bitch, and the third they had liberated from the unauthorised possession of Arabella Westlake. However Miss Newcombe had not exposed the boys' actions and had somehow contrived to remove the three outlander girls from the scene, but they knew from that moment on they were totally in her power.

In the circumstances their current apprehension was understandable.

'Go on, Jackson,' one boy said to the tall blond lad who led the group. 'It's all right. She's expecting us. We've got her invitation.'

'Yes, but what does she want?' Jackson asked with a frown. 'Mr Speers came back yesterday. You don't suppose she's going to tell him what we did.'

'If she'd told him already then we'd know it!' exclaimed the first speaker.

They had already forfeited part of their Easter holidays as punishment for an offence that Arabella had in fact contrived. Any further wrongdoing would be sure to get them expelled.

They were momentarily distracted by the clatter of wheels on the road as a small three-wheeled chaise driven by a grey-haired man in sombre clerical robes bowled past the gates. The boys automatically tipped their hats respectfully to him.

‘Good afternoon, Vicar,’ they chorused.

‘Good afternoon, boys,’ he replied with a cheery wave. For a moment their eyes lingered approvingly on the pair of young naked bond-women who were harnessed on either side of the shaft that supported the chaise’s small front steering wheel and who provided its motive power.

The women were bent forward so their torsos were parallel with the ground. Broad leather collars, attached to the main shaft by short crossbeams, encircled their hips and shoulders. The hip collars had cuffs on their sides that held the girls’ wrists secure. Projecting forward from the shoulder collars were padded oval hoops in which their heads rested face down. Their breasts were contained within strap brake halters that allowed them to bob merrily as they went. Their lower legs were encased by high-laced sandals with thick wedge-shaped soles that gave maximum traction for the extended angle their legs were constrained to move at as they strained to convey their clerical master about his duties.

As they passed the boys admired the rhythmic rolling of the girl’s strong glossy buttocks about the dividing straps that secured them to their hip collars. The vicar tugged at a lever on the steering bar connected by cogs and chains to the front wheel. Short spring-loaded canes mounted on the shaft drew back and then flicked across the pair of naked bottoms before him and his human ponies increased their pace to a brisker trot.

As the sound of the chaise diminished in the distance, Jackson turned back to the cottage, took a deep breath and pushed open the gate. The boys made their way along the winding stone path between hollyhocks and lavender until they reached the front door, under its tiny thatched porch.

Pulling their caps off, Jackson rapped the door knocker.

The door was opened not by Miss Newcombe, but a younger woman with straight blonde hair, very bright eyes and a wide, impudent mouth. Her name was Sally Potts, former vagabond and petty thief. She had been the fourth girl Miss Newcombe had found tied to their beds. To better herself, and also to protect her far-from-innocent part in the boy's illegal activities, Sally had agreed to become Miss Newcombe's bond slave.

Sally gave a clumsy curtsy and then, speaking in the strangled vowels of somebody attempting to sound refined, said: 'Good Afternoon, Masters. May h'I h'enquire h'as to your business?'

The boys looked at her in surprise. They knew Sally's body intimately but they had never seen it dressed like this before.

She wore a frilly white mob cap, glossy black patent leather shoes with silver buckles, white knee socks and white gauze pinafore trimmed with lace and tied with a large bow in the small of her back. As intended it concealed little of her figure. Sally's breasts were large for her build and pressed heavy and proud against the thin material of her pinny. Her large pink areolas with neat rounded nipples in their centres showed distinctly. Her waist was slim, with prominent hip bones and she had a dark blonde delta of pubic hair surrounding a soft, pink-lipped cleft.

Black leather cuffs closed by small silver padlocks linked Sally's ankles by a length of hobble chain, which was supported in the middle by a lighter chain that ran up between her legs. A matching black leather collar was locked about her neck.

'Er... we've come to see Miss Newcombe,' said Jackson uncertainly.

'I regret that the Mistress is out at the moment,' said Sally. 'Howsoever, she did give h'enstructions as to your arrival.'

'Oh, do stop messing about, Sally,' Jackson said. 'You know who we are. Miss Newcombe invited us.'

Sally sighed and rolled up her eyes. In more natural tones she said: 'I know that! I'm just trying to be a proper maid, ain't I? She told me I got to practice. Well come on in, then.'

Grinning, the boys passed her into the small neat hallway. As she closed the door behind them they saw Sally's pale pink buttocks each had a darker spanking blush at their centres. The thin chain supporting her hobble ran up between them to a silver ring plugged into her anus.

'Wait a minute,' said Sally, shuffling past them with a jingle of hobble chains. 'I've got to do this right...' She threw open the door to the sitting room and announced: 'Master Jackson, Master Bickley, Master Parsons, Master Harris and Master Gosset.' She took a deep breath and stood aside. 'Masters, Miss Moncrief will receive you...'

Jemima Moncrief, who had been sitting on a sofa, sprang to her feet at they entered, a blush forming on the cheeks of her bright innocent elfin face with its slightly uptilted nose. She was the boys' age, had shoulder length light brown hair and a slim body clad in a light cream one piece summer dress, ankle socks and white leather sandals.

Jemima had been the fifth girl they had cheerfully abused on that eventful night and the boys had not seen her since then. Caught up in the convoluted plotting to bring down Arabella and liberate her outlander captive, Jemima had become, despite her shy nature, an unexpected but eager convert to the ways of bondage and masochistic sex. But meeting her formally like this brought a blush to all their cheeks and an awkward silence descended.

Sally looked between the boys and Jemima. 'Oh gawd, it's all right! She's still up for a screw and a spank. That's what she's here for. The Mistress is giving you the chance to keep your pricks exercised.'

The boys' blushed deepened while Jemima nodded shyly. 'I would like to do more of... that kind of thing, if you still want to have me?'

'Look at the fronts of their trousers,' Sally said. 'Of course they want to have you. But the Mistress says you've got to do it proper, remember?'

Looking at Jemima hungrily, the boys nodded.

Sally grinned. 'I was supposed to offer you tea now but I guess you want to have her first, eh?' The boys nodded again and Jemima beamed in shy delight. 'Well don't do it in here 'cos I'll have to clean up any stains. The Mistress has the cellar set up for you. Come on...'

The cellar was a large dry room with whitewashed stone walls, a slab floor and a low wooden beamed ceiling supported by half a dozen heavy black timber posts. There were boxes and tea chests stacked in one corner, but what riveted the boys' eyes was the sturdy square table set out in the middle of the room. Its top and edges were covered by padded leather, while riveted to its sides and legs were many broad buckled straps of different lengths. To one side was a smaller wheeled trolley on which was laid out a towel and sponge, a tin bucket, a jug of steaming water, a large brass garden syringe with a rubber hose on its nozzle, a tub of petroleum jelly and a ring-gag. Hanging from hooks underneath it were half a dozen bamboo-shafted and rubber-bladed spanking paddles.

'Cosy, ain't it?' Sally said. 'You can do what you like down here and nobody'll hear. You might want to hang up your coats first. There's some hooks over there....'

The boys did so and then rolled up their shirtsleeves. Meanwhile Jemima's eyes grew round with wonder and excitement at the sight of the table and accessories. She pointed innocently at the ring gag. 'What's that for?'

'It's to hold your mouth open so's they can put their cocks in it without you biting them,' Sally explained.

'Ohh... I see,' Jemima said in horrified delight.

'Well go on, get stuck into her!' Sally said encouragingly.

The boys crowded round Jemima, pressing tight against her. They took hold of her arms and pulled them wide. She made a token squeak of protest and tried to pull away from them, just hard enough to ensure they

tightened their grip on her. One of them covered her mouth while another took up the ring-gag. They wedged it between her teeth and buckled it behind her neck, forcing her mouth into an inviting 'O'. Her eyes grew wide and her teeth showed white about the ring. They unfastened the buttons at the back of her neck and pulled the dress over her head, revealing her thin silk underslip. Reaching under this they pulled down her frilly knickers and dragged them over her feet. The slip was pulled up over her head leaving her naked except for her socks and shoes.

Jemima's small breasts stood out in perfect, slightly rounded cones, shivering with every movement like pink jellies. Each was capped by a neatly rounded pale brown nipple, the crowns of which were delicately puckered. Her stomach was flat while the pit of her belly button was deep and sharply defined. Her buttocks were pale and apple-firm. Her hips were still boyishly narrow, tapering to slimly rounded legs. The apex of her thighs was crowned by a thick and wide fluffy delta of pubic hair that divided about the cleft of her deep vagina, from which the crinkled tongue of her inner lips pouted enticingly.

Fluttering helplessly in their grasp, Jemima was dragged forward and laid belly-down across the punishment table. Pulling her legs wide and prying apart her rounded buttock cheeks, the Cranborough boys exposed the tight pucker of her anus. Filling the brass syringe from the jug of warm water and holding the bucket between Jemima's thighs, they fed the hose end into her bottom hole and flushed it clean, chuckling as the orifice swelled with pressure from within before bursting open and discharging it with a hiss and spurt. Jemima's eyes bulged in joyous disgust as her entrails were flushed out. Stiff fingers then rammed a generous dollop of lubricating jelly into her passage, working it round until it was fit for use.

Jemima's pale, perfectly presented buttocks were too tempting to ignore.

A spanking paddle was selected and laid across her rear cheeks with smacks that echoed back from the walls, mingling with their victim's grunts and yelps of pain. When they were a nice even rosy red, the boys took turns testing their warmth while Jemima drooled blissfully about her ring gag.

They turned Jemima over and laid her on her back so that her head overhung the top end of the table while her buttocks overhung the front. Pulling her arms straight down on either side of the table they strapped her wrists to its legs. Parting her legs wide at the hips they bent her knees and twisted her lower legs down until they could strap her ankles to the front faces of the table legs, so that the insides of her thighs were facing outward, exposing the deep-cleft pouch of her sex. Longer straps were bound about her shins and the front of her thighs, holding them bent tight together. Two more long straps, riveted to the underside of the table, were drawn across her neck and stomach and buckled tight. With fearful, excited eyes, Jemima looked up at them through the shallow valley of her neat breast cones, over her fluffy pubic bush and between the flattened ‘V’ of her taut thighs, while they stood before her admiring the most intimate view of her lovely captive body imaginable. She was theirs to do with as they wished!

The tent-pole bulges in the fronts of their trouser testified to their desire.

After the glut of their orgy and a brief dalliance with Sally that Miss Newcombe had permitted, they had not had a girl for two days and their balls were heavy with semen that urgently needed to be expelled. But in handling Sally, Jemima and their outlander captives they had learned the pleasure of delayed gratification, and also the reward that warming and stimulating a girl first reaped.

Each taking up a paddle they positioned themselves round Jemima’s bound body and began to beat her. Under the stinging blows she bucked and squirmed wildly against the tight cocoon of her straps, sobbing and whooping in pain, her big eyes wet with tears. Her small breasts shivered as though they were on springs, blushing ever redder, capped by darkening nipples as hard as India rubber, while her sex pouch grew pink and swollen and began to dribble. They scooped up smears of her discharge and smelt the exciting spicy sweetness of it with delight.

Her incoherent sobs became words forced past her gag: ‘...please use me... put your things into me... I’ll suck you...’

Jackson caught hold of her hair and twisted her head round towards

him. 'You want us inside you?' he demanded. 'In your front and rear holes? In your mouth?'

'Yes... anything... please yes!' Jemima begged.

They unbuttoned their flies, freeing their stiff cocks. One after another they plunged them into the eager orifices of their pretty captive, forcing their shafts between her lovemouth and the tight greased pit of her anus and her ring-stretched lips. Their pumping, straining manhoods glugged and squelched within their flesh sheaths as she sucked on them until they spurted hotly inside her and her eyes rolled up in ecstasy.

Such is the resilience of youth that the boys each had her a second time until they were drained. Jemima was left half insensible, eyes closed, her blushing sweat-sheened breasts rising and falling in tiny ragged shudders while sperm dripped from her red-rimmed vagina and anus onto the floor.

The boys had not realised Sally had been gone from the cellar until she came back down the stairs.

'You done, then?' she asked cheerfully, grinning at their now flaccid penises coated with Jemima's juices. 'Tea's ready. You get started while I clean her up.'

The boys made themselves decent once more and gathered up their coats, but they remembered the lesson learned from their first outlander captive. Bending over Jemima's bound form they each kissed her and said: 'Thank you for letting us have you.'

The Cranborough boys were learning to be gentlemen.

As the boys trooped back upstairs, weary but happy, Sally removed Jemima's gag, fed her some water and then began to sponge her clean. She did not unstrap Jemima as she knew she was in no hurry to be released from her bondage.

After a minute Jemima said: 'Oh...' fluttering her eyes open and smiling weakly, 'that was... wonderful!'

‘You do like it rough,’ Sally observed as she flushed sperm out of Jemima’s ravaged vagina.

‘Well, you did sort of introduce me to it,’ Jemima reminded her.

‘Yeah, but I didn’t expect you to take to it like a duck going for a swim!’

‘Only because I know it’s safe with them. They follow the rules, like Amber taught them...’ she added with a shiver: ‘not like Arabella did.’ Then she frowned. ‘Do you think we’ll see Amber and Sue and Melanie again?’

‘Miss Newcombe will decide that, when the time’s right.’

‘Have they really gone back to their home?’

‘I suppose so.’

‘What do you think they’re doing now?’

‘I dunno. The outlander world’s meant to be real odd. I mean they talk like us, but they don’t have bondslaves. They do things different there...’

## Chapter 2: A World Away

The slave chains jingled about Sue Drake's naked body as she prepared tea in the kitchen of Amber's small rented cottage on the edge of Hoakam Woods.

Sue had a mane of wavy blonde hair tied back on a ponytail, a pretty heart-shaped face and bright blue eyes. She had full breasts with large red-brown nipples. Her waist was trim, her buttocks softly rounded and her hips wide. The happy vertical smile of her newly depilated naked lovemouth showed for all to see.

Steel-reinforced rubber-lined cuffs were locked about Sue's wrists and ankles. They were joined by six lengths of chain that connected them with each other and to the front of a belt of similar construction that was locked about her waist. Another rubber and steel collar band encircled her neck. From a ring on the front of it hung a metal tag with her name stamped on it.

Sue moved with care so that her chains do not catch on anything, but she made no attempt to remove them. The truth was she found their weight comforting. Two weeks ago she would have been horrified at the thought of wearing them. Now she knew she belonged in chains. In the days since Sue had returned from that strange alternate version of England, and all the wonders and horrors she had experienced there, she had quit her job, put her town flat up for rent and returned to stay with one of only two women in the country who understood why she now wanted only to be a loved, and loving, slave.

When the tea things were ready she carried the tray carefully through to the sitting room, where two young women of about her own age were seated. The first was pretty and black, with coffee-dark skin, clear deep brown eyes, and an athlete's build. Her crinkly jet hair was pulled back from her smooth forehead into a dark ponytail. Her name was Melanie Kingston and she was the local policewoman, although currently she was dressed in a

casual loose blouse and blue jeans.

The other was the woman Sue now thought of as her “Mistress”. Her name was Amber Jones and, until recently, she had been a successful cat burglar. She had short-cropped brown hair capping a high intelligent forehead and boldly marked eyebrows, a determined jaw line and cool, clear mischievous hazel-blue eyes. Her nose was delicately square tipped and slightly uptilted. She had a slightly leaner build than her guest and she was dressed in her favourite garb of black t-shirt and jeans.

It was the first time the three of them had been together since their sudden return and they had some catching up to do.

‘So, how does it feel to be back on the beat?’ Amber was saying as Sue entered. ‘I hope you got a commendation for “discovering” my stash. That must have boosted your clear-up rate.’

‘You know I hated lying about that,’ Mel said. ‘I don’t make deals with criminals.’

‘Well you could hardly have told them the truth, could you?’ Amber said with a grin. ‘If it helps, I never stole anything from anybody who couldn’t afford it, and a percentage always went to some good cause.’

Sue set the tray down on the coffee table between the two women and then knelt down on the small mat placed by the table for that purpose. Carefully holding her chains out of the way she began to pour out the tea.

Mel looked at her with uneasy concern. ‘Are you happy, Sue?’

‘Perfectly, thank you, Miss,’ Sue said.

‘I’m taking care of her like I promised,’ Amber said, reaching out and stroking Sue’s head. ‘You know this is what she wants. Don’t pretend you wouldn’t jump at the chance to be back in the Major’s girlpack again.’

Melanie blushed and did not reply.

Less than two weeks earlier, Melanie, working off duty on her own

initiative, had tracked Amber and her stash down to Hoakam Woods. Amber had resisted arrest. They fought, accidentally activating a stolen oriental-style puzzle box containing three ivory phalluses to emanate a mysterious compulsion which had been impossible to resist. Even though she was meant to be escaping, Amber had used the first of the phalluses on herself.

The power of the orgasm it induced had somehow transported her into an alternate version of England: a world without computers, television or jet aircraft, but where female slavery was commonplace. There Amber had been caught by the boys from Cranborough House who had identified her as an 'outlander' and enthusiastically gang-banged her. Escaping from them, she had promptly been arrested by the local policeman, who had demonstrated that the prison regime for hapless females was even harsher.

Meanwhile the second phallus had transported Melanie to the grounds of Markham Hall, the property of Major Havercott-gore the local squire. Apprehended as a trespasser she had been forced to join the ranks of his 'girlpack' a group of women kept as sex slaves and hunting trophies. To her amazement Melanie found she enjoyed the perverse lifestyle and her mastery by the Major, and she swiftly became his favourite.

Later Sue, on a lone cycling holiday to escape an unpleasant ex-boyfriend, had come across the last phallus in the box. It had carried her into Arabella's cruel clutches, who kept her as her secret slave, together with her girl gang known disparagingly by the local boys as the 'Snooties'.

The Cranborough boys had helped Amber break out of jail in return for her becoming their private slave for a term. Amber, plotting escape, convinced them to gather more girls into a secret 'harem'. They had acquired Sally who had been a police cell-mate of hers, and then Jemima, a sympathetic member of the Snooties. Amber's manipulations eventually culminated in Sue's escape from Arabella and Melanie's release from the Hall girlpack.

It was then the enigmatic and masterful Miss Newcombe had stepped in, revealing that she had been aware of their activities all along. She already knew of the power of puzzle box phalluses and used them to bring the three of them back to their familiar version of England which, it transpired, was

also her original home. Then she had returned to the other world, taking the puzzle box with her and leaving them to rebuild their lives.

While Amber and Melanie took their tea, Sue knelt with her knees spread and arms folded behind her back, taking pieces of cake that Amber offered to her from her outstretched palm. Occasionally Amber stroked Sue's hair and squeezed and rolled her breasts. Sue gazed back at her mistress with adoring eyes and uttered soft giggles of delight.

'Had you any idea Miss Newcombe would spring that surprise on us?' Melanie asked.

'None,' Amber admitted, idly tweaking Sue's nipple. 'Though now I come to think of it she was always around from the start. She turned up just after I was brought into the police station with some story about men in the woods. Oh, of course! She must have been watching the boys hunting for Arabella and was ready to give them an alibi.'

'She's certainly very convincing,' Melanie said. 'I told her a lot of personal stuff while she was examining me in the Hall kennels.'

'She had everything planned, even down to fooling the boys into thinking she'd be away that last night. Did you see their faces when she turned up while they still had all of us tied to their beds? I thought they were going to pass out. Now she's got them right under her thumb. And us too.'

'Except... we don't have to go back,' Melanie said slowly.

'Could you hold out against the call of those phalluses if she activated them?' Amber asked scathingly. 'Face it, we've changed.' She saw the doubt on Melanie's face. 'Don't believe me? Sue, get the ice cubes from the fridge.'

With a jingle of chains Sue scurried to obey and returned with a plastic bag of ice chunks.

'Turn round, bottom towards me and hold your bum cheeks apart,' Amber commanded.

Sue obeyed, spreading her legs and bending over to present her smooth pale bottom. Mel noticed it had a pink blush suggesting a recent spanking. Sue's fingers stretched the fleshy cheeks wide so they could see the soft naked pouch of her sex, topped by the tight puckered eye of her anus.

Amber slid a lozenge of ice from the bag and, holding it between thumb and forefinger, rubbed it round Sue's bottom hole, causing the sphincter to clench visibly. Sue gasped at the icy touch but held still.

Clasping Sue about the front of her thighs with one hand, Amber pushed the chunk of ice into Sue's anus, driving it home with her thumb until the little round mouth had swallowed it. Sue gave a little whimper but said nothing.

Three more lozenges of ice followed the first up into Sue's rectum. By now the girl was beginning to shiver.

'Back in position,' Amber commanded.

Sue knelt by the table once more; her lovely breasts trembling as the cold seeped through her entrails. A trickle of icy water dripped onto her mat.

'Is that uncomfortable?' Amber asked her.

'Y... yes, Mistress.'

'Good. Hold them in there until they melt.'

'Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress.'

Amber turned to Melanie, who had been watching in helpless fascination.

'There, you've seen me stuff ice cubes up Sue's rear just for the fun of it. She accepts it because she's my slave, and you haven't raised a finger to try to stop me because you know deep down you'd take the same treatment, or worse, from the Major. I'd put up with the same myself and love it, even as I was begging for mercy! When Miss Newcombe calls us back we'll go, because we've learnt that there's nothing as exciting as mastering or being

mastered!' She grinned. 'We can never go back to what we were so we might as well enjoy ourselves.'

## Chapter 3: Packgirls in Training

A line of six young women, naked except for cord mesh halters to contain their bouncing breasts, pounded steadily round the lanes of the oval grass running track. Their arms were bound behind them with leather cuffs so that their hands rested in the small of their backs. Unable to swing their arms the roll of their hips was thereby exaggerated, but nonetheless they all moved with rhythm and grace born out of long practice.

To ensure they completed a specified number of laps, each girl pulled a wire-spoked wheel behind her attached a small odometer. The wheels were mounted on curved lightweight tubular metal shafts to hold them clear of the girls' flying heels. The ends of the shafts disappeared between the girls' rolling buttocks where they were plugged into their anal orifices.

An additional device mounted on the wheel arms ensured the girls maintained a minimum pace during their laps. The turning of the wheel worked a small piston which pumped air into a spring-loaded cylinder. An adjustable valve on the cylinder meant that the air rapidly bled away. If the pressure fell too low, the expansion of the spring moved smaller hinged arms with pins on their ends closer to the girl's buttocks. The warning pricking encouraged the girl to pick up her pace. Any girl with several pinpricks on her bottom at the end of her prescribed number of laps would have to answer for her tardiness.

Beside the track was a strip of rougher grass, the turf ripped and trodden down by heavy use. Two teams of four girls, all as bare as the runners, were encased in harnesses of heavy leather straps that criss-crossed their upper bodies. Cuffs about their wrists drew their arms straight out behind their backs. Chains from the cuffs and harnesses were secured to ring bolts set in a wooden cross beam, from the centre of which a single chain ran back to a heavy staple hammered into a large trimmed log. Bowed over, grunting and straining, the girls hauled their burdens up and down the strip of grass.

Their efforts were overseen by a young woman dressed in a shirt and jodhpurs, who walked beside them. Her bright cheerful face was set in a mask of concentration as she noted each step her charges took. Every so often she would call out: 'Pick up your feet, Jill,' or 'Put your back into it, Molly!' As she spoke the long carriage whip she was holding would flick out and the tip would lick across a rounded buttock or swaying breast. The resulting yelp from the girl in question told that the instruction had been noted.

A feature resembling a sunken garden filled the space inside the running track and contained an obstacle course. Here more naked girls were being put through their paces. They jumped wicker fences and a water hazard, squirmed through a pole maze, wobbled over a narrow log bridge, pushed through an array of close set besom "bushes" that scratched their bare flesh, clambered over a five bar gate, skipped across log stepping stones, scrabbled under a net crawl, and finally pounded up and down a sequence of earth banks to return to the start.

Panting and splattered with mud, the girls struggled on round the course once more. Today they had to perform especially well, because their efforts and those of their sisters in bondage were under the personal scrutiny not only of their trainer, but their owner and master as well.

A wooden footbridge arched over the obstacle course and linked the opposite sides of the running track. On this bridge stood two men, each noting with practised eyes every bouncing breast and glossy buttock, each swelling thigh and sweat-dewed triangle of pubic hair. One was a tweed suited, ruddy-faced grey-haired man in his fifties with a bristling moustache. The second was a few years younger, smaller, wiry and clean shaven, wearing a brown riding jacket and flat cap.

As the girls circled about them the two men exchanged brief comments about their progress with the mutual understanding of long association. Occasionally the brown-jacketed man made a note in his pocket book.

At length the older man said: 'Well done, Platt. They're coming along splendidly.'

‘Thank you, Major,’ said his head keeper. ‘I think they’ll be fit and ready for the Show.’

The Southern Counties show was to be held in a month’s time and it was the highlight of the year for all owners of sporting bondslaves. Major Havercott-gore had high hopes for the Markham Hall packgirls in this year’s competition.

‘Have you chosen the extra help we’ll need to take along?’ the Major asked.

‘I thought young Billy Meddings, the stable lad,’ Platt said. ‘He’s shown some interest in the girls’ training — more than the usual for a boy his age, I mean. He’s bright, willing and steady. He should serve well.’

‘Very good. You’d better start training him up.’

‘I’ll do that, sir.’

For a minute the Major gazed contentedly down on the naked toiling figures. Twenty-one supremely fit and attractive young women: both a challenge and a delight to own and train. Then his face darkened. Ten days ago the Hall pack had been twenty-two strong. He thought wistfully of Melanie Kingston his ‘brown vixen’: strong and agile in the hunt and sensuous and responsive to ride. What a treasure she had been! But she had been taken by the same mysterious gang who had humiliated Arabella, and had probably been behind the removal of Amber Jones from her jail cell. The police were still making investigations and he had offered a generous reward, but nothing had come of it.

As though reading his thoughts, George Platt asked: ‘Still no news of her, sir?’

‘I’m afraid not. I keep expecting to receive a ransom demand but there’s been nothing. I’m worried that they won’t be treating her properly.’

‘Whoever’s got her must know she’s valuable, sir. They’d be fools not to look after her. And she’s a rare type. They can’t keep her hidden for

long without somebody learning of it.'

'I hope you're right, George. I just hope you're right...'

The Major looked round at wrought iron fence that divided the training paddock from the grassy pound that served as the packgirl's rest area. Extra stanchions had been added to the top of the fence to support an array of spiked wheels.

'Are the night-watchmen patrolling as we agreed?'

'Yes, sir, but there's been nothing to report.'

'Probably all a waste of time; bolting the stable door and all that,' the Major said heavily. 'I can't imagine that gang having the nerve to strike again, even if they are still in the area. But then I can't risk losing another girl like Melanie...'

Platt felt compelled to break the awkward silence that followed. 'Will Miss Arabella be away long, sir?' he asked, changing the subject.

'Another month, perhaps. Recuperating with some acquaintances in Northumberland, she said in her last letter.'

'I'm sure we all wish her well, sir,' Platt said dutifully.

The Major smiled grimly. 'We both know what Arabella was capable of. The Hall's a happier place without her. I'd cheerfully trade her a dozen times over for a perfect specimen like Melanie.' He sighed. 'But family is family. You can't choose them like bondslaves and you certainly can't train them to behave. A taste of the crop would have done Arabella no end of good when she was younger... but it's too late now.'

He watched the young woman urging the girls harnessed to the logs to greater efforts. The swish of her whip carried clearly to them.

'Speaking of family,' the Major continued, 'I notice that young Alison has been looking a lot more confident with the pack recently.'

Alison Chalmers' family were distant and somewhat impoverished relations of the Major's. He had only taken Alison on as a kennel maid as a favour, but she had applied herself to the job with unexpected energy and good humour and had proved a real asset to the Hall staff.

Platt brightened visibly at the mention of Alison's name, although at the same time a slightly hesitant tone entered his voice.

'Yes, she's coming along a treat, sir. Really working hard. She... er, asked for some extra coaching about the best way to handle the girls. She knew she needed to be firmer with them to keep their respect. So I've, er, been giving her a few pointers.'

'Well, it seems to be doing the job,' the Major said approvingly. 'Keep up the good work.'

'I will, sir,' Platt promised.

Later that afternoon George Platt closed and locked the gates of the enclosed court that formed the packgirl yard. After the morning training session the girls were resting in the pound or their kennels. For the next hour or two all would be quiet.

George felt his pulse begin to race in anticipation as he took out his keys and unlocked the small door set into one half of the double doors of the Equipment Room. This was where the larger items used to train the packgirls were stored. The illumination from a skylight showed racks, treadmills, punishment wheels, small carts, whipping posts and crosses mounted on mobile bases, heavy wooden yokes, and other devices specially designed for the restraint and confinement of the female form.

In a clear space in the middle of the room rested a solid, roughly cubical wooden block the thickness of a tree-stump, dark-stained and polished by the bodies of many girls. Bound naked to this block was Alison Chalmers.

George had secretly lusted after Alison for months and the irony and

apparent hopelessness of his desire had not been lost on him. There he was with over twenty beautiful women more or less there for the taking, only for him to become entranced by his kennel maid: a girl half his age and also a relation of his employer.

Then, after the abduction of Melanie and the shaming of Arabella, Alison had come to George with a startling proposition. Her brief taste of captivity and bondage at the hands of the intruders had made her appreciate how bondslaves must feel. She admitted she had always hesitated to be too strict with the girls in her charge because she was afraid of injuring such beautiful and valuable creatures. But if George could treat her as he would a slave in training, she suggested, she could understand what they experienced for herself. Then she could learn to be firmer and more confident with them, and perhaps eventually become as capable a keeper as he was.

It was a request entirely in keeping with her earnest, if slightly naive, nature, combined with a genuine admiration for his ability. Of course, George had agreed.

He knew it was a result of her respect for him and not love, but it did allow him an intimacy he had never thought possible. He could do virtually what he liked with her, and Alison would even thank him for it afterwards. It might not be romance, but it was a delight beyond his wildest dreams.

Now he paced round Alison's sturdy, tautly bound body, examining her closely, his cock hardening as he did so. He'd secured her half an hour earlier and then intentionally left her to simmer in her bonds.

Her eyes followed him mutely over her gag-strap as he circled her. Even though he knew she trusted him completely, he read the flicker of apprehension in their depths as she anticipated what was to come. But then a little fear was entirely natural and part of relationship between master and slave. It was an important lesson for Alison to learn.

She was tied belly down over the block in a kneeling position, a heavy leather strap running across the small of her back, forcing her to clasp the baulk of wood between her widespread thighs. Her arms were tightly confined behind her back in a leather sheath, a chain from which ran up to the

back of her neck where it was clipped to the strap of her gag. This had the effect of pulling her head up so that her face was visible, allowing her reactions to what was done to her to be easily observed.

Scallops were cut into the top of the block for girls' breasts to rest in, with straps on either side of the recesses. Alison's were too small to strap down effectively, but nipple clamps attached to chains threaded through rings hammered into the block ensured they were stretched into tight pink cones. Long wooden pegs pushed into holes in the sides of the block pressed into the backs of her knees, keeping her legs bent. Ankle straps held them tight against the side of the block. These constraints had the effect of thrusting Alison's hips out and back until the pale skin was taut across her buttocks. This opened the cleft between the fleshy hemispheres and caused the small dark hole hidden there to gape in a perfect circle.

George licked his lips at the sight. He had already sampled the hot, tight delights of Alison's back passage and would do so again. Her strained posture also displayed the plump, lightly-haired pouch of her sex, which overhung the lip of the block. Her inner lips, George noticed, were swollen and glistening, showing she was responding naturally to her situation.

George had not yet plumbed what lay beyond those lips. Exploratory fingering during an earlier examination, which of a course a "new" bondslave had to undergo, had revealed that Alison was no virgin but neither was she much used, judging from the tightness of her sheath. George hesitated to breach this orifice. There was a certain degree of anonymity about anal intercourse for both parties. Vaginal intercourse, even with a girl restrained and blindfolded, was potentially more intimate, and he did not wish to spoil the understanding between them.

After a few more "lessons" he would be surer of himself and she would be more relaxed, and then he would make use of her in every possible way. After all, a slave-girl's cunt was open to anyone her owner cared to give her to. Alison would have to learn that if she wanted to truly understand the psychology of slavery.

Meanwhile he savoured her bound form and all it had to offer. It was a position which allowed almost no degree of movement and concentrated the

girl's mind on her helplessness and exposure. It was also a useful posture for bringing about another reaction. On the floor beside the block was an empty beaker of water. George had ordered Alison to drink it down just before he had secured her. Now she would discover the reason.

George took down a cat-o'-nine-tails he had hung on a hook earlier and shook the trailing thongs loose. The thongs were in fact of soft leather, quite broad and without knots. He did not wish to risk damaging Alison's skin beyond putting a healthy blush on it. The device would produce the effect he wanted just as it was.

He took up his position behind Alison and let the thongs trail across her out-thrust bottom. She gave a little shiver and her muscles tensed, straining instinctively against her bonds.

He swung the cat in an upward curve. The thongs swished through the air and caught the underside of Alison's bottom with a satisfactory smack. The thongs curled up into every crevice in Alison's body, as if caressing the pout of her sex.

Alison whimpered behind her gag and screwed up her eyes. George lashed her again. On the fifth stroke a stream of urine jetted in irregular spurts from between her sex lips, splashed against the side of the block, and began to form a puddle on the floor. The flow became more even and Alison sighed and relaxed in her bonds, surrendering to the relief, while George watched the intimate spectacle with deep satisfaction.

Half an hour later, Alison came into George's office. She was fully dressed once more and showed no outward sign of what she had just experienced, except perhaps for a slight stiffness in her walk. However her normally bright, cheerful face was pinched in thought.

For George this was the hardest part of Alison's special education. She wanted to discuss everything he had just done to her in detail, and seemed to be without shame or embarrassment. Apparently she really had no idea the effect her training sessions had on him. Perhaps she considered herself to be too plain in comparison with the packgirls to interest him

personally, or else she strictly separated the practical from the personal in her mind and assumed he did the same. Either way, her dedication to her career was commendable but personally trying. George could discuss any intimacy with a slave girl, but he was less composed when the girl he had so recently dominated was standing before him dressed as a free woman and regarding him with frank, guileless eyes.

He spoke first, trying to sound suitably brisk and matter-of-fact. 'There now, Alison. I hope you learned something useful today. I didn't give away what was going to happen, did I?'

'I wasn't sure what you intended, Mr Platt,' she admitted. 'You kept me waiting for so long.'

'That was all part of the lesson.'

Alison frowned. 'You did... mean me to wet myself like that, didn't you?'

'Of course. It's another way of teaching a bondslave her place. She must learn that she has no control over her private functions. It makes her feel more helpless, more like an animal, which most owners like. She can't afford to have any inhibitions about that sort of thing. So I made sure you were full, then applied a little stimulation to the right spot... it wasn't too painful, was it?'

'It stung a bit,' Alison admitted. 'I was trying to hold it in but it was no good. Once I let go, though, it felt, well, almost nice. It was exciting to do it like that, but naughty as well. I felt ashamed and pleased at the same time. It was very odd.'

'Some girls can get... aroused if they need to pee badly,' George said, keeping his voice very level. 'It's a question of anatomy, you see.'

'I didn't know. It just felt... funny.'

'Well a little uncertainty is not a bad thing. Pain and pleasure mixed together. It's part of maintaining control over a bondslave. Give the girl a full

bladder then make her empty it. She'll even feel grateful to you for making her relieve herself. You can make a girl do anything if you use enough force, but that'll make for a dull slave. But if she's involved and curious about what'll happen to her next, she'll be much more lively.'

'I see. I'll remember that. Thank you, Mr Platt.'

'It's a pleasure, Alison,' George said with a grateful sigh.

## Chapter 4: Enlightened Education

‘I wonder if you could spare me a moment of your time, Headmaster.’ Miss Newcombe said, looking round the door of his panel-lined study.

She was a trim, thirty-ish woman in a dark blue nurse’s uniform. Her face was neat, strong and angular. Smoky blue eyes shone out from behind round, steel-rimmed spectacles.

Mr Speers, a thin careworn man, glanced up from the pile of papers on his desk. ‘Well if it’s brief, Matron. Do take a seat. Oh, and thank you again for minding things while I was away. The boys were no trouble?’

‘They behaved exactly as I would have wished, Headmaster,’ Miss Newcombe said carefully. ‘It was all very quiet, though I understand there was some excitement up at the Hall involving Arabella Westlake.’

‘Oh yes, I heard something about that,’ Speers said, taking off his spectacles and polishing them thoughtfully. ‘A bit of an embarrassment, apparently. I suppose I should go up and offer my sympathies. It would give me an excuse to see the Major. I was considering asking him for, well, a loan for the school. I was trying to obtain some new funding while I was away but I didn’t have much luck. If the role keeps falling I’m not sure what we’re going to do.’

‘Actually that was what I wanted to talk to you about, Headmaster,’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘I think I know a way to attract new pupils.’

Speers smiled wanly. ‘Well you know I’m always open to suggestions on that front, Matron.’

‘It was while I was looking after Jackson and his friends that it came to me. I’m sure that the trouble they got into last term over spying on that little girl gang of Arabella Westlake’s when they were doing their silly little nature dance in the woods, was only the result of their natural boyish

curiosity.'

'Quite possibly, but that did not excuse firing catapult shots at them and then stealing their clothes. That was quite intolerable.'

'Of course, although the boys do still claim they were innocent in that matter. However, I'm sure you agree that proper education would have satisfied such urges, reducing the occurrence of such incidents.'

'I'm sorry, Matron, I don't follow you.'

'I suggest that the school obtains some female bondslaves for the use of the senior boys. After all many Oxbridge colleges allow students to bring their bondslaves with them. I assume most Cranborough boys' families already have bondslave servants and, later in life, they'll undoubtedly buy their own, so why not start educating them now in their correct use and treatment? We could add a few extra lessons to the timetable covering the basic biology, handling and training of slave girls. Bondslaves could also do useful maintenance work around the school, saving additional money. Craft lessons might be arranged about making equipment and restraining devices for them. And I'm sure the granting or withholding of permission to use the girls would also be a useful disciplinary tool.'

'Well, certainly that's an interesting proposition,' Speers admitted. 'But I don't see how the school could legally own bondslaves. It's not in our charter. And what about the cost of buying them in the first place?'

'I believe I can obtain some cheaply, pay the tax on them and be their official owner,' Miss Newcombe said. 'Then I could lease them to the school for a nominal fee as required. You could house them in the old stable block. My own servant Sally could be one of them. I would offer them for free this term so it wouldn't cost you anything to try it as an experiment, and it would give you something unusual to put in your prospectus letters. You will be sending them out soon, won't you? You do want those younger sons to enrol for next year?'

By now Mr Speers was looking more thoughtful. 'I suppose it might work. It would be novel, wouldn't it? One up on our rivals.'

‘And also forward looking,’ Miss Newcombe added. ‘A young gentleman should always know how to handle a bondslave properly. Cranborough would be offering a fully-rounded education.’

‘Yes, very true.’ Speers was smiling now. ‘Well, I’ll sound out a few of the parents and see what they think.’

‘Have I your permission to talk to some of the senior boys about the possibility, Headmaster? Jackson and his friends, for instance? I think their views would be representative of the rest of their year. They might provide useful insights into how the idea would be received and best organised. Of course I’ll be discreet and impress on them the need to keep the matter strictly confidential until you make an official announcement.’

‘Yes, I think that would be in order.’

‘Then I’ll see about obtaining some suitable girls,’ Miss Newcombe added. ‘I know just where to look...’

## Chapter 5: Painful Preparations

That afternoon Amber opened the front door of her cottage to see a woman in a summer dress and dark glasses carrying a small shoulder bag standing on the step. She frowned for a moment before she recognised her out of uniform.

‘Ah... I wondered when you’d be calling again. You’d better come in....’

She ushered Miss Newcombe through to the lounge and offered her a seat, then called out: ‘It’s all right Sue. You can show yourself. It’s an old friend...’

Sue, naked and chained, came through from the kitchen. Her face lit up as she saw Miss Newcombe. She dropped to her knees and crawled the rest of the way on all-fours. ‘Good afternoon, Miss,’ she said.

Miss Newcombe patted her on the head. ‘I’m glad to see you’re treating her properly. And how nicely behaved she is. You’ve obviously got a talent as a trainer.’

‘Well she is a willing subject,’ Amber admitted. ‘I didn’t have to work that hard.’

Sue sat back on her heels, displaying her lovely body with shy pride.

‘And how are you enjoying slave life?’ Miss Newcombe asked her.

‘Very much, Miss. Please, Miss, have you come to take us back, Miss?’

‘Today I’ve just come for Amber.’ She saw Sue’s face fall. ‘Don’t worry, you’ll be following her as soon as the time is right. We can’t have too many “outsiders” arriving in Shaftwell in a short space of time or else it’ll arouse suspicion. I’m going to take Amber back to my cottage where she’ll be prepared for her public reappearance.’

‘What do you mean?’ Amber asked suspiciously.

‘Since you, Sally and Jackson and his friends have between you created the illusion that both you and Melanie had been kidnapped by a gang of masked slave thieves, I thought I’d make use of this myth to explain where you’ve been all his time. Otherwise it raises too many awkward questions.’

‘You mean it might implicate you,’ Amber said.

‘Let’s say I’d like my involvement with your return to be kept as secret as possible,’ Miss Newcombe admitted.

‘Any chance that you’ll tell us what your game is anytime soon?’

‘When the time is right, I promise. For now you’ll just have to trust me.’

Amber sighed and shrugged. ‘OK, I’ll play along. What’s the plan?’

‘It must be made to seem that since your jail break you’ve been hidden away in the woods and used as a sex slave, so you must look the part. The boys will help add authentic details, although of course I’ll only tell them as much as they need to know. It’s also important for what follows that you appear suitably ill-treated. It won’t be pleasant but you embarrassed the authorities by escaping like that and you’re still a wanted person. If you return looking fit and healthy they might begin to doubt your story.’

‘You’re going to hurt her?’ Sue asked anxiously.

‘It’s all right,’ Amber assured her. ‘I understand why it has to look convincing. When do we leave?’

‘As soon as possible.’

‘I’ll just leave a message for Mel saying I’ve gone.’

‘No, write a letter for Sue to post. Don’t ring or call on Melanie from now on.’

‘Why?’

‘By recovering your stash of stolen goods Melanie has drawn attention to herself. It would be best if your association with her was not known.’

‘And you’ll explain the reason for that as well when the time is right?’ Amber said accusingly.

‘Yes. Don’t look so annoyed, Amber. You took a step into the unknown when you stole that puzzle box. Now you must live with the consequences.’

Amber sighed. ‘Will you be coming back for Mel soon?’

‘She can’t give up her occupation and life here as casually as either of you. We must wait for the moment when it seems natural to do so.’

‘All right. Shall I bring anything with me?’

‘Your little burglar kit might come in handy, but otherwise you won’t need anything else.’

‘Clothes?’

Miss Newcombe smiled. ‘Now why on earth would you need clothes?’

Twenty minutes later Amber stood naked in the sitting room.

She had neat, cone-tipped pink-nipples breasts, a flat stomach, firmly rounded buttocks and a fluffy crown of pubic hair. Sue, now respectably but uncomfortably dressed and chainless, looked on unhappily. Her pretty face was a picture of longing.

‘I wish I could come with you, Mistress.’

Amber kissed her. ‘I wish you could as well. But now you must take

care of things here until Miss Newcombe comes for you.'

Sue smiled bravely.

Miss Newcombe put Amber's lockpicks into her bag. 'Get down on your hands and knees with your legs spread ready to be mounted,' she commanded, and Amber obeyed.

Miss Newcombe rolled up her skirt. She was wearing no underwear. An oval of thick dark pubic curls crowned her bare pubic lips. Smiling down at Amber she took another object from her bag.

It was a red ivory phallus with a separate screw-in handle. The head of the phallus was about fifteen centimetres long and had the delicately carved figure of a nude woman at its base, with her arms and legs encircling the shaft and chained together at the wrists and ankles. Her back and neck were arched away from the shaft as though caught in a moment of supreme ecstasy. The handle was a slimmer bowed shaft of ivory that curved through a little more than a right angle and was capped with bulbous tip.

Amber and Sue gazed at the phallus in fascination, sensing its power even though it had not yet been activated.

'That's a different handle than last time,' Amber said.

'Yes. It's a little more intimate. But you'll still do all the work, of course.'

Eyes wide in wonder Sue took a step forward. Miss Newcombe held up a restraining hand. 'Not this time. Be a good girl and stay back.'

Sue bit her lip and nodded obediently.

Miss Newcombe pulled looped straps out of the bag with Amber's lockpick set now inside it and slung it across her shoulders. Then she screwed the handle into the phallus. The air in the room seemed to warm and thicken while sounds grew mute. The blood surged through Amber's nipples as they stood up, becoming rock hard in seconds, while a tingle in her loins became

an ache and then a sense of terrible emptiness. Her labia pulsed and swelled and ran with lubrication as the need to be filled became overwhelming.

Miss Newcombe slid the bulb-tipped end of the phallus inside her, so that its carved shaft rose from her cleft like an ivory penis. She knelt behind Amber, who dipped her back and thrust out her hips, her blossoming sex begging to be filled.

Bending over Amber and cupping her hot breasts, squeezing and pressing their India-rubber nipples into their pillows of flesh, Miss Newcombe plunged the phallus into the waiting hungry tunnel of Amber's vagina and began to work it back and forth. Remorselessly the hard ivory parted its yielding, sucking, fleshy furrow while the air filled with the intimate scent of sex. Sobbing, Amber jerked her hips back to impale herself with desperate passion, feeling her juices overflowing and dripping out of her.

The climax built with unnatural speed. Amber felt a wrenching, twisting sensation and something seemed to snap within her as the pleasure dam burst and she was carried away on its frothing waters.

Back in the cottage Sue blinked at small stain on the empty carpet that was the only trace left of her mistress and lover.

Sprawled on her face Amber was aware of the phallus being pulled from her vagina with a sucking pop. Then Miss Newcombe stood up and removed the other end of the device from her own sex. Still dazed from her orgasm Amber looked about her blearily. She was lying on a small round rug in the sitting room of Miss Newcombe's school cottage. Late afternoon sun was shining through its neat leaded windows.

Miss Newcombe unscrewed the phallus, wiped it clean on a cloth then and slipped it into her bag. With her toe she prodded Amber to roll aside. She lifted the rug and retrieved from underneath it a small disk of ivory that Amber recognised as part of the puzzle box kit which acted like a homing beacon for phallic travellers.

‘I left Sally chained to my bed,’ Miss Newcombe explained. ‘She’s been serving as my maid. I’ll send her down. I’m sure she’ll be pleased to see you but don’t go into detail as to how you got back yet. I’ll tell her...’

‘I know,’ said Amber, ‘when the time’s right.’

Miss Newcombe cuffed Amber lightly round the ear. ‘Remember where you are now!’ she admonished.

‘When the time’s right, *Mistress*,’ Amber corrected herself.

In a minute Sally came downstairs. She ran to Amber with a squeal of delight and hugged and kissed her. Amber hugged and kissed back. Sally was a delightfully uninhibited, cheerful little slut. Her body felt hot and fresh and their breasts flattened against each other.

‘Well don’t you look respectable now,’ Amber said when Sally finally let her breath, holding her at arm’s length and inspecting her slave-maid’s outfit.

Sally grinned. ‘I know it’s not what I reckoned on. But the food’s good an’ I get to wash every day and have a real bath each week. Better than sleeping in a barn.’

‘Has Miss Newcombe been treating you well?’

‘She can be strict but she’s fair. She’s also clever, like you. She’s got Jackson and the boys eating out of her hand. She don’t hang about, neither. She says we’ve to get right on with arranging your alibi. She’ll go over to the school while I take you down to the cellar and get you set up. It’s all ready for you. Come on...’

Sally led Amber through the door under the stairs and down into the cellar. Sally pointed to a pile of sacking in a corner on which lay a rough rectangular wooden frame. It had some large rusty hooks and rings screwed into its sides.

‘That’s going to be your bed,’ Sally said. ‘She’ll explain why later.’

Beside the sacking was a stool and small table, on which sat a bundle of long springy willow wands, an expandable tubular rod with rings bolted to its ends, four strips of broad leather with metal rings on their ends, several lengths of chain, some long strips of rag, a small sack, a bucket, jug and brass garden syringe, a jar of petroleum jelly and what looked like a pair of canvas mittens.

‘I’ve got to put the gloves and chains on you,’ Sally continued. ‘They won’t be that comfortable but she says they’ll leave the right kind of marks. Do you understand?’

‘Yes. Go on...’

Sally pulled the mittens over Amber’s hands. They were really no more than two ovals of canvas stitched together with lace-up cuffs at one end. They had no fingers or thumbs.

‘Some people use these to keep slaves from being able to use their hands properly,’ Sally explained as she laced them up.

When they were in place Sally picked up one of the broad thick leather strips. Now Amber could see it had a ladder-like row of slots along it that could be folded back over an iron “D” ring riveted perpendicular to its end. Sally wrapped them about Amber’s wrists and ankles and secured them with screw shackle links. She could have undone them except for her mittens and she might have been able to unlace the mittens with her teeth except for the cuffs. It was a simple restraint system that needed no locks or keys.

Sally stood Amber under one of the ceiling beams which had a pair of heavy iron rings bolted to it. Climbing onto the stool she threaded a chain through them and then through the cuff rings. Hauling Amber’s arms up over her head she secured them with snaplinks on the chain ends. Getting down she spread Amber’s legs and fastened the expandable rod between her ankles. There was a recessed ring set in the floor below the beam and Sally chained the middle of the rod to this. Now Amber stood under the beam with her arms and legs spread wide.

Sally positioned the bucket between Amber’s legs and then took up

the big garden syringe. It had a length of rubber hose on the end. Filling it from the jug she slid the hose between Amber's buttocks and up into her rectum. Amber shivered as her insides were sluiced out. Sally scooped up a blob of petroleum jelly and worked it up Amber's rear until her anus glistened.

Sally wiped her hands dry then stood back to admire her handiwork. 'You look so fuckable!' she exclaimed. 'There's just one more thing...'

From a corner she brought out an adjustable tubular rod mounted on a flat metal base with a rubber dildo on its end. Sally positioned it in front of the spreader bar linking Amber's ankles and slid the end up inside her vagina.

'The Mistress said you can play on it but you're not to come right now,' Sally told her. 'You're going to need it later to take your mind off... what we have to do to you.' She kissed Amber again. 'I'll tell the Mistress you're ready as soon as she gets back.'

She went back upstairs leaving Amber alone in the cellar.

Amber swayed in her bonds, tugging at the chains, confirming how unyielding they were. Her stomach knotted and she felt a perverse thrill of fear and excitement at her own utter helplessness. She worked her hips back and forth over the upstanding dildo until fresh juicy slickness oozed between her pussy lips while her greased anus felt slippery and ready for use. You would not think she had orgasmed only half an hour earlier, but she could not prevent it. Maybe it was something in the air here in this alternate version of England. Beyond the immediate ordeal she faced she knew there would be more humiliation, pain and pleasure. The challenge was to manipulate events around her when she had no tools to do so except for her body and her voice. When they were stifled or beyond her control to offer or withhold there was still her eager erect nipples and swollen clitoris: shamelessly offering themselves up to whatever might come, good or bad.

Fifteen minutes later she heard footsteps on the cellar stairs. Sally and Miss Newcombe appeared and they were not alone. Behind them came the five Cranborough boys she had come to know so intimately.

Their faces lit up and they clustered round her naked chained body, squeezing and stroking her intimately like a favourite pet and asking her how she was, even as they tweaked her nipples and slipped their hands between her thighs and bottom cleft. At their touch she grew even wetter and her nipples swelled into hot pulsing buds. She could not help her response. She had been the first girl they had ever had and they had been her first true slave masters. It made for a special, if very strange, bond between them.

After a minute of this Miss Newcombe called them to order. 'Now, would you like to have the official use of Amber and girls like her at school every day of term?' she asked the boys.

Their exclamations left no doubt as to their feelings. 'You mean actually have her in the school?' 'I'll say we would, Matron!' 'That would be fantastic!'

'Well I suggested to the Headmaster that, to round off your education and to help attract more new students, senior boys might be permitted to keep and use bondslaves on the school premises. I said I would try out the idea on you first. I was fairly confident of your reaction but I wanted to be sure. If he's agreeable we can run a test scheme this term, but if you want it to succeed you must do exactly as I say, do you understand?'

They all gave their solemn assurances that they did.

'First, to ensure Amber will be available for use at the school, she has to return openly to Shaftwell, which means her absence since her jailbreak must be accounted for. Unless you want the authorities to discover you were responsible it must look as though for the last few weeks she's been held captive by those masked "slave thieves" you helped make the police believe were operating in this area. To make it convincing, and to win her some necessary sympathy, it must appear that she's been roughly handled and repeatedly violated.' Her face took on a sterner expression. 'This means we will now have to beat her severely and then subject her to violent intercourse. I don't mean a simple spanking and ordinary sex. She must be bruised inside and out and thoroughly welted.'

Amber saw the boys go pale while Sally's lips pinched.

‘You understand Amber has done nothing to deserve this, except perhaps be a little too clever for her own good,’ Miss Newcombe explained. ‘But since it is necessary I thought you should know what it feels like to participate in such a beating. Think of it as an object lesson in how *not* to treat a bonds slave. You would never do this in ordinary circumstances. It’s the sort of cruelty Arabella Westlake would inflict for no reason at all. I trust you would never want to emulate her?’

The boy’s shook their heads. Arabella represented everything they hated.

‘At the same time don’t be surprised if you find some of it enjoyable. There is pleasure to be found on both sides in making a pretty girl suffer; it’s just that being in control you have the responsibility of knowing where to draw the line. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Matron,’ they said dutifully.

‘First you must ask Amber’s forgiveness for what you’re about to do to her.’

Awkwardly the boys stood in front of Amber. ‘Sorry for having to hurt you,’ they said.

‘I won’t blame any of you,’ she assured them, trying to sound unworried. ‘Just make it look good.’

‘I’m going to begin with marking her face,’ Miss Newcombe told them. ‘This has to be done carefully. Then you can set about her body. Sally...’

Sally picked the strips of cloth and gave them to Miss Newcombe. She used the first one to gag Amber, wrapping a loop between her teeth and then across them under her lips, tying the ends behind her neck. She wrapped the second strip of cloth about the knuckles of her right hand. Taking hold of Amber’s chin to hold her steady she punched Amber three times in quick succession, one on each cheek across the eye and once on the left side of her jaw.

Sally flinched and gasped aloud while the boys winced. Amber bit into her gag, whimpering and blinking back tears. She felt dizzy with shock and could taste blood from a split lip seeping into her mouth. Miss Newcombe knew how to hit and she was stronger than she looked.

With apparent clinical detachment Miss Newcombe examined her handiwork.

‘Those should be well developed by the time anybody sees you again,’ she declared. ‘Black eyes are always good for eliciting sympathy and they should be ample evidence that Amber did not go with her mysterious abductors quietly.’ She turned to the boys. ‘Now it’s your turn. I suggest you undress first. You don’t want to get blood on your clothes because you’ll be coupling with her afterwards. Don’t be shy. After all you’ve got nothing any of us haven’t seen before.’

Nervous and blushing furiously, but fearful of disobeying her, the boys stripped to their skins. Their cocks hung shrivelled with embarrassment. Sally picked up the willow wands and gave one to each of them. Amber began to work her hips on the dildo again to distract her from what was to come.

‘Spread out,’ Miss Newcombe advised, and the boys shuffled about until they surrounded Amber. ‘We want her well-marked all over. Anywhere but her face and neck. It’ll be kindest if it’s done as quickly as possible. You’ll have a minute. Don’t take any notice of her tears or any sounds she makes. You can comfort her later. For now just focus on lashing her pretty skin. Ready...go!’

The boys flicked their wands across Amber’s taut body, stinging her flanks, buttocks and belly. She flinched and gave a little whimper.

‘Harder than that!’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘She’s got to suffer!’

Amber saw Jackson grit his teeth and draw back his arm. Swish-crack! This time she shrieked about her gag as a searing band of pain blazed into being across her pubes where they bulged about the rod inside them, distending her springy sex lips. Her chains rattled as she bucked wildly but

she could not escape. She pumped her hips with increasing vigour. Swish-crack! Bickley had lashed her stomach, making her pinch in her navel in spasmodic reflex, while Parsons laid his wand across her back. Crack! Harris swiped his wand square across her breasts, driving her hard nipples deep into their flesh pillows only to spring up again with rubbery persistence. Gosset laid a hard stripe across her bottom sending impact waves rippled through the firm hemispheres of her buttocks.

The boys looked at each other and the scarlet stripes they had just put on her flesh in wonder. They were the starkest most severe marks they had yet inflicted on any of the girls they had so far used and it felt good! Their cocks swelled and filled. They saw her wild red-rimmed eyes begging silently for them to stop. Of course they had to ignore them. Drawing back their arms they lashed her again and again, the sound of the crisp fleshy cracks echoing back from the cellar walls.

As Amber shrieked and sobbed and writhed her flesh burned. A lattice of scarlet and purple welts was being etched across her body while the skin about them was turning the colour of a sunset. Through tear-filled eyes she saw the boys were by now all painfully erect as they danced about her, lunging forward to lay another searing cut across her, while their teeth were bared and their eyes blazed with the light of helpless sadistic delight at the power they had to reduced her to a snivelling wreck and imprint their personal marks on her trembling form.

In desperation she rode the dildo rod, fighting pain with pleasure even as it scrambled her reason into perverse pathways. Deep within her an insidious voice stirred, begging that no part of her should be spared. It was her place to suffer. These boys, these men, were her masters and she was their slave. They had a right to do this and she must glory in her submission to them.

Hot urine sprayed raggedly from the sore lips of her throbbing, dildo-stuffed cunt and splattered across the floor as the pain and perverse orgasmic delight overwhelmed her bladder. The boys laughed at her shameful masochistic display. As the last fitful spurts trickled down her legs they stung and burned into her scoured thighs. Mingled with it were the juices of her dark arousal.

‘Enough!’ Miss Newcombe called suddenly.

The frantic convulsions of Amber’s body stilled until she hung in her chains: impaled, sweating, simmering and throbbing. The boys’ eyes were glazed, hardly able to believe what they had done. They lowered their willow canes although their pricks still stood out like flagpoles.

Sally gasped: ‘Oh... look at her!’

‘Just a few spots of blood where the wand stripes crossed,’ Miss Newcombe said briskly. ‘She’ll heal. More important, now she looks the part. Take her down and put her on the bed...’

They pulled out the dildo, unhooked the chains and spreader rod. Amber was too weak to stand so they half carried her over to the rough sacking bed where they laid her on her back.

‘Chain her wrists to the top corners of the frame but leave her legs free so you can have her front and rear,’ Miss Newcombe commanded the boys. ‘We want plenty of stains on those sacks for later. Look, she’s ready for you...’ She thrust stiff fingers into Amber’s gaping, red-rimmed sex mouth and brought them out shiny with her juices. ‘This is now her only relief from the pain. Don’t be gentle. Go in as hard and deep as you like.’

Through misty eyes Amber saw the boys standing over her, cocks straining to attention. The lust of absolute mastery and power was still upon them and demanded its natural reward. Yes, she wanted them inside her now! Feebly she nodded.

One by one they fell upon her, consummating their desperate need. They had symbolically conquered and crushed her, now they took their prize.

They wrenched Amber’s legs wide and Jackson mounted her and began plundering the delights of her pussy. When he was done Harris took his place, first pulling her legs back almost to her shoulders so he could ream out her rectum. One by one they stuffed her sore, abused body with their hard young cocks and filled it with their impatient sperm. And Amber came again and again until her senses left her...

The next thing Amber knew water was being splashed across her face and then forced down her throat. She gulped it down feebly. Her crusted, stinging, misty eyes would not focus. Every part of her smarted, burned or ached while her cruelly pummelled groin and stretched rectum pulsed and simmered with wildly spent lust. Oozing bodily fluids filled the crack of her buttocks and soaked into the coarse sacking of her crude bed. Her gag was replaced and the sacking hood was pulled over her head.

Seemingly from a long way off she heard Miss Newcombe speaking to the boys.

‘This will make her story easier to tell when the time comes. She’ll live as much of the lie as possible for real. We’ll keep her chained and hooded down here for the next few days. During that time she won’t be permitted to speak or open her mouth except to feed or suck you off. You have my permission to come here whenever you’re free but you will not uncover her eyes or speak to her. She’s not to be beaten again but you can use whatever orifice of hers you choose as vigorously as you want. In between that there’s another job I have for you to prepare the way for her official return. By the time she’s found she’ll be begging to be taken back to a nice comfortable police cell.’

## Chapter 6: Belinda becomes a Spy

The Pump Maid Inn at Lower Boxley had an elaborate and amusing living pub sign, which arrested Belinda Jenkins' attention as she strode up to its main entrance the next morning.

A pretty blonde bondslave was chained within the open frame of the sign beneath the name board. She was positioned squatting over the end of the handle of a stand pump, which was fitted with an upright phallus onto which she was impaled. There was enough slack in her chains to allow her to raise and lower her hips and so work the pump, which she did every minute or so. The water that gushed out of its spout fell into a bucket that was connected via a narrow pipe back to the reservoir from which she was drawing it. She was forced to keep pumping because a pair of slender spikes, no doubt connected to a float in the reservoir below her, slowly rose up out of the base of the device and pricked her bottom unless she kept it drained.

As Belinda gazed up at the girl's red-flushed features, plump trembling breasts and distended sex, she was reminded of the time she and that small group of Arabella Westlake's exclusive friends had spent playing with Sue Drake, who had been their own secret bond slave. Then there had been the exciting Thistle Ride she and Arabella had taken Melanie along for. Melanie had squealed so prettily. It had been such fun... until the Major had caught them. Arabella had been severely punished while Belinda had been banned from the Hall social circle.

The disagreeable memories caused a frown to crease Belinda's otherwise smooth high forehead with its straight, well-spaced brows. Her jawline was determined, her mouth was wide with a petulant tilt, and her chin and nose were both slightly uptilted. She had a slender figure, emphasised by her summer dress. Long brunette tresses tumbled from beneath her sunhat, contrasting with her dark eyes and pale clear skin.

For the past few weeks Belinda had been keeping away from the Hall and any association with Arabella. She had hardly spoken to the other

members of the group, who were also sheltering from the aftermath of Arabella's downfall. As for Arabella herself they understood she had gone away to recuperate with friends in the North. Then a letter had arrived yesterday directing Belinda to travel the four and a half miles from Shaftwell to Lower Boxley and the Pump Maid Inn, which was a small but well-respected country hotel.

Belinda entered and at the reception desk asked the way to a "Miss Smith" who was staying in Room Seven. She was directed to the first floor and knocked at the door of a small suite. The door was opened by a familiar figure.

'Arabella!' Belinda exclaimed. 'It is you.'

'Be quiet!' Arabella said sharply, dragging Belinda into the room and shutting the door behind her. 'I don't want anybody here knowing my real name.'

Arabella looked the same as before: a cool, attractive, cream-complexioned blonde a few years older than Belinda herself. Perhaps there was a little extra shadowing under her eyes but they were still the same dark glacial blue, or possibly even a little sharper and more determined.

They sat at a small table by the window. Arabella rang down to room service and a tray of tea and cakes were sent up. As they sipped and ate Belinda asked tentatively: 'How are you? I mean after... what happened.'

'How do you think?' Arabella retorted coldly. 'My Uncle cropped me and locked me away in my room like a child just for putting a few scratches on his new favourite pack-girl. Then I was kidnapped by masked thugs and presented before three hundred guests on a platter instead of his brown bitch as the prize game bird, bound naked, stuffed with holly and with a dildo up my arse and drawing pins in my breasts!'

Belinda shrank back in her chair. 'I... I'm sorry. That was stupid of me.'

Arabella appeared to make a supreme effort to control her temper and

forced a thin smile. 'No, I'm sorry, Bel. It was kind of you to ask. It's just that I've been a bit preoccupied. Doing a lot of thinking, you understand?'

'Of course,' Belinda said sympathetically.

'And now I know what I'm going to do.'

'What's that?'

Arabella smiled. 'Why, take my revenge, of course. And I need your help. You're the only one I can trust.'

Belinda did not like the dangerous glint in Arabella's eye, but she said: 'Well, of course... if I can.'

'I'm sure that everything that happened on the night of the ball was too carefully planned for it to be chance. They, those thugs, whoever they were, had to have detailed inside information. Which means one of us was supplying it.'

'Oh, no, Arabella, it can't have been,' Belinda protested.

'Yes, and I know who it was. Think about it. Somebody who knew where to find Sue and steal her away from us. And who was going soft on Sue from early on? Who started behaving oddly when we were searching for Amber Jones? Who knew I had taken that phallus of hers and had it in my room? Whoever wrote the letter that lured me out of the Hall the night of the Ball knew that I could get hold of it.'

'Oh. You mean Jemima? But she could never think up anything like that, far less carry it out. She's so, well, meek and gentle.'

'And somebody might have taken advantage of that to make her inform on us. Then they did the rest.'

'But who?'

'I've no idea. But Sue being stolen; the Jones girl breaking out of jail, what happened to me and Melanie going missing have to be connected.'

That's why I want you to find out. She spied on us so now you spy on her.'

'But I've hardly seen her around much. I think I heard she'd been having tea with Sister Newcombe a few times. That's all I know'

'Well get her to visit you instead. Become her best friend. You know how trusting she is. Play on that.'

'Well... I suppose I can try,' Belinda said doubtfully.

Arabella's face darkened at her evident lack of enthusiasm. 'Do you want things back the way they were or not?' she demanded.

That was something Belinda had missed. Since the incident at the Hall and her known close ties with Arabella she sensed her social standing locally had fallen. 'Yes of course I do,' she admitted awkwardly.

'Well this might put things right. My uncle wants Melanie back, the police want that Jones girl found and we want Sue. This gang of slave thieves is at the heart of it and everybody in Shaftwell is frightened of them striking again. If we can get to them through Jemima and find out who they are or even where they're hiding the missing girls, we might be able to recover all three of them. Think how grateful everybody would be then. All that thistle ride nonsense would be forgotten.'

It made sense the way Arabella put it. And it wouldn't be hard gaining Jemima's confidence. She was quite an innocent at heart.

'All right,' Belinda said. 'I'll do it.'

## Chapter 7: Plans are put in Motion

Four days after their previous meeting Mr Speers called at Miss Newcombe's cottage. He looked Sally over with approval as she deftly served them tea with a gentle clink of her slave chains.

'Well, you seemed to have tamed this one,' he observed. 'I heard she was quite a vagabond.'

'All it took was a firm hand,' Miss Newcombe said. 'It's remarkable what you can achieve with a girl with the right kind of encouragement.'

Speers did not see the corner of Sally's mouth twitch with a suppressed smile.

'And if this bondslave educational project went ahead you would permit the boys to use her?' he asked.

'With proper supervision, of course.'

'Of course. Well I've already had several replies from those parents I mooted the idea to.'

'That was very prompt, Headmaster.'

Speers smiled with evident satisfaction. 'The proposal seems to have struck a chord. Broadly speaking they are all in favour. They agree it's a progressive idea and a very proper way to complete a young man's education. In fact I've had unofficial word that the younger brothers of two of our current pupils, whose parents were thinking about sending them to Gradleigh, will be coming here instead. So I think we can go ahead with the trial this term and present it as a full part of the curriculum for next year. I'll be talking to the other masters about incorporating elements of this new strand into their courses wherever possible, and of course we'll have to adjust the timetable to allow for some bondslave lessons, as I suppose we'd better call them, if

you're still prepared to take them?'

'I am, if you're willing to let me.'

'I think you are the best qualified member of staff. If you just can give me an outline of what you propose to teach the boys beforehand. The parents will want to be assured it's all quite proper.'

'I'll start work on lesson plans right away, Headmaster. I hope the other masters will not object to giving up some of their teaching time for this new venture.'

'I'm sure that once I explain the reception the proposal has already received they will understand its importance to the school and make the necessary sacrifice.'

'And we can house the girls in the old stable block as I suggested?'

'I think there will be no problem with that.'

'I looked it over after I had Jackson and his friends clean it out and I'm sure it will serve very well. In fact, with your permission, I'll talk to them this evening and we might look at it again and make some plans. I said how enthusiastic they were about the idea.'

'You seem quite keen yourself, Matron,' Speers observed.

'That's because I do so want Cranborough to flourish, Headmaster,' Miss Newcombe said with feeling. 'I expect great things from our pupils, but they must be fully rounded. Learning how to handle bondslaves will give them that extra degree of self-confidence. It's the kind of thing that makes the difference between success and failure.'

Speers smiled. 'I'm sure it will. As long as you can provide the bondslaves. Matron.'

'Oh, I know where I can put my hands on some quite soon.'

When Speers had gone, Sally asked: 'Is this the right time for Amber to come back, Mistress?'

'I think it is. I'll inform the boys when I see them later. They must be ready to slip out tonight as we agreed. '

'I'm glad. I don't like keeping Amber down there like that.'

'It's been necessary. You helped her create this myth of a gang of slave thieves. Now you've both got to live with the consequences.'

Amber had just spent what was probably the most wretched time of her life in the cellar of School Cottage. By comparison her spell in the local jail or as the boys' prisoner had been bliss. How had she got herself into this situation?

She was lying naked, hooded, gagged and gloved on her coarse sacking bed. Her wrists and ankles were cuffed together and chained to the same side of the wooden frame so she lay on her side as if she was sleeping. Except that she had got very little sleep these past few days, though she did have some terrible dreams. Perhaps she was dreaming now?

The sting had gone from her willow wand lashing but the latticework of welts still ached and throbbed. The rough heavy cuffs rubbed her wrists and ankles, making them sore. Her unpadded bed and the chill of the cellar did not help. Nor did the fact that she was filthy and she stank. Her coarse sacking bedding smelt of stale sweat and of old sperm and girl juices. She itched and could not scratch herself properly. Her hair was greasy and she dared not think what she looked like. Yet although her physical misery was considerable it was companionship she missed most, whether that of a fellow slave or even a jailer.

Sally fed her, flushed her out after she had served one of the boys, sat her on a bucket to relieve herself and wiped her bottom afterwards, but she was under strict instructions not to speak. When one of the boys slipped down to the cottage to use her for his pleasure it was a precious distraction to have a young hard cock inside her and an orgasm was a brief escape from her

misery, even though they were each as brutal to her as Miss Newcombe had ordered them to be and added to the bruises around her vagina and anus. But the worst thing was, also as ordered, that none of them spoke a word to her either. When the weight of the thrusting young body was lifted from her and his cock pulled out of her sopping passage she was alone again with only the hot trickle of his sperm dribbling out of her to remember him by.

That was what was driving her mad. It was a form of sensory deprivation. How she longed to be back in the old stable loft at the school artfully manipulating the boys into gathering a harem of girls while conniving in the details of the next means of abuse and degradation they were going to use against her. That had been such weird fun. Maybe she was back there and this was a dream?

How long had she been down here? Miss Newcombe had only said a few days, but how long was that exactly? If she had wanted her to appear to be genuinely miserable then it was working. Perhaps it was working too well. Had they forgotten her? Amber began to moan and sob and pull at her chains. She had to get out of here. Please, somebody, please rescue me! I'll do anything you want. Please... please...

Ahh! Amber jerked awake to find she was being lifted onto her feet off her filthy bed. There were people moving about her and hands manipulating her flesh. Yes, please touch me, she thought. I'll be so good.

The bottom of her hood was lifted and her gag loosed enough for the tin rim of her drinking mug to be pressed against her lips. She drank it down. It was refilled and she was made to drink that too. Then she was re-gagged and hooded.

Her wrists were pulled behind her back and the chains were wrapped about her waist and the ends clipped together. Her ankle chains were crossed upward between her legs and the ends wrapped above her knees and clipped tight, forming a kind of hobble.

A rope leash was tied about her neck.

She was led up the cellar stairs and out through the back door of the cottage. She felt cool night air on her naked flesh that made her nipples crinkle while the scent of dew-damp vegetation filtered through her hood. Somewhere in the distance an owl hooted. They passed through the garden gate, tramped across long grass, plunged through what felt like a gap in hedge and were off into the woods.

Amber stumbled along at the end of her leash for what seemed like an hour, blindly, trustingly following her captors. When she had to climb over a fallen tree or ford a small stream they slapped her legs to get her to step as required, but otherwise they did not make a sound. Of course it had to be the boys yet she could honestly say she did not know that for sure. This might be the night the mystery slave thieves broke her out of jail. In fact, she decided, that was what it was and she was being led into the unknown. Yes, that was how she would tell it.

Finally, panting for breath, with her legs scratched and muddy, they came to a halt. Wherever they were there was no sound suggesting any human habitation was near, only the night squeaks and rustles of the woods.

There was a swish of twigs followed by a few scrapes and thuds from nearby. Then her captors took the leash from her neck. They undid her chains and pulled them away from her body, dragging her arms and legs wide. What were they doing?

With a sudden simultaneous jerk her feet were pulled from under her and with a stifled yelp of fear she fell backwards onto the rough grass. The chains round her ankles tightened and she was dragged across the ground, old twigs and leaf litter scraping the welts across her back and buttocks and clogging her bottom cleavage. Then the chains about her wrists tightened, pulling sideways, twisting her arms across and behind her body and she was flipped over onto her front. Again she was dragged across the ground, whimpering as her sore breasts and nipples ploughed through the grass and dirt.

Twice more they did this, dragging her across the ground and adding a layer of local dirt and grass stains to the grime already clinging to her body. Then they hauled her onto her knees and made her shuffle forward through

some low opening into a confined space.

She was twisted round onto her back and laid down onto a rough fabric. She was back on her stinking sacking bed with its restraining frame! They must have carried it here at the same time as they brought her.

They chained her spread-eagled to the bed frame. Then she heard a rustle of clothes and the weight of a boy's body pressed her down into her crude bed while his cock rammed into her aching vagina. She was receiving a farewell fuck from her captors.

When they had all finished with her they dropped a piece of sacking over her sore and filthy body as a rough blanket. There were shuffles as they withdrew from whatever space she was in, followed by a rustle and crack of twigs that suggested branches were being moved about. Then all was still.

At some time in the early hours the pressure in her bladder became too much and Amber wet herself and hot urine soaked into her filthy bedding to mingle with the other stains there. As abject misery descended upon Amber once more she started to cry softly.

## Chapter 8: Back in Custody

The next morning PC Bailey was sitting behind his desk in the small station room of the Shaftwell Police house. He was reading a summary of the latest reports from local stations. He'd been hoping there would be some mention of Melanie Kingston or Amber Jones, or some word on the men who had taken them. But there was nothing.

Bailey brooded. Although normally a missing bonds slave would not cause him much worry, he had personal reasons for wishing them both found as soon as possible. Amber Jones had been snatched from a cell in this very station, which made him look careless and had caused the Superintendent at the area headquarters at Chelmsford to have words with him. Melanie had been taken from the kennels at Markham Hall, which was owned by Major Havercott-gore who was the local JP. Melanie had been a valuable pack girl and the Major had been breathing down Bailey's neck ever since, but there had been no trace of her. Coincident with her disappearance had been the assault on and outrageous public humiliation of the Major's niece. Now the news that a gang of bonds slave thieves and hooligans seemed to be active about Shaftwell had got about and people were getting anxious.

Who'd be a policeman, Bailey thought? He checked his watch. Time he was out on patrol again. Need to show to uniform to reassure people.

Just then the street door burst open and a young woman he recognised as Jemima Moncrief stumbled in. A trug basket was hooked over one arm and she was red-faced, excited and panting for breath as though she had been running hard.

'Oh... Constable Bailey!' she gasped. 'I've found a woman all tied up and hidden away... you've got to come and see!'

As Jemima led Bailey along a path through the woods she explained.

‘I went out early to find some flowers for a display my mother’s making for the church. But I couldn’t find any good ones in the usual spots so I went a bit further. Then I heard what sounded like a girl crying, but it was very faint. It was coming from this clump of trees. It wasn’t easy to get inside because there were thorn branches in the way, not growing but stuck in the ground, like they’d been put there deliberately. Inside there was a mound of earth with bushes growing right up to it. But I found a sort of camp had been made under them, with another thorn bush for a door. I called out and I heard more crying and moaning so I pulled the bush away and looked inside. And there she was, with nothing on and a hood over her head, chained to a sort of bed.’

Bailey said: ‘It was a bit foolish you coming out here alone, Miss, what with that gang about.’

‘But I’d heard they only stole bondslaves?’ Jemima said with wide-eyed innocence. ‘What would they want with me?’

‘Hurrump... well, never mind. On this occasion it does seem to have been fortunate.’ A flicker of hope rose within him. ‘You didn’t happen to notice if this girl had brown skin?’

‘Oh, you mean like the Major’s lost packgirl? No, I think she’s pink. It was hard to tell. She’s so dirty and... well, she smells. I didn’t get want to get too close. I just said to her I’d get help and then came for you. Was that right?’

‘Yes, quite right, Miss.’

Bailey was feeling breathless by the time they reached the hideaway, which was just Jemima had described it. He had to force his bulk through the surrounding thicket of trees to reach the tiny glade within. With Jemima looking on anxiously he went down on his knees and pushed his way into the lean-to of roughly tied branches. An old tarpaulin had been thrown over the framework, he noted, and the whole thing camouflaged with branches and sods of grass.

The naked girl chained to the sacking bed squirmed, moaning and

twisting her hooded head round. As Jemima had said she was filthy and odorous.

‘There, there...’ he said reassuringly. ‘I’m a policeman. I’ve got you now...’

He bent over her and pulled the hood off her head. Beneath was the pale grimy face of a young woman disfigured by livid bruises across both eyes and her lip. He had to look twice before he was sure who it was.

‘Amber Jones,’ he said as he undid her gag.

She squinted up at him through crusty red-rimmed eyes. ‘C... Constable Bailey...’ she croaked, and then burst into tears.

When he got Amber back to the police station Bailey called Dr Gideon round straight away to check her over. While he was waiting for the Doctor to arrive he questioned Amber about what had happened to her. Normally he would have had a bondsman standing chained to his desk during an interrogation encouraged by a few smacks across her breasts and bum from a long desk ruler he kept especially for the purpose. But Amber was so weak he hadn’t the heart and let her sit in the visitor’s chair, though of course she still wore the police issue chain collar and leash he had put on her in the woods and he kept her naked. He might feel sorry for her but she was still an escaped prisoner who had not served her term. Amber held her pale stiff hands over her eyes as she responded in a rambling fashion, her voice faint, cracking every few words.

‘They wore masks... at least three of them... big men. Gagged and hooded me... took into the woods... They beat me to make be behave.... chained me up and had me again and again. They only took my gag out to let me eat and drink... let me outside a couple of times a day to pee and shit in the bushes. Never saw their faces or heard them call each other by name. They hardly said anything. Just grunts when they were having me. Left me for hours in between. How long have I been there? I heard a girl calling out and I tried to call back. She said she’d get help... Thank her for me! She saved my life!’

When Gideon arrived Bailey had Amber lie on her back on his desk with her legs raised and spread. She kept her eyes closed and did not resist the examination, but she whimpered and gave little spasmodic shudders when he touched her.

‘Well she’s certainly been badly used,’ Gideon said as he pried open Amber’s red-lipped sex and peered up inside her. ‘There’s extensive bruising within her vaginal passage...’ He transferred his attention to her anus which was haloed in brown and purple. ‘This orifice has also been vigorously used. Judging from that and the general state of her other injuries I’d say she has been used repeatedly by more than one man over the course of at least several days. Her aversion to light suggests she has been kept blindfolded or indoors for that time. However there’s no long lasting damage that I can see. Given a couple of weeks she’ll make a full recovery. Bondslaves are remarkably resilient.’

‘That all ties in with what she’s told me,’ Bailey said. ‘I don’t suppose there’s any way of finding out who did it? There’s plenty of seed stains left where she was being kept.’

Gideon gave snort. ‘If there was blood I could give you a type match but there’s no way of matching sperm with a man in this world that I know of, Bailey. You’ll have to rely on footprints, fingerprints or tell-tale red hairs, I’m afraid.’

Bailey scratched his head. ‘No luck with any of them that I can see. Ground’s too firm and none of her restraints or bedding would take prints.’

‘Then I have nothing else to suggest.’

‘Well, thanks anyway, Doctor.’

After Gideon had departed Bailey took a red-enamelled metal collar with a number stamped on its side from the cupboard and snapped it open. ‘I’ve still got your proper collar here. Those thugs left it behind when they took you.’ He chuckled. ‘Been missing it have you?’ Amber nodded blankly and did not react when he swapped it for her leash collar. ‘On your feet, now. I’ve got to take some fresh pictures of you for the files.’

She winced as she stood up and Bailey shook his head. He'd given plenty of miscreant females an official flogging, but this was something else. What a mess they'd made of a pretty body. A few neat welts across the bum cheeks was fine, even if she had to sleep face down for a few days. But there was no call for this.

He used the station tripod and bellows camera to take pictures of Amber's injuries for the files: face, full figure front and back and close-ups between her legs of her abused orifices. When he was done he said: 'Right, now we can get you cleaned up.'

For the first time Amber appeared to stir from her daze. She looked up at him and actually smiled. 'Oh, thank you, Constable,' she choked with pitiful gratitude. 'That would be wonderful.'

She was certainly less sassy than she had been, Bailey thought. Some of the defiance had clearly been beaten out of her during her ordeal. Though you wanted obedience in a bondslave, of course, he liked a bit of spirit and the odd flash of resistance. It made them more fun to handle.

Collecting a towel, scrubbing brush and a bar of soap from the store cupboard, Bailey led Amber out the back into the high-walled punishment yard that adjoined the station. Again she winced and screwed up her eyes against the light.

At one end of the yard several complicated wood and iron devices mounted on low wheeled platforms were clustered. At the other by the gate that led onto the street Old Tom Soams dozed in a chair by a stack of crates filled what looked like multi-coloured apples wrapped in waxed paper. In the middle of the yard was a tall rectangular wooden frame on a wheeled base. Suspended within the frame was a naked brunette with pleasantly full and bouncy breasts. Doreen Knox was serving a couple of weeks in the public pillory for theft, after which she would be put up for a bondservice auction. Bailey had done his best to ensure she would be suitably shamed and broken in so as not to displease her new owner. He was trying her out in the station's new punishment device.

Doreen hung from a horizontal iron rod fitted to the frame by a swivel

mount. Snap hooks on the ends of the rod hooked about rings stitched to broad leather cuffs buckled about her ankles. Since she was intended to hang in the pillory for hours at a time the cuffs were designed to spread her weight as evenly as possible and extended high up her shins and flared over her insteps, with an extra strap going across her soles.

Her torso was pulled up and doubled over, so that she was looking through the “V” of her spread legs. Her arms were buckled into a leather sleeve and secured behind her back. A chain from this sleeve ran up through a ring in the back of her prison collar and fastened to a “D” ring welded to the middle of the iron rod. A shorter chain ran down from her arm binder sleeve through the cleft of her buttocks to the end of a curved hook, the bulbous tip of which was buried deep inside her rectum. This arrangement supported her upper body, at the cost of her dignity, and kept her facing forward.

Doreen’s dignity was further, and quite intentionally diminished, by a device that hung beneath her suspended body. Black rubber garters were bucked about her thighs. Rings on the insides of these hooked onto the shaft of an inverted “T” paddle that was plugged into her vagina with a large rubber dildo head that made her pussy mouth gape. The “T” bar of the paddle head bolted to its vertical shaft was formed of light ply and spread as wide as Doreen’s hips. Fastened to her as it was it could churn and twist a little in its fleshy sheath, but not be expelled by any effort of hers.

The paddle blade, like most of her body, was covered by splashes and splatters of thick, coloured, liquid clay, with a few clinging shards of waxed paper where the pillory shots, purchasable from Tom, had burst against her. The ground beneath her ran with multi-coloured rivulets into the yard drain. The shots not only stung as they struck her body but if they hit the paddle they caused its dildo end to jerk painfully inside her at the same time as twisting her round in her suspended harness to expose a different part of her body to further shots, ensuring no part of her escaped its lawful punishment. One final additional twist to the indignity being heaped upon her was revealed by the state of the paddle shaft where it emerged from between the lips of Doreen’s cunt. The splatters of coloured clay had been washed partially away by the juices tricking from her vagina as she helplessly responded to its stimulation.

Bailey was pleased to note that Doreen's eyes, peering out above the gag that stopped her mouth, appeared suitably miserable. Come lunchtime he knew she'd be begging to be put in some other device she hoped would be slightly less degrading and offer him anything in return. Of course he'd accept: that was traditional policeman's perks. Then he'd put her in the device that, for the sake of variety, he'd been going to transfer her to anyway.

An outside tap and hose were coiled by the wall which Bailey used to wash down girls after a day in the pillory. Bailey positioned Amber in front of the wall over a large drain grating and handed her the bar of yellow soap. 'I think you'll need this to get the worst off.'

Amber practically hugged it to her. 'Oh God, that smells wonderful! Thank you, Constable.'

As he hosed her down Amber scrubbed and washed herself from top to toe, hair included, working up a lather with a vigour suggesting she wanted to clean away every trace of her captivity. Despite their soreness she rubbed the soap into her vagina and anus as far as she was able. When Bailey said: 'Bend over so I can flush you out,' she did not hesitate but stood with her legs spread, reached behind her and pulled her sex lips wide open. She gasped as the cold jet bubbled in her tender, pink clitoral valley, but did not try to evade it. She also pried her buttocks apart to expose her bruised anus so he could flush out her rectum.

When she was done and towelled dry Bailey looked her over with approval. With the layer of grease and dirt gone and her hair fluffed and shining she looked a lot better, although her clean skin did now throw the stripes and welts of her beating into sharper contrast. He led her back inside and put her in an empty cell, furnished with a simple tubular frame bed.

Amber hesitated a moment as he unclipped the leash from her collar and then knelt on the bed with her lash-marked bottom upraised, exposing the clean fresh split peach of her pubes and the dark pit of her anus ready for mounting. She looked round at Bailey.

'I haven't forgotten about your perks, Constable. I know it's traditional. But please can you be gentle... I'm still so sore inside.'

Bailey hesitated, staring at Amber's pale, fearful, bruised face and her trembling abused body. Then he unbuttoned his flies, moved round to her head and pulled her face forward into his crotch.

As she gratefully sucked and lapped him into erection he stroked the hair of her bobbing head gently. 'I'll go easy on you for a few days, girl. Somebody'll have to decide what to do with you first. Bit of an odd case, you are. Just don't you go getting yourself stolen away again.'

Fifteen minutes later, alone in the cell and with the taste of Bailey's sperm washed from her mouth, Amber was already drifting off to sleep. After barely sleeping last night on her coarse and stinking sacking pallet she was genuinely exhausted and the sparse jail bed even with its thin mattress felt like sheer luxury.

Her official return to custody had gone very well. Perhaps almost too well.

Of course her display of misery and confusion had been an act, but not much of one. Miss Newcombe had been right about making it seem convincing by playing it as far as possible for real. She had even managed to get Bailey feeling sorry for her. But the game had unforeseen consequences. The rush of gratitude she had felt to Bailey as he took her back into custody had been disturbingly genuine. She felt safe locked in this cell. Even the police collar locked about her neck seemed perversely comforting. She had thought she was pretty tough but for a few days she had known pain, suffering and isolation. It had not exactly made her long for more of the same, but it had made her accept a lesser degrees of servitude and bondage with disturbing ease. Had she come out of the perverted deception the same person as she had been at the beginning?

## Chapter 9: Jemima's Confessions

‘So tell me again what it was like finding the Jones girl?’ Belinda asked.

Jemima sighed good-naturedly and told her story again.

They were walking through the village together. After her sensational discovery Jemima's parents had been both proud and concerned and told her not to go so far into the woods alone again until the gang were caught.

Jemima's discovery of Amber Jones in the woods had given Belinda the perfect excuse to call on Jemima and take an interest in her. On the other hand it reduced one of the reasons for trying to make friends with her in the first place and ran counter to their previous assumptions. If Jemima had been in league with the slave thieves as Arabella suspected, why had she reported where Amber had been concealed to the police? That made no sense. However Arabella insisted Belinda must press on as planned. There was still Sue and Melanie to be found, who was the ultimate prize. Return Melanie to her Uncle and all would be forgiven and forgotten.

‘Was it terribly scary?’ Belinda prompted after Jemima had finished.

Jemima's pretty face creased thoughtfully. ‘Well, it was a shock, really. She looked terrible. And she was so dirty and smelly.’ She bit her lip. ‘It reminded me a bit of some of the things Arabella had us do to Sue. They were wrong.’

‘But we had found Sue on Arabella's land. Well, her family land. She was a trespasser and an outsider. Arabella had the right to make her a slave.’

‘It was still cruel. It wasn't the proper way to treat a slave.’

Belinda did not agree but she felt it was time to express some contrition. ‘Yes, I suppose you're right. And we teased you about being soft

on her. We were rather cruel to you. I'm sorry.'

Jemima smiled brightly. 'That's all right. It doesn't matter now.'

There was something different about Jemima since the last time she'd talked seriously to her, Belinda thought, which must have been... actually come to think of it she had never really talked seriously to Jemima. She was the sort of person who was just there to make up the numbers and be sent on errands. Anyway Jemima was still polite and trusting, but Belinda sensed a little more self-confidence underneath her guileless expression.

'So this Jones girl reminded you of Sue?' she said, trying to keep the conversation going.

'Not to look at,' Jemima said. 'But it was the way she was chained to that frame. A bit like Sue was tied to the bed in the playhouse. All spread out wide. She was so lovely and helpless...' A faraway look came to her eyes. 'You could see where they'd been using her. Her... cunny was so sore and bruised. They'd even caned her breasts. It must have hurt so much...'

Looking curiously at Jemima's flushed expression and dilated pupils it dawned on Belinda that Jemima was getting excited by her own description of Amber's suffering. Was it actually turning her on? Was she a secret slut? She was a meek little creature and she had responded oddly that time Arabella had got them to tie Jemima to a chair and forced Sue to lick her pussy out. If so that might give her the lever she needed...

'Of course you know some girls enjoy being treated like that,' Belinda said carelessly.

Jemima blinked and suddenly looked embarrassed.

'Oh, I don't mean bondslaves, I mean nice ordinary, respectable girls,' Belinda added. 'Not so far as being seriously hurt, of course, but just for fun.'

Jemima tried to look surprised. 'Really, do they?'

‘Oh yes,’ Belinda said lightly. ‘Didn’t you know? Where did you think Arabella learned all those things she did to Sue? Not just from handling bondslaves. Tying up and spanking games, all that sort of thing. They don’t publicise it, naturally, because some people can be so stuffy and narrow minded, but it’s quite the rage in the right circles.’

‘I never guessed,’ Jemima admitted. ‘I thought only... special types of girl enjoyed that sort of thing.’

‘Well I think it depends on what school you went to,’ Belinda confided.

‘And have you ever... done anything like that?’ Jemima asked hesitantly.

Belinda contrived to sound offhand. ‘Of course. It’s such fun to play at being a bondslave for an hour or two. Not that you’d know what that feels like.’

Jemima took a deep breath. ‘Well... actually I have sort of done that.’

‘I don’t mean that time with Sue in the playhouse,’ Belinda said hastily. ‘Things got out of hand. I’m sorry about that.’

‘No, I mean... other times. Not with any of you.’

Belinda gazed at her in open disbelief. ‘Jem, I don’t believe you.’

‘Yes I have, it’s true.’

‘You mean being spanked and tied up? Even being naked? Surely not.’

‘Yes, I have. All that.’

‘You’re joking.’

‘No.’

‘Well prove it!’

‘How?’

Belinda took Jemima’s arm and strode off determinedly down the road. ‘You come with me!’

They reached Belinda’s house in ten minutes. It was a comfortable house with a large garden set back from the road. Instead of going in by the front door she led Jemima through the side gate into the back garden. At this time of the afternoon Belinda knew her father would still be at his office and her mother was out for tea with a friend on the other side of the village. There would only be the cook and a maid inside and they would not bother them.

At the bottom of the garden hidden behind a tall hedge were the compost heap, the cold frames and the gardener’s shed. Belinda knew Mr Hodge their gardener was not working today. The shed was normally kept locked but Hodge only kept the key under a stone beside the door. She unlocked the shed, dragged Jemima inside and closed and bolted the door behind them.

The slightly gloomy interior of the shed was heavy with the musty smell of earth and old compost. Hodge was a neat worker and everything was carefully stacked or hung up on the walls on pegs and nails. Apart from the usual array of flower pots, seed trays and gardening tools there were hanks of garden twine, strap ties for supporting saplings, and a bundle of bamboo canes. There was also a sturdy, board-topped workbench by the window where Hodge did his potting out. It was all she needed.

Belinda looked Jemima in the eye. ‘So, you say you’ve played pain and bondage games?’

‘It’s true, I have.’

‘And you get a thrill out of them?’

Jemima smiled shyly. ‘Yes I do. That’s not wrong, is it?’

‘Not at all,’ Belinda assured her. ‘As I said I’ve done it myself. It’s just surprising.’ She leaned closer. ‘We’re quite safe in here. Nobody’s going to disturb us. So would you like to play a slave game with me now, just to prove it?’

Jemima’s eyes sparkled. ‘Really? You and me?’

‘Yes. I’d be a mistress punishing her slave. You’ve been a naughty girl and I’m going to have to tie you up and cane you.’ She could see the excitement the other girl’s face. She really was a submissive little slut. This was going to be fun. ‘Take off your clothes, right now!’ she snapped.

With barely concealed delight Jemima obeyed. As Belinda looked over Jemima’s trembling, naked body she realised she had been missing a treat. All that fuss keeping Sue when this one had been at hand all the time. The girl was practically begging for a spanking.

‘On the table on your back, legs bent and spread, arms above your head, wrists crossed!’ Belinda commanded and Jemima scrambled to obey.

Belinda used rubber strap ties to bind Jemima’s wrists, then she looped a length of garden twine about the straps and pulled it under the bench and tied it about a cross strut that braced the bench legs. The tension twisted Jemima’s shoulders and made her arch her back, lifting her breasts, the nipples of which Belinda noted were hard with excitement. Two more ties went about Jemima’s ankles and she threaded more twine through them. Pulling her feet to the bottom corners of the bench and turning them outward she bound the twine about the bench legs. Jemima was now secured but her pretty body demanded more. Belinda bound longer lengths of twine across the insides of Jemima’s smooth thighs and calves, forcing her crooked legs down against the rough bench top. Another twisted skein of twine went across her stomach, pressing deep into the soft, tremulous flesh.

There was one last detail to be taken care of. Belinda carefully looped a length of twine several times about the roots of Jemima’s small pointed breasts and drew them tight so that they bunched up. Jemima whimpered and bit her lip as the twine pinched her neat cones into bulging pink and purple-tinged mushroom heads, but she did not utter a word of protest. Belinda could

smell Jemima's excitement and see the glisten on her pussy lips. She felt a thrill of power course through her as she felt her own loins responding in kind. She could do anything she liked to the little slut and she'd thank her for it afterwards. Concentrate. She must not forget what she was after...

Belinda took one of the shorter bamboo canes from the bundle leaning against the wall and swished it experimentally through the air. Then she looked down at Jemima's shiny, fearful, excited face. 'You know you deserve to be punished?'

'Yes... Mistress,' Jemima replied with servile delight.

Belinda flicked the cane across the tips of Jemima's bound breasts, making them shiver and rebound elastically. Jemima gave a squeak of pain but kept her eyes on Belinda, ready for more.

Belinda swiped the cane with increasing force left and right across Jemima's tightly bulging apple-breasts, painting bands of pink across them. They bounced tautly back and forth in a hypnotic rhythm. Soon Jemima's eyes were brimming with tears and she was gasping in pain but she did not protest or beg for release. She was tougher than Belinda had imagined. She paused to feel the heat in the small gourds, pinching their hard nipple crowns.

'Does having your titties caned excite you? I'm afraid you're going to have to be punished for that as well. And the wetter you are the worse it will be. Let's see what this slot is doing...'

Holding the cane pressed across Jemima's blushing breasts as a warning Belinda slid her free hand between her spread thighs with their painfully stretched tendons to caress her thick, fluffy pubic bush and the plump deep-cleft pubic mound beneath. She watched Jemima's eyes roll up in ecstasy, surprised how hot and slick and full it already was. The scent of her juices was filling the close atmosphere of the shed. That hungry mouth was begging to be played with. Belinda dipped deeper, fingering the aperture of her captive's vagina and probing it with her fingertips. It was tight but instead of the barrier of a maidenhead she expected to find her fingers slid all the way in to her hot wet clenching passage. Jemima was no virgin! She had been playing this game for real.

‘I see you have been a very naughty girl,’ she observed. ‘Of course I’ll have to punish you for that as well. You do understand?’

‘Yes, Mistress,’ Jemima said in a little-girl voice. ‘Please punish me. I deserve it!’

Belinda kept one hand inside Jemima’s vagina, stirring and rubbing the hard bud of her clitoris with her thumb, while with the other she slashed the cane across her shivering, reverberating and by now rosy red breasts. Fondle, swipe, fondle, swipe! Jemima arched her back, straining against her bonds, the twine cutting into her flesh, moaning and gurgling with masochistic pleasure

Belinda felt the tension rising inside Jemima and knew she was approaching her climax. She lightened the cane strokes and withdrew her fingers to stroke instead of plunder her dripping cunt, balancing the pain and pleasure. ‘Tell me how you became such a filthy, slutty girl?’

‘Ohhhh... I... uhh... there are these... people I met... in the woods... Mistress,’ Jemima gasped. ‘They taught me... how to play wonderful naughty games...’

# Chapter 10: Resignation

Melanie Kingston, in her full police uniform with cap tucked under her arm, sat uncomfortably on a chair in the outer office of the Chief Constable waiting to be called in.

You did not get summoned to headquarters unless you had done something very bad or very good. As the only notable thing she had done recently was the discovery of Amber's stash of stolen goods, she suspected it was about that. However she had already been commended for her initiative by her local Superintendent and since she did not think her efforts warranted any greater recognition, she was not sure why she was here. Of course she had not told the complete truth about her discovery but the only people who knew better would have no reason to contradict her story. She was quite sure at the moment that two of them were not even on this world.

The secretary's intercom beeped. She listened and then said: 'The Chief Constable will see you now, PC Kingston...'

Chief Constable Osborne was a large solid man in his forties with greying hair.

Melanie had a lot of sympathy for him personally. He was by all accounts a good, decent policeman with a fine record, who, it was widely known in the force, was doing his job while bringing up a teenage daughter alone after the death of his wife. That made this interview doubly hard for Melanie as she was very much afraid she was shortly going to have to lie to him.

She sat stiffly in the seat he offered to her. Osborne glanced at something on his desk screen and then smiled. 'First, I must congratulate you on your initiative, PC Kingston. Tracking down the Hoakham Woods haul in your spare time was excellent work. Some of the regional crime officers who'd been working on the case were a little unhappy at being upstaged but I suggested they should simply try to think more laterally like you did.'

‘Thank you, Sir.’

‘Pity the thief was not caught.’

‘I would have preferred that as well, Sir. But we can’t always have what we want, can we?’

He smiled. ‘Very true. Well, the recovered items have been matched with goods listed as stolen over the past six months around your area. A lot of people are going to be very glad to get their valuables back. And it’s all down to your efforts.’

‘Thank you, Sir. I was just trying to do my job to the best of my ability.’

‘Yes.’ Osborne frowned. ‘However...’

Here it comes, thought Melanie.

‘However, there has been an enquiry from one of the parties whose property was found in the stash. It seems that a particular item was not amongst the rest of the goods recovered.’

‘What was that, Sir?’

Osborne consulted his screen again. ‘A small black lacquer box inlaid with a dragon design in mother of pearl and ivory. Apparently it is quite unique.’

More than you can imagine, thought Melanie, but she kept her face expressionless. ‘I’m afraid I can’t be responsible for every item the thief may or may not have taken, Sir, or what they may have done with it subsequently.’

‘I understand that, but as everything else has been accounted for I have to ask is it possible this box got accidentally separated from the rest of the items when you first came across it? You were unwell, I understand.’

At Miss Newcombe’s suggestion Melanie had pretended she had had

a bout of pneumonia brought on by her outdoor investigative activity to cover her week's absence in the alternate England. This also explained the delay between her noting suspicious activities about the spot in Hoakham Woods where Amber's stash was hidden and reporting it officially which had led to its discovery. Miss Newcombe had even supplied her with a false medical certificate. It was not a great alibi but she could hardly tell anybody the unbelievable truth.

Melanie said: 'As I stated in my report, Sir, I became ill shortly after finding the goods in question. It was confusing and for a time I cannot accurately relate my movements, but I'm no thief.'

'I was not accusing you of any such thing!' Osborne said quickly.

'Even so, Sir, we both know that's the implication. Well I promise you that I do not have this box, nor have I profited from its disposal. You can search my home and check my bank account if you want.'

'There'll be no need for that, Kingston,' Osborne assured her. 'As the circumstances were a little unusual I wanted to be satisfied about the facts that's all.'

By now Melanie was beginning to understand Miss Newcombe's caution. The owners of the puzzle box clearly had some influence and connections in high places. They had learned of the odd delay between her finding the stash and reporting it and suspected she might have activated the box, which was more or less the truth. A man would not be drawn to the box or use a phallus but a woman could so she was the obvious suspect. They would not imagine that the thief had also been a woman, which had complicated events.

'May I ask if the owners of the box have made any official accusation against me, Sir?'

'No, not at all. It was just that as everything else they lost was recovered they were simply hoping there was a chance it would still turn up.'

She should have asked Amber to remove all the other items in her

stash that came from the same place, eliminating any connection with the box. Too late for that now.

‘Then if that’s all, Sir, I’d like to return to duty.’

Osborne looked at her intently. ‘Very well. You have an excellent record, Kingston. The force needs officers with initiative like you. Keep up the good work.’

‘Thank you, Sir.’

As she rose he added, because he was perceptive enough to realize that this was not quite the whole story: ‘Are you sure there’s nothing else you wish to tell me?’

‘No, Sir. Not right now. Perhaps... another time.’

Melanie drove back to her station and resumed her shift. She went about it by rote while turning over events in her mind. The owners of the box, whoever they were, had evidently been applying pressure through official channels to see if they could goad her into handing it back. And a CC would never have become involved in such a trivial incident unless the pressure had come from very high up.

She was still turning this matter over in her mind when she got back to her flat that evening. Mechanically she hung up her coat in the tiny hallway, picked up the post from the mat, went into the kitchen and put on the kettle, through to the bathroom to start filling the bath, then into to her bedroom. It was only when she had stripped her top clothes off and went to hang them up that she paused.

The clothes hanging in her wardrobe were packed together more tightly and more to one side than she usually left them. She looked round the room, trying to recall the exact state she had left it in that morning. The bottom drawer of the dressing table was slightly extended when she thought they had all been flush. A corner of the duvet she had left folded across the foot of the bed was turned in when, she was almost sure, she had left it flat.

Still in her bra and panties she prowled round the flat looking intently at every movable object. Had the books on the shelf been tipped that way? The clutter of detergent packs and cleaning fluid bottles in the cupboard under the sink did not quite seem right. There was no obvious sign of forced entry. The front door had been locked as she had left it and the alarm was on. But the feeling was growing in her that during the day somebody had entered her flat, carefully searched it and then left again.

Suddenly Melanie shivered, feeling defiled in a way that she never had before during all the forced sex she had endured in the other England. Her private property and space had been violated. Yet this was no ordinary break in. It must be something to do with the owners of the puzzle box. As a black woman PC in a largely white area she wouldn't be hard to trace. Had they engineered her visit to headquarters deliberately to get her out of the way for a few hours? In any case they had taken advantage of her absence to search, or have somebody else search, her flat in case she had the box hidden away.

It was becoming apparent that this thing was bigger than her or Amber or Sue's wonderful, perverted adventure. And this might not be the end of it. Should she tell her station about this? The trouble was there was no hard evidence. People this careful would certainly not have left any fingerprints behind. But she had better take some precautions in case they called again.

Melanie was alert for anything out of the ordinary the next day at work, but her shift went normally. She returned home apprehensively but the flat was secure and the tell-tale stands of hair she had left lightly gummed across certain doors and drawers had not been disturbed. Perhaps they had decided she didn't have the box after all.

She was woken by a hand pressing a broad strip of household repair tape over her mouth. As she tried to jerk upright other strong gloved hands clasped her wrists and forced them back down onto the bed above her head. She kicked out with her legs, throwing the duvet off her, but more big hands caught hold of her flailing ankles and pulled them wide, leaving her

squirming and thrashing about between them, her shrieks of fear and rage muffled by her taped lips.

A torch snapped on shining into her eyes. By its backlight she saw three large men looming over her, their heads covered in balaclavas so only their mouths and the slits of their eyes showed. Two of the men stood by the sides of the bed bending over and holding a wrist and ankle apiece, while the third man, who was holding the torch, knelt between her spread thighs. He raised something up into the torch beam before her face so she could see it clearly. It was a large combat knife. Melanie froze, her eyes locked onto the gleaming blade.

‘That’s better,’ the man grated softly. ‘Now what follows is a little demonstration to prove that we’re serious, so, when I ask you the question I’m going to ask in a minute, you won’t muck us about or pretend you don’t know, you’ll just tell us what we want to know. Do you understand?’

Melanie nodded dumbly.

The man reached out for the shoulder straps of her camisole top and cut them cleanly through. Then he slipped the tip of the knife under the hem of the camisole over her navel and sliced upwards. The fabric parted easily with a soft whispering swish. He parted the shredded halves of the vest to expose her full brown breasts with their plump chocolate dark nipples.

‘Nice, very nice,’ he observed, running the tip of the knife about the rims of the dusky cones, and then scraping the side of the blade across their peaks. Despite her terror she could not stop her nipples swelling in response, pressing up against the cold steel.

‘Even nicer,’ he said.

Reversing the knife he slid it under the waistband of her shorts and sliced downward, cutting them through to the crotch. Grasping the two sides he wrenched them apart, exposing her thick delta of glossy black curls which were trimmed back to expose her pouting labial mouth.

‘Pretty,’ he commented. Resting the torch on her smooth, palpitating

stomach he pinched a tuft of black curls up between thumb and forefinger and cut it off. Transferring it to a trouser pocket he said simply: 'Souvenir.' He ran the knife tip over the nub of her clitoris and then down across trembling cleft. 'This is real prime cut pussy meat,' he said. 'I'd really hate to scratch it, but I will if you don't tell me what I want to know.' And with a steady hand he slid the blade tip into the mouth of her vulva, holding it upright and not cutting but carefully separating her labia.

Melanie frozen in terror. She knew the blade's insertion was just a terrible threat and a warning of what might happen if she did not cooperate, nevertheless the thought of what one thrust could do to her most delicate flesh made her sick and she hated the man with a passion. And yet at the same time her special nature that responded to the puzzle boxes' call could not be denied. She had not had sex since her return from Shaftwell and, despite herself, she was becoming aroused. This was the legacy her adventure had bestowed upon her: the ability to respond without shame and to embrace humiliation. She felt a surge of hot slickness flood out between her lips and the hard metal between them, driven by deeper instincts even than the stomach churning fear that gripped her. Her nipples were straining and her clitoris was rising from its hood. Her labia were filling with blood and swelling, opening up her cunt about the blade as though in grotesque welcome. Her thighs which had been straining to close now spread wider in acceptance of the inevitable. This was her body's way of surviving, bartering pleasure for pain. At that moment it was her only weapon.

The man holding the knife swore as her juices began to flow about it, dripping onto the bed sheet and scenting the air, while the gaze of the two men holding down her became fixed on her pussy. They muttered under their breath: 'Bloody hell,' and: 'The fucking bitch is getting hot!'

'What the hell are you?' the knife man asked. Melanie could hardly tell him. Curiously, as if trying an experiment, he reversed the knife and, holding it about its blunt edge, slid its sculpted grip handle inside her wet and eager passage.

Melanie's sheath squeezed down upon the handle, accepting its intrusion. The knife man began to work the shaft back and forth and Melanie responded, rising to its demand to be satisfied, inanimate object though it

was. It was as if she was a pack girl again serving guests and this had been the foreplay. Her duty was not to question but to give pleasure with her whole body. Helplessly fascinated by her response her assailants watched as her passion mounted, feeling her straining against their grasp not to escape but to use it to feed her arousal, focussing all her attention inward to the ball of liquid heat in her loins that was swelling to bursting point. With a stifled moan and shudder, her breasts heaving and her hips bucking, she orgasmed, spraying her juices around the haft that plugged her vagina.

The man had let go of the knife and he and his companions watched in fascination as the blade, grotesquely jutting out of her sex lips as though she had just given birth to it, twitched and jerked while the spasms passed through her sheath until finally she lay still and unresisting, beads of fine dew sparkling on her brown flesh. Only then did the knife man carefully withdraw the weapon and examine the glistening film deposited over its handle, feeling the heat she had filled it with.

‘That is the damnedest thing I’ve ever seen,’ he exclaimed in genuine admiration. ‘I’d like to get to know you better, girl, but we’ve got to get back to business.’

He moved back up until he was face to face with Melanie and pressed the knife tip to her still hot and hard left nipple. Her eyes which had closed in post orgasmic bliss now flickered back open and focussed reluctantly upon him. ‘Apparently you have a small black box with a dragon marked on it somewhere in your possession,’ he said. ‘If it’s in this flat you’re going to tell me where it’s hidden. If it’s outside you’re going to lead us to it. Now I’m going to peel this tape back and you are not going to make any noise except to give the answer. Right, now...’

He peeled back the tape. ‘A small brown suitcase under the bed,’ Melanie said in one breath.

He patted the tape back into place. ‘There now, that wasn’t so hard, was it?’

He got down onto his knees, reached under the bed and pulled out the case. ‘This wasn’t here last time...’ he muttered. He set it down on the end of

the bed, snapped open its catches and flipped up the lid.

There were multiple bangs and a brilliant flash of light as a dusty cloud erupted from the case right into the man's face. He dropped his torch and staggered backward, thudding against the wall, coughing and clawing at his eyes.

As the men holding Melanie flinched away in surprise their grip on her loosened for a moment. She wrenched her right hand free, rammed it between the bedhead and mattress and pulled out the spring-loaded baton she had hidden there. In one swinging motion she snapped it open and smashed it across the arm of the second man who held her down. She heard a shriek as a bone cracked and her left arm and leg were suddenly free. She slashed the baton back at the first man, catching him across the jaw. There was another crack and a choking gasp and then there were no hands holding her.

Melanie rolled off the bed, the remains of her shorts and camisole fluttering from her, and charged at the three dazed and confused men, swinging the baton furiously across their arms, backs and legs. They broke and ran, piling out of the bedroom door and along the corridor to her front door with Melanie, stark naked and furious, at their heels waving her baton. Tearing it open they tumbled out onto the landing. Melanie charged out after them, ripping the tape from her mouth as she went. They half fell down the stairs into the entrance hall, flung open the front door and raced away into the night.

Melanie stood on the front step and shouted after them: 'And don't bloody come back or I'll arrest you!'

She closed the front door and turned about only to see Mr Weaver, who lived in the ground floor flat, peering nervously round his door. He goggled at her naked body.

'Sorry about that,' she said. 'Those doorstep salesmen really don't take no for an answer, do they?'

Nonchalantly shouldering her baton she climbed the stairs back to her flat and shut the door behind her. Then she slumped down with her back to

the wall and shook and cried for five solid minutes.

This time Melanie had to report the intrusion. It was after all a serious armed assault and witnesses had seen the men running away. Inside an hour there were three police cars parked out front and a CID and a forensic team at work in her flat. When it was one of their own involved in an incident like this the force responded fast. She debated not mentioning what the men had been after but decided there was no point. The whole thing was clearly too sophisticated for a regular burglary or even a failed sexual assault. She explained that she thought an attempt had been made to break in the previous day and so had taken precautions just in case.

Melanie demonstrated the booby trap in the suitcase. It was wonderful what you could do with some sticky tape, a couple of wire coat-hangers, a bungee cord, three party balloon pepper bombs, some drawing pins and an old camera set on flash. In between making her statement and having a medical examination, Melanie considered the implications of this latest attempt to recover the box.

Since she was in the police force its owners knew they had to tread carefully and had decided to try more subtle persuasion first, but they had hired thugs ready to use more direct means if that failed. Perhaps they thought after they had alerted her she might do something hasty. In either case they hadn't wasted much time, which was an indication of how desperate they were to get the box back. But who were "they" and what did they want it for apart from interdimensional sex tourism?

Melanie had been so overwhelmed by the consequences of her own transition into a state of beguiling slavery that she had not considered the wider implications. Now, for the first time, she thought seriously about what a puzzle box and a phallus could do. Well, if it was used cleverly, she supposed it could get somebody plus a certain amount of baggage in and out of more or less any reasonably sized closed space. Such as a bank vault, for instance... or an art gallery... or a government office. Oh God, the possibilities were amazing!

Now she began to understand the driving motivation of the box's

owners. Once they suspected she had used a phallus to travel somewhere and come back, explaining the gap between her finding Amber's stash and reporting it, they would keep on after her. They could not imagine she had voluntarily given up something as wonderful as a phallus box. If they had recovered it from her as they expected they must have reasoned she would keep quiet from guilt and fear. She could hardly accuse them of stealing an object she had denied possessing.

But now the attempt had failed? Their hope must be that she would still keep the box and its secrets to herself and not tell her superiors about it. In that they would be right, but not for the reasons they might imagine. It was such an impossible, not to say embarrassing, concept that without proof nobody would believe it, and right now she had none. That must be one reason why the existence of such boxes (and how many were there in total?) was not public knowledge.

Melanie had at least cast a degree of suspicion back on them with her statement mentioning the box. It was possible its owners would have some awkward questions to answer now, though undoubtedly they had an alibi and would simply deny all knowledge of the incident. But she knew that she could never lead an ordinary life until this was resolved. She had to get away from home and she had to get in touch with Miss Newcombe again.

The next morning her Superintendent put her on a week's leave and offered her trauma counselling. She said she just wanted some peace and quiet. She could not explain that her experiences as a pack girl had enabled her to put the experience into perspective. Yes it had been terrifying at the time but even in the middle of she'd managed to come and physically Arabella's thistle ride had been far, far worse.

It was around lunchtime after the last of the forensic team had finally left and while she was clearing up the flat that Chief Constable Osborne arrived unannounced. She made him coffee and they sat in her lounge. After being assured she had not been physically harmed he came to the point.

'PC Kingston, I know something's wrong here and also that it concerns that damn missing box. I didn't like the pressure I was put under to

question you about it. Now in your statement you say these men were specifically searching for it. The obvious implication is that its owners hired them to get it back. What is there about it that's so special?'

Melanie smiled grimly. 'I'd like to explain about the box but you simply wouldn't believe it unless I had proof, Sir, and I don't have it to show you. I was going to write you a letter, but now I can tell you face to face. This whole thing is bigger than I first thought. I'm going to have to use my initiative again and unofficially go undercover, you might say. I know this is completely irregular but I'm requesting an indefinite leave of absence as from today. It's that or I'll have to resign from the force and I don't want to do that but I'd have no choice. I promise I'll explain some time, but I've no idea when.'

Osborne looked at her long and hard. At last he said: 'I believe you mean it. This business really is that serious?'

'More than you can imagine, Sir, but as I say, without proof I have nothing. If this sort of thing keeps happening then I'm a liability anyway. I can't do my job looking over my shoulder all the time. There's a chance I can sort it out, but I need to drop out of sight and do things my own way. I know it's against all the rules, but I can only ask you to trust me.'

'Very well. As from today you're on leave. Should I let the media run with this break-in story or hold back on it?'

'It would look odd if it wasn't reported in the usual way. Maybe you can let it be known I've gone away for a few days to stay with relatives in London.'

'But that's not where you're going?'

'No, Sir. Where I'm going is much nearer and much further. Sorry, again, you'll understand one day.'

'I must have some means of contacting you.'

'I'll arrange for my post to be collected regularly, Sir. Use that. I

won't be taking a phone. Reception's not good where I'm going.'

'Will you be safe on your own?'

'I hope I won't be on my own, Sir.'

It was the next afternoon when Sue answered a knock at the door of the cottage. Melanie stepped inside quickly, pulling her hood back and unslinging her shoulder pack.

'Oh, I'm so pleased you're all right,' Sue exclaimed, flinging her arms about her. 'It was on the news about a local woman policeman. You'd been attacked or something.'

'Well I'm okay but I'm dying for a cup of tea,' Melanie said, allowing herself to be hugged. 'I've spent the morning travelling on busses and trains going round in a circle so nobody can follow me back here. I'm pretty sure they don't know anything about this place and I want to keep it that way.'

Over tea and crumpets, Melanie explained what had happened and her new assessment of the threat from the owners of the puzzle box.

'So what are you going to do now?' Sue asked when she had finished.

'Stay here for a few days and hope Miss Newcombe turns up. I think I'll be safer in the other world than here. If that's all right with you.'

'Of course!' Sue said. 'I'd love to look after you. It's been so lonely since Amber left.' She smiled shyly. 'While we wait please, can I be your slave?'

Melanie grinned. 'Only at night. I can't show my face around here so you'll have to be presentable to answer the door if anybody calls. So no bare arse and slave chains.'

'Ohhh...' Sue said unhappily.

They did not have to wait as long as Melanie feared, although perhaps

sooner than Sue had hoped. That evening there came a knock at the door and Miss Newcombe stepped briskly inside.

‘I saw there had been trouble at your flat on the local news when I popped back to check on things on this side,’ she said to Melanie. ‘I thought you might have come here. I’m glad to see you’re not hurt. What happened?’

Melanie recounted the incident and her meetings with Osborne.

When she was done Miss Newcombe said: ‘I was afraid of this. You’ve come to the attention of some powerful people. I think it’s time you came back with me.’

‘That’s what I planned,’ said Mel.

Sue looked crestfallen. ‘When will it be my turn?’ she begged.

‘Soon, I promise,’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘Meanwhile you can make some preparations. You were never known to the authorities in Shaftwell while you were there and Jemima and the Cranborough boys will not give you away, but I know you met the Major briefly and the remnants of Arabella’s gang would certainly recognize you. It would be simpler and safer if you changed your appearance and we passed you off as somebody new.’ She considered her blonde locks and creamy complexion. ‘Have your hair restyled and tinted and use some fake tan to darken your skin.’

‘I’ll do that,’ Sue promised.

‘We’ll also need a new name to register you under officially. For obvious reasons we don’t want the name “Sue Drake” getting back to any of Arabella’s old gang. You need to think of a new one so you can get used to it.’

‘Well actually I have the middle names “Elizabeth Frances” but I just don’t use them much. They sound like they could be a complete name.’

‘They’ll do fine,’ said Miss Newcombe. She turned to Mel. ‘Then we’ll go when you’re ready, Melanie.’

‘No,’ Melanie said. ‘First you’re going to explain what’s behind all this and how you’re involved.’

‘I will when you, Sue and Amber are all safely together again,’ Miss Newcombe replied firmly. ‘I don’t want to have to tell my story twice. First you’ve got to return to Shaftwell with as little drama possible, which won’t be easy. The police are still looking for you and the Major has offered a generous reward for your recovery safe and well.’

Mel felt moved. ‘That’s good of him. I want to go back to the Hall and the pack, but I’ve also got to sort out this puzzle box business. And if I do go back how do I explain to the Major what happened?’

‘You tell him some of the truth but only as much as you need to,’ said Miss Newcombe. ‘He must not know I’ve helped you directly, but I would like to strengthen my connection with the Hall because the Major’s an influential man and that might come in useful some day. We’ll work the exact details later, but do remember you’re very valuable to him. This might be an opportunity to come to a new arrangement.’

# Chapter 11: Preparations

Belinda's next meeting with Arabella was not held at the Pump Maid Inn. As they had agreed she used the public call box next to the post office to send a message through the reception desk and then waited for Arabella to ring her back. Belinda would have preferred to call from her home phone (they had been one of the first in their road to have one installed) but there was too much chance of being overheard. She felt self-conscious waiting in the box for Arabella to ring her back from the telephone booth at the Inn but at least it was faster than exchanging letters.

Following Arabella's directions Belinda found herself walking down a narrow twisting, rutted lane until she came to an old and decrepit barn, half overgrown with ivy, situated on the edge of Lower Boxley. Outside she saw a cart loaded with assorted timbers and workman's tools. Inside the barn, which was empty except for a few old hay bales in one corner, she found Arabella giving instructions to a pair of hulking labourers. One had red hair and the other was dark. Soon they had unloaded their paraphernalia and were hard at work measuring and sawing timber struts and planks.

'What are they making?' Belinda asked curiously.

'Prototypes of some devices I hope to use later,' Arabella said casually. Leaving the men to their work, Arabella drew Belinda aside and received her report on her intimate encounter with Jemima.

'It seems she's been secretly meeting with these people for the last few weeks at every opportunity,' Belinda concluded. 'That's when they play these slave games with her.'

'But she hasn't told you their names or where they're from?' Arabella asked.

'No. I'm not sure she knows their real names. There are at least three of them, but she hasn't mentioned anything more about them, apart from the

fact that they wear masks. Not that she's reticent about what they do to her. She's told me that in every last detail. I think it gives her a thrill to talk about that. I had no idea she was such a depraved little slut. And I thought she was unhappy about the way we treated Sue because she was soft and felt it was too cruel. Actually I think she was envying her.'

'Well done, Belinda,' Arabella said. 'That's all most interesting. I think it's obvious now who gave us away. And almost certainly these are the men responsible for everything else that's happened. Now you must find out their true identities and where they're based.'

'But how? I can't exactly torture it out of Jemima, even if she knows. The little trollop enjoys pain. And it seems she's very loyal to these people. She loves the way they treat her.'

'But you told her you also like playing slave games, correct?'

'Yes.'

'Well then the next step is obvious. You ask to join her in one of her slave game sessions with these friends of hers and win their confidence by submitting to them. Once you become intimate you should be able to find some means of identifying who they are, masks or not.'

Belinda was aghast. 'What! I can't do that?'

'Do you want things back the way they were with all of us in my uncle's favour or not?'

'Yes, of course, but I'm not going to play the victim in some perverted slave game! That was just a lie to win Jem's confidence. Those are things you do to slaves, not let people do to you. I'm no masochist!'

Arabella looked at her curiously, her cool blue eyes seeming to bore into Belinda. 'You've never wondered what it would be like to be a slave and to suffer like a slave.'

Belinda felt a frisson of embarrassment. 'Well, yes, I suppose I have.'

Like anybody, I've imagined what it would be like, but that's not the same as wanting to do it for real. It's a disgusting idea! Sorry, Arabella, but that's too much to ask. There must be another way.'

Arabella was looking at her now with naked contempt. 'I thought you were stronger than this, but it seems I was wrong. Apparently even meek and mild Jemima has more adventure in her soul. At least she has the courage to admit to her darker desires and even revel in them.'

'Well I know what my desires are and they're not about submitting to the will of some strange masked men. How do I know they wouldn't treat me like the Jones girl? Apparently she was black and blue when they found her.'

'But they only kidnap bondslaves,' Arabella pointed out. 'They're quite happy to use Jemima on an occasional basis. She didn't appear outwardly damaged, did she?'

'Well, no, she looked perfectly healthy.'

'There you are. These men clearly have the sense not to handle free women too roughly. That way Jemima keeps coming back for more. They have every reason to treat you the same way. You'll be perfectly safe.'

Belinda realised that Arabella had not grasped the fact that she was not going to agree to this insane scheme. Perhaps she had been so used to having her way for so long that it did not occur to her that Belinda would not comply. Well this time she was wrong.

'Yes, I will be perfectly safe,' Belinda said, 'because I won't do it! And I'm pretty sure you won't get Ernestine or Penny to have anything to do with such a mad idea either. Why can't I just secretly follow Jem around until she meets these men again?'

'Because it's easier, quicker and more direct if you submit to them and win their confidence, that's why. They're bound to give something away eventually.'

'And I told you that's not going to happen.'

Arabella shook her head almost regretfully. 'In which case I shall have to write my uncle an anonymous letter. In it I'll say that you've been seen in dubious company about the village recently, and that you were once overheard saying what fun it would be to steal a girl from the police yard. He can ask Tom Soams if you didn't once privately visit Jones in the pillory. Perhaps you were really checking where best to break in.'

'But you took me there!'

'Actually you talked me into going,' Arabella insisted sincerely. 'And I was later the victim of a serious assault, whereas you haven't suffered at all. In fact, as I will point out, with me disgraced you are in position to take my place socially amongst the younger girls. Sadly you can secretly be very manipulative. Oh, and you've also been heard extolling the virtues of beating misbehaving bondslaves with thistles. And you have to do it harder to dark skinned girls because the marks won't show otherwise. That might arouse his suspicions.'

'You wouldn't! Anyway he'd never believe it!'

'But can you take the chance on that? Gossip can be cruel, you know.'

Belinda paused. An association with Markham Hall and the Major were the sign of approval around Shaftwell. She had got on the wrong side of the Major for merely helping Arabella give Melanie her Thistle Ride. If he believed she had a greater hand in it, let alone the other incidents, that would be the end for her.

She had no choice.

Through gritted teeth she said: 'All right, I'll do it. But I hate you, Arabella, you know that!'

Arabella smiled back, as if Belinda had just bestowed a compliment. 'That's fine, as long as you find out what I want to know. Go back to Shaftwell and Jemima and tell her how much you want to play slave games with her mysterious friends.'

‘But... I can’t pretend I want to be a servile slave just like that,’ she groaned. ‘They’ll see I’m faking.’

Arabella smiled again, but this time there was a hungry edge to the curve of her lips that made Belinda shiver. ‘In that case you need a little preparation. You know the sort of things you like to do to a slave girl. All you have to do is learn to appreciate them from the other side. Come over here...’

She led Belinda back to the labourers. It was warm and close in the barn and they had taken off their shirts and were working bare-chested. Arabella said: ‘Styles, Burdock, shut the doors right now, please...’

They put down their tools and obeyed without demur. It was only as the big wooden latch bar dropped across the doors that Belinda had the first inkling of what was going to happen. ‘Oh... no, not like this, Arabella,’ she said, backing away.

‘But how else are you going to learn to play your part convincingly?’ Arabella asked. ‘You need a rehearsal. Breaking in. Maybe you’ll even learn to enjoy it. Styles and Burdock are good at this. They’ve done work for me in the past and have plenty of practice.’ She looked at the men. ‘My friend needs to know what it feels like to be treated as a bondslave.’

The men looked at Belinda’s terrified expression and expensive clothes. ‘But she’s a lady, Miss Arabella,’ Burdock said awkwardly.

‘Yes, but she still needs to know what it’s like to be a slut. Tell them that’s what you want, Belinda. Or else I’ll go back to the Inn and write that letter.’

Belinda gulped. ‘I... want to know what it feels like to be a slut,’ she choked.

‘You must sound more convincing,’ Arabella said. ‘Beg them to treat you like a slutty little slave!’

‘I b... beg you to treat me like a slutty little slave,’ Belinda sobbed.

‘And ask them to give you a proper beating and a good hard fuck,’ Arabella added.

‘And... please give me a p... proper beating and a good hard f...fuck,’ Belinda said wretchedly.

‘There, you see she wants this,’ Arabella said to the men.

Consciences assuaged they grinned. ‘Right you are, Miss Arabella, no problem.’ ‘We’ll give her a good seeing to, Ma’am, don’t you worry.’

‘Strip off, Belinda,’ Arabella commanded. ‘Everything but your stockings and shoes. You don’t want to get that dress dirty, do you? Hang it up on that nail in the post over there...’

Sick with fear and loathing, Belinda slowly raised the hem of her dress and peeled it off over her head. She was acutely aware of the eyes of the two men taking in every detail with evident delight as she hung it up. She began to shiver, but not from cold. Her bodice joined her dress. Then there were only her panties. She turned her back as she slipped them off. Clutching her hands across her breasts and pubes she turned back to face them, clad now only in her white stockings, which reached halfway up her thighs and were held in place by pink garters, and her matching sandals.

‘No, don’t hide anything,’ Arabella said. ‘Clasp your hands behind your head. And for goodness sake spread your legs. That’s not how a bond slave displays herself, you know that. Let Styles and Burdock have a good look at you...’

Biting her lip, Belinda obeyed.

She had a pale-skinned body, with a small waist and slim legs making her hips look wider than they were. Her breasts were pert and set high and well-proportioned to her chest. They were capped by perfectly round pale pink nipples with distinct areolas and central nubs. Her bottom was smooth, narrowly cleft and its cheeks were pleasantly rounded. A thick dark fluffy mass of hair flowed up from between her thighs and spread out in a fan under her belly. Two pursed pink labial lips pouted from its dark heart.

Styles and Burdock walked approvingly round Belinda as she stood naked and trembling before them. She could smell their sweat and was aware of the heat of their half-naked bodies. How she hated them and hated Arabella!

They closed in on her, stroking her thighs, cupping and squeezing her breasts, pinching her bottom cheeks and tweaking and tugging her pubic bush. Belinda's disdain shamefully dissolved into panic and fear and she squealed and whimpered at the feel of their rough, calloused hands as they tested her flesh.

'You're making so much fuss,' Arabella exclaimed. 'You're not still a virgin, are you Belinda? Surely not. Check, her out...'

They bent Belinda over, pulling her arms up painfully behind her to hold her in place. Slapping her thighs to keep them parted they probed the pouch of her sex from the rear, sliding stiff hard grimy fingers into her moist, warm, twitching passage.

'Nope, she's no virgin, Miss,' they reported, while Belinda began snivelling quietly.

'Good,' said Arabella distractedly. She had been sorting through the tools and materials the men had brought with them. 'It's a pity none of my devices are ready,' she continued, ignoring Belinda's distress. 'We'll just have to improvise. Bring her over here...'

At Arabella's direction they bent a trembling Belinda across their sawhorse, so that her smooth belly pressed against the rough wood of its crosspiece. Pulling her legs wide they tied her ankles to the foot of the splayed horse legs with odd lengths of rope they had used to bind bundles of timber together. Her arms were pulled behind her back and her wrists were roughly bound. They nailed the ends of four foot lengths of wooden batten to the feet of the horse on the opposite side from those to which Belinda's legs were bound. With Arabella holding Belinda's head by her hair the men crossed the upper ends of the battens under Belinda's neck, wiring them together so they wedged under her chin, forcing her to keep her upper body straight and head uplifted. Belinda squirmed but she was held fast. Her

breasts hung freely beneath her while her hindquarters and pussy were dreadfully exposed and open to anything they wanted to do to them. Sick dread filled her and she sagged helplessly across the horse, awaiting her fate.

Amber had found a couple of lengths of heavy fabric webbing that had been used to hold timbers in place on the men's cart. She swished them through the air a few times experimentally and then gave them to Burdock and Styles.

'We'll warm you up with a little beating and then you'll beg to be fucked,' she told Belinda. 'Nothing to break the skin, just enough to put a blush on those pretty arse cheeks of yours.'

'No, please don't,' Belinda began to sob. 'I can't do this I can't... umph!'

Arabella had taken out a handkerchief, balled it up and stuffed it into Belinda's mouth. 'That's quite enough of that! Save your pleas for later. Right, give her a good thrashing!'

Burdock and Styles took up positions one to either side of Belinda's bound and bent body, taking a buttock cheek each. Drawing back their arms they swiped the fabric straps across Belinda's bottom. There came twin smacks as the blows landed on her flawless posterior, sending shivers through her flesh and leaving blushing pink stripes in their wake. Belinda howled through her gag as tears filled her eyes. There were far worse things to be beaten with but that was of no consequence. She had never been so fearful, helpless and exposed before and that magnified her pain. It seemed to her that her bottom cheeks were being flayed to the bone. Loosened by fear a fitful, spluttering stream of hot pee hissed from her cleft back from between her stretched legs into the old straw beneath her. The men laughed and continued to beat her, varying the angle of their strokes to catch her buttocks where they were fullest, making them jump and settle, painting their undersides even deeper pink. A few swipes passed between her legs, curling about her inner thighs or licking upwards to caress the pouch of her sex, messing up its fine thatch of hair where it was not already sodden by her messy urination. And with every stroke Belinda jerked and sobbed and mewed pitifully. The shreds of her pride and anger had melted away and the

only thought she had in her head was that she would do anything to make it stop. Anything!

‘Halt!’ Arabella said.

Suddenly the dreadful straps were gone and Belinda was left only with the simmering, throbbing aftermath. She slumped limply across the sawhorse, her tears dripping to the ground, feeling for a dizzy moment a twisted pitiful gratitude to Arabella for ending her torment. Except this was not the end...

Arabella felt the heat in Belinda’s rosy bottom and stinging pubes, fingering her smarting buttocks and sliding a curious finger into her pussy slot. Satisfied she moved round to the other side of the horse, motioning the men to follow her.

‘Show her what she’s got coming to her,’ she told them.

Grinning, they unbuttoned their flies and pulled out their stiff and swollen cocks and shook them for Belinda to see.

Arabella stood beside Belinda’s head as she goggled at the pair of erect and meaty shafts. ‘You made them like that. Now I’m going free your mouth and the first thing you’re going to do is beg Mr Burdock and Mr Styles to screw you. After they’ve spent inside you you’re going to beg to lick them both clean, and after that you’re going to thank them for having you, understood?’

Belinda nodded wretchedly. Arabella pulled out the wadded handkerchief.

‘P... please will you screw me?’ Belinda begged.

Styles took her first, gasping her hips and ramming his shaft into her unwilling pussy. He was not gentle but pounded into her, grinding against her sore bottom. Already aroused he climaxed quickly and she felt his hot seed spouting within her. Then came the terrible words she had to utter: ‘Please may I lick you clean?’

He pulled out of her and came round with his cock still slimy with his sperm and her juices. She tried not to gag as he thrust it into her mouth and she tasted the revolting mess. He reached under her and clasped her dangling breasts, kneading them and pinching her nipples, threatening without words pain if she did not do a good job. Fearfully she lapped and sucked his manhood clean, choking as she had to swallow the dregs down.

Then it was Burdock's turn to take his pleasure in her lovemouth, making her bound body rock in its frame, and then have her pitifully beg to clean him up. He was no better or worse to serve than Styles, which was to say it was equally the most shameful and degrading experience of her life.

But even as she performed her disgusting function she felt another cockhead pressing at her nether lips and forcing its way between them. It started to pound away inside her, driving her onto Burdock's cock as though she was skewered between them. Styles was having her again while Burdock was still in her mouth. She was being filled from both ends. Burdock was pulling on her tits as if he was trying to milk her. It was too much to take! She was... she was... ahhhh!

Belinda bucked and strained at her bonds, half choking on Burdock's penis, as the orgasm ripped through her. For a few wonderful seconds she was transported beyond pain or care. Then she collapsed in a half faint, shaking with sobs of misery.

The next thing she knew was that her mouth was free of cock and Arabella was taking hold of a fistful of her hair and pulling her limp head up so she could look into her red, misty, shame-filled eyes. 'That wasn't so hard, was it? You didn't want to but you came in the end, and that's all that Jemima's mystery men will care about. As far as they'll know that's the way you like it, playing out your fantasy as a reluctant slave to the full. Now tomorrow you can go to Jemima and say: "Take me to meet your friends..."'

## Chapter 12: Return to Harness

Major Havercott-gore strode along the road from Shaftwell village back to Markham Hall deep in thought. He'd been to the police station jail to question Amber in case she'd seen anything of Melanie during her captivity. But it turned out she had hardly seen anything at all and there had been no indication from her captors' behaviour to suggest they had another prisoner. He was not sure whether to take comfort from the news or not. From the state of Amber's body, which he had examined closely, it was evident she had been badly mistreated. At least he could hope that Melanie had escaped a similar fate.

Serving in his capacity as the local JP the Major had recommended that the remainder of Amber's sentence in the pillory be commuted and she be put up for auction at the next session. As PC Bailey had said people wanted nice fresh girls with clean skins to pelt with pillory shot, not one covered in old welts and bruises. Putting Amber out in her current state would seem cruel and might suggest to the uninformed that the police did not know how to look after their prisoners properly. But if they waited until she had completely healed she'd only be taking up space and not earning her keep. Best cut the losses to the public purse and sell her off, even if they would not get a good price for her, and let her new owner take responsibility for her recovery.

But then who had taken Melanie? He had assumed it was all the work of the same gang, but they would hardly have taken Amber and let a quality creature like Melanie go free. If they were holding her for ransom then why hadn't he heard from them? Irritably he swiped a pebble off the road with his walking stick. None of it made any sense.

He was passing a copse not far from the gates of the Hall. Pinned to a tree facing the road was one of the "Missing" notices he had had printed up and posted about the district. Above the red numerals of the substantial cash reward he was offering for information leading to Melanie's safe return it displayed an image of her face. It had been copied from the photographs of

her filed in Platt's office together with her declaration of public servitude and service to him. She had signed it the day the Major caught her, a confused trespasser on his grounds, and she had run so well in her attempt to escape. The poster was already looking a little bedraggled. Was that an omen? Should he give up hope?

Then a figure stepped out from behind the tree. It was a young woman in a sunhat and light dress, with lean, strong and very brown limbs. She took off her hat and the Major staggered and nearly fell.

It was Melanie.

'I'm back, Master,' she said simply.

They sat together on a grassy bank in the shade by the side of the road. Although outwardly their postures were innocent, Melanie deliberately faced the Major lithely cross-legged with the front of her dress rolled up enough to expose her bared pussy to his gaze in a gesture of submissive respect. That was quite proper because she was legally his slave and her body was his to use as he pleased. But for the moment he did not assert his rights. He was too relieved simply to have her back. Besides she had a story to tell of her time in her own strange version of England.

'I can't tell you who was responsible for taking me away the night of the Ball, Master. But I can assure you they're not the threat you think they are. The whole business was more a means to settle scores with Arabella. She's made a lot of enemies around here. I was just caught up in it all. I didn't want to go but I had no choice. Then things got even more complicated and I was returned home. I didn't plan that either, but once I was back in my own England I couldn't come back here and I had duties to fulfil, like I told you.'

'Yes, you said you were an officer of the law,' the Major said.

'I still am, back there. But now other people are after me, and they really are dangerous. They want the puzzle box that brought me here the first time, except that I don't have it. They didn't believe that and hired men to

break into my home. They slid a knife up my pussy as an inducement to tell me where the box was.'

The Major glanced down at her pretty bared sex anxiously. 'You weren't damaged?'

'No, I was ready for them. I broke a few bones with my truncheon and chased them out onto the street.'

'Ha! That's just the fighting spirit I expect from my brown vixen!'

'Realizing I needed advice I then made contact with somebody who could help and they returned me here. Please don't ask me who that was, Master. They could also be in danger.'

'It doesn't matter. This is where you belong,' the Major said fervently. 'I'll keep you safe.'

Melanie smiled sadly. 'I wish it was that simple, Master, but I don't think even you can guarantee my safety. I've only now realised what these people can do. Think of the day you first found me. The phallus had transported me into your grounds and I didn't even know it, because I'd arrived inside the boundary wall which didn't exist in my world. If somebody used one of these boxes the right way they could have got inside your study even if the door was locked.'

The Major frowned. The fact that young outsider women regularly if mysteriously arrived in the land, usually in a state of some confusion, had been known for so long that it was accepted almost like an inexplicable but beneficial natural phenomenon. They made good, willing bondslaves and so were readily assimilated. Stories circulated about the strange land they came from which became half mythical. Some scientists had tried to research the girls' origins but he'd never heard of any results from their investigations. Who cared when the girls were such pretty gift horses? Only now did he begin to appreciate that there could be more serious issues involved.

'Back in my England I asked my Chief Constable if I could take indefinite leave from my job to find some answers,' Melanie continued. 'It

was highly irregular but he agreed. Now I have to ask you the same question, Master. If I hadn't another care in the world I'd like nothing better than to be part of your pack like I was before. But I do have cares and responsibilities and so we've got to come to a new arrangement.'

'You know I could simply take you now by force and put you back in harness,' he reminded her. 'The law's on my side. You still have nearly a year left on your old servitude agreement.'

Melanie smiled again. 'But you won't force me, Master, because you're an honourable man who recognises that sometimes duty must come first.'

'You're right, damn it!' he agreed ruefully. 'But it's also because you are my prize pack girl who I'm letting talk to me as I have no other and I have an urge to indulge you.'

She bowed her head forward so he could stroke it. 'That is so kind of you, Master,' she said with a catch in her throat.

'Very well. What's this new arrangement, then?'

George Platt looked up from his desk in the Kennel Yard office as the outer door opened. Seeing it was his employer entering he rose respectfully to his feet. Then he blinked and stared at the young woman the Major was escorting inside.

The Major beamed mischievously at Platt's look of astonishment. 'Our lost sheep has returned, Platt, bringing a tale behind her.'

'Hallo, Mr Platt,' said Melanie. 'It's nice to see you again. I hope the pack are all well?'

'Yes... they're fine, girl,' Platt spluttered. 'Sir, how did you find her?'

'Oh, she just stepped out of the woods like a nut-brown dryad,' the Major said carelessly. 'The important thing is she's back. And she's willing

to sign a new servitude agreement for five years. What do you think of that?’

‘Well that would be wonderful, Sir.’

‘But it’s got to have a special codicil. Get out your typewriter, Platt. We’ve got a new agreement to put into the proper form.’

Half an hour later Platt watched as Melanie signed her updated Declaration of Voluntary Servitude, with its strange codicil pinned to it.

‘A bondslave free to come and go as she wishes, Sir?’ he exclaimed. ‘Whoever heard of such a thing?’

‘Better than one who’s never here at all,’ the Major pointed out. ‘She’ll make herself available for training and all the important events on the calendar, circumstances permitting. You’ll inform the staff that there will be times when she will be free to leave the Hall grounds.’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Platt, said dutifully. It was all very irregular but on the other hand he was pleased to see his employer back to his normal good spirits. And Melanie was undeniably something special and they were still two girls short.

‘And send some of the boys out to take down those posters,’ the Major said with satisfaction. ‘They won’t be needed now. And I must inform Bailey to call off the search for her.’

‘And the reward, sir?’ Platt asked.

‘Oh, yes, I’d forgotten about that.’ He chuckled. ‘Well, I suppose, as Melanie returned herself safe and sound, it properly belongs to her.’

Melanie smiled at the Major affectionately, as though they were sharing a private joke.

‘We don’t usually keep such sums amongst the girls’ possessions, Sir,’ he pointed out. ‘Should you keep it or should I pay it out to her when she asks like... well, like pocket money? And what would the staff think?’

‘Excuse me, Mr Platt,’ Melanie said, ‘but there’s no need for anybody in the Hall to be put to any trouble or embarrassment. Haven’t you got such things as post office savings accounts? When I’m out and about I can draw what I need from there.’

‘We do, but bondslaves can’t take out accounts in their name, girl.’

‘Well there is one other person I met when I first came here who I was thinking could perhaps arrange that: Miss Newcombe the nurse who checked me over when I was first brought here? She seemed very kind.’

‘Oh, yes, she’s a very trustworthy and reliable sort,’ the Major agreed. ‘I’ll see her and explain the situation. I’m sure she can set up an account for you.’

‘Thank you, Master,’ Melanie said.

‘Then that’s settled. Right, let’s get you back in harness, girl. Have you still got her old collar to hand, Platt?’

‘It’s in the harness room, Sir.’

They went through to the Harness Room, heavy with the aroma of oil and polish. There was a work bench and neatly labelled rows of hooks and racks filled with the array of body harnesses, bridles and restraints necessary for the control and confinement of the female body in every posture and function imaginable. From one of these hooks Platt took down a thick glossy black leather collar with rounded padded edges and twin tethering rings. A metal strip riveted to its side read: GIRL 9: PROPERTY OF THE MARKHAM HALL HUNT PACK. From the ring on the front of the collar hung a small round metal disk like a dog tag which bore her name stamped upon it.

Platt gave the collar a quick buff with his sleeve and then passed it to the Major. He looked at Melanie. ‘You’re improperly dressed, girl,’ he said.

Quickly Melanie stripped off her few clothes and clambered onto the

bench, kneeling and lifting her chin so he could lock the collar about her neck. Meanwhile Platt had gathered the rest of her harness and together they fitted it onto her. In five minutes she was properly kitted out as a Markham Hall pack bitch.

On her feet she wore black cork-filled wedge-soled ankle boots which prevented her from standing upright and confined her to moving on hands and knees. To facilitate this she wore matching shin pads with knee protectors. Her hands were confined within padded black finger and thumbless mittens that resembled animal paws and prevented her from performing any dextrous activity. Finally there was a slender black tail that matched her hair and which plugged into her anus, its wire core shaped to follow the cleft of her buttocks up to the small of her back and then curve jauntily upright above her rear like a pennant. It bobbed and wagged as she moved on all fours like a dog.

Platt noted that her owner's mark on the upper curve of her right buttock where he had put it weeks before was fading. It was the Markham crest surmounting a numeral 9 framed by chain links and was stamped in indelible ink. He fetched the ink pad and stamp and carefully refreshed it.

'Good,' the Major said as he looked Melanie over as she knelt on the bench. 'Then he added: 'Leave us, if you please, Platt. I'll take her through to the pound when I'm done.'

Platt understood. 'Of course, Major,' he said, and returned to his office.

In the Harness Room Major Havercott-gore surveyed his restored prize bitch with pride as she knelt on the bench, her supple back dipped, her haunches full and her eyes bright. He walked around her, stroking and petting her, reacquainting himself with the full, heavy warmth of her breasts and their firm nipple crowns. She shivered in pleasure and leaned into his touch, pressing against his hands as they caressed her.

Going to a hook on the wall the Major took down a light paddle that hung there and swished it through the air. He saw her eyes fix upon it but she

showed no sign of fear nor did she speak. Instead she smiled and spread her knees a little wider and pushed her rear out further. He took up position behind her, running his hands over the soft swell of her brown rump, judging its weight and resilience. Then he swung the paddle across the undercurves of her buttocks where the flesh was fullest with a crisp smack.

Melanie gave a little gasp as the blow shivered through her bottom. Her tail wagged and her breasts jiggled, but then she pushed back her hips for more. He smacked her again.

This was not a punishment and she knew it. This was simply a re-assertion of his original rights over her as granted by her declaration, and by her show of submission she signalled that she accepted them. It was a welcome back to the Hall pack and its rules and rewards. It brought just the lightest tears to her eyes and prepared her for its natural consequence.

After six strokes spaced evenly across her rear her rump was nicely warmed up and her Mound of Venus was swollen and its cleft gaped wide with its pink interior glistening. He just had to apply a little pressure down on the small of her back and she slipped down from the bench, resting on her elbows and spreading her legs, her feet braced on her sharply wedge soles. He undid his flies, freed his straining manhood, took hold of her hips and entered her eager sex.

It was proper for him to sink his manhood into her, to use her for his pleasure, to claim his rights to the bitch of his choice as master of the pack. With each plunge into her succulent, elastic, clinging depths he reminded her of his dominance and her subordination. Whatever favours he might have granted her there must no doubt as to who was the master and who was the slave. She must be prepared to obey him without question. It pleased him that she did so with love and respect, but to be sure he was putting his mark deep inside her with a series of hard thrusts that would leave a reminder of his presence for hours afterwards. She gave little gasps and pushed back onto his ramming shaft, increasing her pain and her pleasure.

And so together, master and slave happily climaxed.

Ten minutes later the Major and Melanie emerged from the harness room and crossed the kennel yard. She shuffled along gracefully on knees and paws at his side, showing that in her time back in her own world she had not forgotten the lessons he had taught her about walking to heel.

He passed through the door of the kennel block into a long room with a triple row of brick alcoves with barred iron doors running along one side that served as the pack's kennels. Opposite the yard door was another door leading to the shaded pound where the pack were allowed to rest. It had a pair of double-hinged and lightly sprung doors set within the frame of its lower half that were just big enough for a girl to pass through on her hands and knees.

'I think you'll find a few of your friends out there,' the Major said.

Melanie beamed up at him. 'Thank you, Master. It's good to be back.'

Then she nosed her way through the doors and out into the pound.

The Major listened for a moment until he heard a chorus of delighted squeals break out from the other side of the door as the packgirls greeted their lost sister. Then he turned and walked away whistling cheerfully.

You get nothing of value without paying a price, he mused, and it was true that new concerns now lurked in the recesses of his mind that would have to be confronted in due course. But for now he felt as content as he ever had been.

## Chapter13: Private Arrangements

It was evening after tea at Cranborough School. Jackson and his friends were putting the final touches to the newly renovated stable block. They wanted everything ready for the inspection tomorrow by Miss Newcombe and Mr Speers. Their diligence had even moved them to clear the weeds about the sides of the building. It was as they were busy with this task that there came a rustle in the bushes that fringed the edge of the school grounds where it ran close to the corner of the stable block and a voice said: 'Psst!'

They twisted round to see Jemima's bright face peering out at them from amid the greenery. The boys looked about anxiously but they were sheltered from view of the main buildings, so they scurried over to their part time pet slave.

'What are you doing here?' Jackson demanded.

'I wanted to see what you were doing to the stables,' Jemima said. 'And I've got some exciting news to tell you.'

'But someone might have seen you come in!' Parsons protested.

'I was very careful,' Jemima insisted. 'You showed me the best ways in during the holiday.'

This was true. While they had been virtually the sole occupants of the school during their holiday detention, Jemima had learned the most discreet routes into the school grounds so as to avoid Miss Newcombe's eagle eye.

'Can I see what you've done inside?' Jemima begged.

'I suppose so,' Jackson said. 'Check if the coast's clear, Bicks...'

They ushered Jemima into the stables where she had passed so many hours of happy suffering. Jemima inspected the transformation approvingly.

‘You have been working hard,’ she said.

The whole building smelt of new paint and polish. All the grimy windows had been cleaned and polished, the floors swept and scrubbed and the plaster walls had been freshly whitewashed. The old ground floor tack room, now cleaned out and furnished with old desks and chairs and with a blackboard in one corner, was set up as a classroom for slave-related lectures. The horse stalls occupying the other half of the ground floor were ready to serve as storage space for larger items of slave equipment as they were acquired. A handrail had been added to the stairs leading up to the grain loft where they had secretly kept Amber prisoner and where they had also memorably entertained Jemima, Sue, Sally and Melanie.

Upstairs the single long room with its low pitched ceiling of heavy rafters and beams was far brighter than when she had last seen it. Each of the half dozen low plank-sided bays, previously used as feed bins, had been painted a different colour and lined with strips of old carpet and rugs. The rest of the woodwork had clearly been washed down while the plaster walls, like those downstairs, had also been white-washed.

The boys watched anxiously as Jemima walked up and down inspecting the stalls which could each house a slave girl. Suddenly it seemed important to them that she approve of their efforts and the important details that they had added. The posts that flanked each stall all had iron rings newly screwed into them at different heights for tethering purposes. On the wall by the window at the far end of the room was a rack of wooden pegs carrying an assortment of ropes, chains and straps.

‘Matron said if we’re going to keep bondslaves we’ve got to do it properly,’ Harris volunteered.

‘All the other senior boys have helped,’ Jackson explained. ‘They’re as keen as we are to have bondslaves here. But we thought we’d finish it off properly as we sort of work best together.’

‘I know you do,’ Jemima said with a mischievous smile that set them all grinning.

‘What did you think of the fake thieves’ camp we made for Amber?’ Gosset asked.

‘It looked very convincing,’ Jemima assured them. ‘Constable Bailey thought it was real, though he had trouble getting into it.’

The boys’ chuckled but Jemima suddenly looked glum. ‘Will you still want to play with me when you’ve got official school slaves to use here?’ she asked.

‘Oh, of course we will,’ Parson’s assured her.

‘I mean it’ll be fantastic to have girls here,’ Jackson explained, ‘but it will mean sharing them with the other lads.’

‘And we’ll have to be careful how we behave in school all the time or else we lose privileges with them,’ said Harris. ‘I mean what’s the point in keeping slave girls if you can’t have them when you like?’

‘So we’ll still want to play with you,’ Gosset confirmed.

The other’s nodded in agreement.

Jemima beamed. ‘Well I have a secret that might make that even more fun,’ she said, ‘but you’ll have to make me tell you.’

The boy’s grinned with delight. They knew how Jemima liked to be made to tell secrets.

They closed in about her, grabbing her arms and putting a hand over her mouth to stifle her yelps of fearful delight. Subduing her kicking legs they reached under her skirt and stripped off her panties, which they balled up and stuffed into her mouth. Then they dragged her, struggling happily, over to one of the stalls. Gathering up some ropes they spread her legs and bound ankles to rings low down on the side posts and her wrists to ring high up their sides. They rolled her skirt up to her waist and tucked it in, exposing her pale slender haunches and fluffy-haired pussy.

They stroked, fingered, pinched and slapped her pubes and buttocks

until Jemima was twisting wildly and straining at her bonds. Then Jackson took a strap from the rack and held it up for Jemima to see.

‘Tell us your secret or we’ll beat you!’

With her eyes huge and round with the thrill of anticipation she shook her head.

They took turns lashing her lightly with the strap, burnishing her bottom until it was hot and rosy and her shrieks and gurgles had turned to muffled pleas for mercy. Then they took the panty gag from her mouth.

‘Tell us everything!’ Jackson commanded.

‘Belinda Jenkins came to see me the other day,’ Jemima gasped. ‘She told me that she liked playing slave games as well. We played one together and she was very good. So I told her I had friends who could play with us and treat us like proper slave girls.’

The boys’ faces suddenly fell in alarm. ‘You didn’t say who we were?’ Gosset asked anxiously.

‘Of course I didn’t,’ Jemima said. ‘I didn’t say anything else about you except that you’re my special friends who like to play naughty games with me. She saw me again yesterday and said she’d really like to meet you so she could be your slave as well.’

‘Belinda was one of Arabella’s gang,’ Harris said. ‘Can we trust her?’

‘But Arabella’s gone now,’ Bicks pointed out. ‘Maybe that’s given Belinda the chance to play slave games her way?’

The boys looked at each other thoughtfully, weighing up their natural distrust for anybody who had been closely associated with Arabella, against the appealing prospect of acquiring a second secret slave of their own to compensate for having to share school slaves with their classmates.

‘I suppose it wouldn’t hurt just to test her out if we’re careful,’ Harris said slowly.

‘We can wear masks and disguises like we did when we saw to Arabella,’ Bicks said.

‘Well of course we’ll be masked,’ Jackson exclaimed. ‘We won’t take any chances on her finding out who we really are. And you’re never to tell her unless we say so, Jem, understand? Or Matron. Not for now, anyway.’

‘Yes, Master,’ Jemima said automatically.

‘But we can’t meet Belinda here,’ Parsons said. ‘That’ll be a dead giveaway.’

‘And if we’re keeping it from Matron we can’t use her cottage,’ Gosset said.

‘Then we’ll have to find somewhere safe we can use during village visit times,’ Jackson said.

‘I’ve been thinking about a place you can use, Masters,’ Jemima said helpfully. ‘There’s an old carriage shed on a piece of waste ground next to the end of our back garden that hasn’t been used for years. And I can get the key...’

## Chapter 14: Auction

Amber was bent over the end of her jail cell bed with her ankles cuffed to the front feet of the bed frame. Her arms were cuffed behind her back. A pair of chains were hooked to each side of the head of the bed and then run back to the ring on the front of her prison collar, pulling her forward so that her upper body was doubled over and her face was pressed into the bedclothes. It was grinding softly to and fro as Bailey, standing between her legs, steadily pumped away inside her rectum.

In deference to her injuries, Bailey had not made any unreasonable demands of her while she had been in the cells, apart from occasional oral sex, so she could not begrudge him a proper farewell screw. After all to have custody over assorted female orifices for days or weeks at time and not make use of them would be unnatural. It probably counted as part of the girls' punishment and rehabilitation.

God, how easily I'm learning to think of this way of life as normal, Amber thought! Was that a legacy of the miserable charade she had gone through to get back here? Did it seem by comparison that being locked in a police cell and enduring a simple sodomizing from the local constable was perfectly civilized? What had happened to her?

Bailey grunted in satisfaction as his hot sperm spurted into the depths of her bowels. Amber felt a pang of disappointment. He hadn't given her time to orgasm, but at least the exercise had not been too painful and even a little arousing. By his standards he was being considerate. She should probably think herself lucky.

He pulled out of her and wiped his cock off on her pubic hair. Then he brought over the bucket and hose and wiped her off and flushed her out. Finally he applied some petroleum jelly to her anus to leave it fresh and clean and ready for its next penetration, presumably by her new owner. Amber gulped. If things did not play out as planned that could be anybody!

Bailey freed her collar chains and let Amber stand upright. He looked her over critically. 'There, now, that's put a bit of colour in your cheeks. You're as presentable as I can make you. I haven't touched your cunny so it's got as much life in it as possible. You make sure you respond properly when you're on the block, right?'

'Yes, Constable Bailey,' she said meekly.

Amber's heart thudded afresh. Today was the day of her public auction which was to be held out in the station yard. Bailey was concerned that she would not fetch much of a price. The welts and bruises were healing but she still looked like used goods, which after all she very much was. But then of course that had been the plan.

Bailey fitted Amber with a ball and strap gag, clipped a leash to her collar and led her out of her cell. He paused outside the next cell to collect Doreen, who was similarly restrained, then led both of them out of the door into the pillory yard.

Instead of the usual pillory devices a wheeled wooden platform with a smaller block mounted on it had been set up in the middle of the yard. Bolted to the back of the block was a vertical post with a short gibbet arm fixed to its apex from the end of which dangled a metal swivel hook. At the sight of it Amber's stomach flipped. She was going to be sold on that box.

Beside the block platform was another lower platform with a pair of posts supporting a single iron crossbar at about neck height. Bailey led them over to it, twisted their collars round so the rings were at the back and looped their leashes round the bar and clipped the ends to their cuffed hands, forcing them to stand straight. Then he checked his pocket watch. 'The auctioneer should be here soon,' he said. 'Now you both behave for him, understand?'

They nodded and he went back inside.

Amber had not had much chance to converse with Doreen during the last few days and their gagged state did not make an exchange any easier now. But as she was apparently a fellow thief Amber already felt some kinship with her. Now, as they surveyed the block once more, their eyes met

and they exchanged a mutual glance of fearful anticipation.

Automatically and inevitably their eyes then flicked critically over each other's naked bodies.

Doreen had a curling mop of collar-length brunette tresses. Her eyes were bright, sly and challenging, although her time in the pillory had dulled a little of their normal fire. Her dark eyebrows were sardonically angled and her nose was strong and straight. She had full, heavy breasts with neat pale brown nipples. Her hips swelled into womanly curves, accentuating her waist and giving her a delightfully smackable bottom. A flaring fan of close pubic curls spread from the peak of her pussy cleft and cupped her lower belly. The tongue of her inner labia pouted from the deep furrow of her vulva.

Normally Amber would have expected to give the girl a run for her money in the appearance stakes, but today handicapped by the marks of her recent abuse she knew there was no contest. She wondered how much Doreen would sell for. Hell, how much would she sell for? More importantly, would it be to the right person?

Bailey emerged from the police house in the company of a middle aged man in a neat black suit wearing a bowler hat. He was thin, slightly round shouldered, and wearing spectacles and a toothbrush moustache. He carried a clipboard and a furled black umbrella with parrot head handle hung over one arm. Amber blinked at him in surprise. This had to be the auctioneer, although he looked more like some minor clerk rather than a seller of girl flesh.

'Only two this time, Constable?' the little man said, looking Amber and Doreen up and down.

'I'm afraid so, Mr Brownlow. I blame it on this panic we've had over this so-called slave thief gang. Everybody's been keeping a closer watch on their property and its cut the crime rate right down. Even the usual vagrants have been giving us a miss. I'm just hoping things will get back to normal now the Major's brown girl has turned up again. Not sure where she's been but it doesn't seem like the same gang had her who kept this one.'

Amber's ears pricked up at this piece of news. So Melanie was back. That was good. That only left Sue. She realised how much she missed her loving company.

Brownlow was running his hands over Amber, prodding and patting. 'And this was the one they held out in the woods? Hmmm... not a bad specimen underneath but these marks don't do her justice. What's her term of service?'

'Six months.'

'And an outlander, you said?'

'Yes and quite a smart little piece with it.'

'Well, being an outlander might add some interest but I suspect you still won't get much for her.'

'I know,' Bailey agreed. 'We just want to shift her. Do the best you can.'

Brownlow turned to examine Doreen. 'Now this is more like it,' he said, weighing her breasts. 'What's her term?'

'Nine months, the thieving little hussy.'

Brownlow moved behind Doreen and slapped and squeezed her buttocks as though inspecting a horse. 'Well you should be able to get your money's worth out of this one.'

'I hope so. Time for a cup of tea?'

'I think so.'

They went back inside. Amber and Doreen exchanged helpless shrugs. A few minutes later the girls saw Tom Soams open the yard gates. A few people had already been waiting outside and they came in. Tom gave each of them a numbered wooden bidding paddle and they strolled over to where the two girls were on display. They looked them over closely from all

sides but did not touch them. Amber heard a few mutters over her fading injuries compared to Doreen's smooth flesh and felt a strange flash of resentment at being judged inferior. I'm as pretty as she is, she wanted to tell them.

By the time a dozen or so people had gathered in the yard Amber was beginning to get anxious. Then she spotted Miss Newcombe, quite anonymous out of uniform, standing at the back. Right, this had better work, she thought.

Bailey and Brownlow came out of the jailhouse door and came over to the stand. Bailey was carrying a hand bell. Brownlow mounted the block platform and nodded to Bailey, who rang his bell. 'Come to order, please! The auction will now commence.'

Brownlow consulted his clipboard. 'We have two bondslaves on offer today, ladies and gentlemen. The first is an outsider girl by the name of Amber being offered for a six month term of servitude. Bring her up please...'

Feeling numb and unreal, Amber let Bailey undo her leash and lead her up onto the block, where he secured her leash over the gibbet hook. He pulled her gag strap out so that they could see her face in full. She stood with her legs apart and head high. She felt a dozen pairs of eyes boring into her and fixed her gaze on the tree tops over the yard wall.

Brownlow did his best to make light of her condition. 'As you can see this strong and intelligent girl has recently been harshly used, but it is an indication of her health and fitness that she is healing so rapidly that in only ten days there will not be a mark on her...' he prodded Amber with the tip of his umbrella and she shuffled round to show off her hindquarters '...except for any you care to place, of course.' He related her age and pointed out the best features of her body: 'Fine pliant breasts... tight waist... a full deep pleasure slot...' When that was done he said: 'Now what am I bid for this fine creature? Shall I start at ten pounds?'

Even allowing for the fact that Amber knew ten pounds bought a lot more in this pre-decimal old values version of England than her own, it did

not sound much to pay for six months' use of a sex slave. She felt absurdly undervalued. For a terrible moment she thought nobody was going to bid and then she saw a numbered paddle go up and felt a ridiculous sense of relief.

'Thank you, Sir. Do I hear ten pounds ten?'

Brownlow managed to coax the bidding up to fourteen pounds and ten shillings and there it stuck.

'Come now, is that a good price for such a responsive girl?' he asked. As he spoke he reached out with the head of his umbrella, hooked its beak into her furrow and worked it back and forth. Amber gasped and squirmed as a shudder of delight coursed through her. He'd known the exactly spot to stimulate, avoiding her still tender vaginal passages and going right for the clit.

'Fifteen!' somebody called out

'Fifteen pounds ten!' said another.

Brownlow continued to stimulate her and she squirmed like a fish on a hook. She was being masturbated in front of a dozen people and she was wetting the head of his umbrella and her nipples were standing up and it was sick and desperately exciting. The tension was building with the price. Oh no, he could not possibly be trying to do that! But he was, holding her perfectly on a knife edge as he teased her straining bud.

As Brownlow cried: 'Gone! For eighteen pounds and ten shillings!' she orgasmed, spraying the block with her juices. The winning bid came from Miss Newcombe.

Bailey returned a rubber-legged Amber to the display frame and put Doreen up in her place.

Brownlow opened on twenty and had the bids up to thirty before he began playing with Doreen's pouting sex. She responded with reluctant but intense passion and eventually sold for forty five pounds as Brownlow's umbrella handle got another soaking of girl juices. Her buyer was also Miss

Newcombe.

Ten minutes later Amber knelt beside Doreen in the police station office while the formalities of their transfer to Miss Newcombe's ownership were concluded. It had all been as simple as that, thought Amber dizzily. She'd been sold at auction at a bargain price, which she was not sure how to take. Still it had enabled Miss Newcombe to acquire Doreen at the same time, which must have been her plan all along, since she had come prepared with two sets of collars and leashes, cuffs and gags to replace their police issue set.

Miss Newcombe paid over a bundle of large blue and white banknotes to Brownlow, signed some papers and got a receipt and a couple of certificates in return. Back in more fitting fussy clerk mode, Brownlow said: 'May I remind you, Madam, that you must register your ownership of these two slaves at the town hall within the next seven days, and of course there will be the usual tax to pay on them quarterly.'

'Thank you, I will be sure to do that,' Miss Newcombe said.

Taking up their leashes she led her new slaves outside.

Parked by the pillory yard gates Amber saw her Mistress had been spending money on more than mere slave flesh. A shiny new attachment had been fitted to her bike.

The middle of a horizontal tubular metal rod about three feet long was bolted through a swivel mount to the carry rack over the rear wheel of the bike. Each side of the rod was fitted with handgrips and snaphooks. Curving down and back from the ends of these rods, on both sides of the rear wheel, were twin tubular struts that angled inwards to join at their midpoints, from which an adjustable vertical rod rose to saddle height, capped by a padded semi-circular hoop and strap. The struts then separated again and curved back to the horizontal to form a narrower "Y" fork that supported another bike wheel with pedals directly attached. Slung between the wheels was a long narrow wire mesh basket.

Amber and Doreen were fitted into the wheeled frames. They were

bent forward over the padded hoops which pressed into their stomachs just above their hips and made to grasp the horizontal rod to which their wrist cuffs were clipped. The hoop straps went across the small of their backs, holding them firmly in place with their breasts dangling freely, their naked rears in the air and their sex pouches on show to anybody who stood behind them. Their feet were in turn strapped to the pedals of their respective wheels and they became part of the machine.

Cables like brake conduits connected to new handgrips had been fitted to the handlebars of the bike. These cables ran back to their frames with their ends dangling under the padded hoops. Capping the ends were black rubber mushroom plugs the bases of which were ringed by stubby but sharp-tipped metal studs. Miss Newcombe forced the plugs into their rectums, overcoming the resistance of their sphincters, until they nestled between the lower curves of their buttocks with the spikes just brushing their skin. There was no need for her to explain how the device functioned.

Miss Newcombe mounted the bike, looked round to check the road was clear, signalled that she was going to pull out and twisted the handgrip. Amber felt the spikes jab her bottom at the same time Doreen did, and together they began to pedal. Propelled by their straining thighs and buttocks, Miss Newcombe rolled smoothly out onto the road, her own feet merely resting on her pedals.

Miss Newcombe parked her new slave-powered bike under a small lean-to roof to one side of her cottage. Amber was grateful she did not have to pedal any further. Although it was not a long journey from the village, her time chained to her sack bed and then recovering in jail had sapped her stamina. If she was going to have to do more of this sort of thing she was going to have to get fit again.

Unstrapping Amber and Doreen Miss Newcombe led them round to the back door by their leashes. She clipped the end of Doreen's leash to a tethering ring set into the wall. 'I'll be back for you shortly,' she told her. Then she took out Amber's gag and led her inside the small kitchen.

The door had hardly closed behind them when, with a jingle of slave

chains, Sally appeared. She rushed forward and threw herself at Amber, their breasts, separated only by the thin material of Sally's pinny, flattening against each other as she hugged and kissed Amber passionately.

'You two can talk for a minute while I get changed,' Miss Newcombe told them, clipping Amber's leash to the kitchen table.

'You're here at last!' Sally exclaimed, after Miss Newcombe had gone and she finally relaxed her grip and allowed Amber to breathe. 'Oh... you've still got the willow marks on you! Do they still hurt? You looked bloody awful when the boys took you away.'

Amber grinned ruefully. 'I felt awful but I'm getting over it. At least I had a better bed to sleep in.'

'Did Bailey give you any trouble for escaping?'

'No, he was pretty good. He believed the whole mystery slave thieves story.'

'And now you belong to the Mistress like me, all official, like?'

'For the next six months I do, anyway.'

'Well at least we'll be together. It'll be fun.'

'I hope so. What else has been happening?'

They were still gossiping when Miss Newcombe, now in her school matron's uniform, returned.

'There'll be time to reminisce further another day,' she told Amber. 'You'll stay here as my maid until you've fully healed. Then you can do shifts at the school. Meanwhile I've got to take Sally and Doreen over to their new quarters in the stables. The boys are expecting them.'

'Is it all still going ahead as planned, Mistress?' Amber asked.

'Yes, the headmaster has given his full backing and both the pupils

and staff are co-operating. It's already increased interest in new enrolment. The senior boys have been busy renovating the old stable block and readying it for occupation. Sally and Doreen will be trying it out. But the boys must show they can take care of slaves properly first before that can use them for pleasure. Meanwhile the ground keeper is planning to harness the girls to the heavy roller for use on the cricket pitch, so they'll be kept gainfully occupied.'

'Send the boys my love,' Amber told Sally. 'Tell them they can have me again when I'm fully fit.'

Miss Newcombe added: 'But remember, Sally, not a word to Doreen about how we brought Amber back or any of our special arrangements with Jackson and his friends.'

Sally looked as aggrieved as her slave-status permitted her. 'I know when to keep my mouth shut, Mistress,' she said.

'Well see that you do. Now let's get you changed....'

She removed Sally's slave chains and maid's costume, and put her into a plainer collar, cuffs and leash.

Leaving Amber leashed to the table, Miss Newcombe took Sally out to join Doreen, and then led the two of them away.

Amber sighed. Well in a manner of speaking she was back home, which was better than a police cell. She looked about her at the ordinariness of the little kitchen. Except for its lack of modern electronic gadgets it could have been any cottage kitchen back home. She supposed she'd better find out where everything went if she was going to be the housemaid. Still it felt reassuringly safe and comforting. There were worse places to live as a slave. As Sally said, bits of it might even be fun. But it would help if she knew what Miss Newcombe's angle was. There was a greater purpose behind all her machinations, if only she could work it out.

Miss Newcombe returned after half an hour. 'They're all set up,' she reported. 'Now let's sort you out. You'd better see your room for a start...'

She led Amber up the narrow stairs to a tiny landing, from which Amber saw the doors opening into two bedrooms and a bathroom. Miss Newcombe took her into the smaller bedroom.

A small dressing table and mirror and three narrow iron frame beds, fitted with chains and cuffs, took up most of the room. On a rack of hooks on the wall, beside a double-ended dildo and a spanking paddle, hung a set of slave chains and another of the abbreviated “French Maid” outfits that Sally had been wearing.

‘Sally has been learning what I require from my maid and has been doing quite a good job, allowing for her background,’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘I expect you to learn much faster. Now get onto that bed and sit with your legs wide...’

Amber obeyed. Miss Newcombe cuffed her ankles to the foot of the bed, freed her arms from behind her back, laid her flat and re-cuffed her wrists to the bed head. Then she stood looking down at her severely.

‘You know I have an ulterior motive for bringing you back here, while I know you look on this both as a personal adventure and perhaps a chance to acquire a few valuables along the way. But in this land our relationship is not a game, and while you are my property you will serve me faithfully and obey me in every respect. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Mistress,’ Amber said, very aware of the strength of her character and the absolute power she had over her at that moment. It was frightening but also very exciting. ‘May I ask you something, Mistress?’

‘You may.’

‘I heard Melanie is back at the Hall, Mistress. Is she all right?’

‘She had an interesting experience,’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘You’ll hear about it in due course. She has negotiated new terms of servitude and was also given the reward money Major Havercott-gore was offering for her own safe return, of which I am now custodian.’

‘I wondered how you could afford me and Doreen and your new slave bike, Mistress.’

‘It was done with Melanie’s prior agreement. That connection and obtaining slaves for the official school project gives me the excuse to have more to do with them. It may also conceal other unofficial activities should they become necessary. Meanwhile you must live and breathe the part. I want everybody around here to accept you as easily as they have Sally. To them you will simply be one of my maids who I also loan to the school for the boys to use as part of their education. I may send you out on errands down to the village in your chains with a shopping basket strapped to your back. The shopkeepers must recognise you as my servant and treat you accordingly.’

The thought of such public utility and exposure made Amber shiver. The bike had been bad enough but could she walk down a high street naked and in chains and go into a shop like a trained dog fetching a morning paper? Could she accept such degradation? Back home never, but here the outrageous was perfectly permissible, so she’d better get used to it.

‘Will you give me a welcoming screw so I may show how much I want to please you, Mistress?’

‘I can see you’re getting the idea,’ Miss Newcombe said, and began to undress.

When she was naked she took the double ended dildo from its hook and slipped one end inside herself. Amber had never seen her totally naked before. Even though she might be ten years older than Amber she had a nice trim body. But even more telling was her gaze: confident and masterful even when nude. Amber felt lust stirring in her loins even as her willpower seemed to shrink even further. What had begun as a calculated gesture was becoming a disturbingly natural show of submission.

Miss Newcombe took the spanking padding off the wall and thrust it crosswise between Amber’s teeth. Then she clambered onto the bed between Amber’s spread legs and mounted her.

Amber groaned as the phallus slid up her passage and their pubic lips

kissed. This was not like using the puzzle box phallus. This was pure sex for pleasure and mastery. Their bare hot breasts mashed together. Her Mistress's breath was warm, sweet and passionate. She began to ride her unhurriedly, sliding the rubber shaft slowly but forcefully in and out of Amber's hot, wet, willing sheath. Raising herself up on one elbow she took the paddle from Amber's mouth and slapped it lightly across her breasts. It was a playful smack meant just to sting, but it also served as warning of what she could do if she cared to.

Amber craned her neck and kissed her Mistress on the lips, assuring her of her complete dedication. 'Do you enjoy owning slaves, Mistress?' she asked huskily, nuzzling against her neck.

'Yes I do, girl.'

'I hope you'll enjoy owning me, Mistress.'

'I think I will.'

## Chapter 15: A Testing Time

Belinda felt sick enough as she walked through the woods with Jemima to their secret rendezvous without having to stop every few minutes while Jemima checked they were not being followed.

‘Do you have to keep doing that?’ she eventually asked in exasperation, struggling to control her churning stomach.

‘Oh, yes,’ Jemima said. ‘Where we’re going must be kept absolutely secret or else they won’t play. I have to be sure there’s nobody else around.’

Belinda was already lost. Jemima knew the woods around Shaftwell better than she did and had taken them on a complicated route. She did not think she was far from the village but she was not sure exactly where.

Satisfied they were unobserved Jemima pulled two pairs of tinted sunglasses from her bag. She put one on and held up the other to Belinda. ‘Now you must let me put this on you.’

‘What? Why?’

‘Just do it, please,’ said Jemima.

‘All right.’

As Jemima fitted the glasses Belinda realised that unlike Jemima’s pair they had black card taped over the insides of their tinted lenses. They also had wire extensions that hooked tightly over her ears so they could not slip down. Wearing them she was virtually blind.

‘Is this really necessary?’ she asked, as Jemima took her arm and led her off again, stumbling slightly as she went.

‘Yes, because they don’t know you yet,’ Jemima explained. ‘Before they can trust you they’ll have to test you to see if you’re a real slave girl.’

That'll be so exciting!'

'Oh, yes... fantastic,' Belinda said, struggling to sound enthusiastic while secretly willing death on Arabella for forcing her to take part in this disgusting charade.

'You do want to do this, don't you?' Jemima asked.

'It's just that I want to pretend to be really scared,' Belinda added quickly, grateful that Jemima could not see her eyes and read the lie behind them. 'It makes it more exciting that way. I'll probably scream and beg for mercy a lot, but...' she gulped '... you're not to take any notice, understand?'

'I understand.'

Blindly Belinda allowed Jemima to lead her out into more open air and along what felt like a winding field boundary path. Then she felt firmer ground underfoot and they walked along a lane for a few yards before they turned and passed through a door into some sort of enclosed space with a hard floor and a musty smell. The door clattered shut behind them. Jemima positioned her in the middle of the floor, pulled off her glasses and stepped back.

Belinda blinked. She was in some sort of large shed-like space with blacked out windows, illuminated by the yellow glow of four oil lamps standing on boxes spaced in a ring with their polished metal reflectors throwing their light on her. Unidentifiable objects covered in dust sheets were stacked about the walls, but she did not have time to take in any more details because her attention was fully occupied by the three sinister figures standing in front of her.

They were large and lumpen and clothed all in black. Masks of some dark material covered their heads and faces, leaving only slits for their eyes and mouths. The middle one pointed a finger dramatically at her: 'Belinda Jenkins!' he said in a grating voice. 'You have asked to become our slave. Are you ready to be tested to prove you are sincere? To prove you wish to experience the extremes of pain and pleasure?'

Belinda gulped. 'Yes...' she squeaked,

'Then strip yourself naked before us!'

Biting her lip, Belinda forced her shaking fingers to begin unbuttoning her dress. As her slip followed and cool air began to caress her bare flash she felt numb and dizzy. This could not be happening to her. It was unreal. It must be a dream. Better that it was a dream.

And then she was trembling and naked except for her shoes. They did not comment so she made no move to take them off. It was a tiny comfort to be insulated from the grimy and terribly real floor of the shed.

'Put your hands behind your neck,' the voice rapped out. 'Hold still and hide nothing!'

She shut her eyes as they closed in about her. She felt their filthy, strange male hands as they stretched and snapped her nipples, squeezed her breasts, pinched her buttocks and cupped and fondled her pussy. They bent her forward and pulled her legs wide and examined her rear, spreading her bottom cheeks to expose her anus. She moaned in revulsion and would have sunk to her knees if they had not been supporting her.

Finally they pulled her upright again, so that she stood swaying unsteadily before them.

'You are judged to have a pleasing body,' their spokesman said. 'Now you will beg to be our slave and to be tied up and beaten. And after that you'll beg us to fuck you!'

Belinda whimpered. She knew she could not maintain her pretence much further, so she fell back on a desperate invention that might cover up her true feelings.

'Yes, please tie me up and beat me, Masters,' she sobbed brokenly. 'I've been a bad girl and I deserve to be hurt. But I'll scream and beg you to stop so you must tie me up hard and gag me. Then you can f... fuck me as much as you like. But you'd better do it now or I'm going to run away...'

She made a lunge for the door but as she hoped and dreaded they caught hold of her. 'Let go!' she shrieked. 'Get your filthy hands off me you... umphhh!' One of them had stuffed a wadded ball of cloth into her mouth and tied it in place, stifling her protests. Now she had no choice which came as a terrible twisted relief. The playacting was ended and she could let her fear and revulsion take over....

She kicked and sobbed and fought with all her strength as two of them held her while the third pulled a small packing crate out from the shadows into the middle of the room. Large nails had been hammered into the corners of the crate about which were tied the ends of lengths of rope. They forced her on to the top of the crate, which was covered by a folded blanket, where there was just room enough for her to kneel on hands and knees. Then they bound the ropes about her wrists and ankles. The ropes cut into her skin as she tried to tear herself free, but soon she was tied down on all fours like a dog. They brought out a length of rope with a broad unbuckled leather strap on one end and an iron hook on the other. They threw the strap end over a beam above the crate. The rope was long enough for the ends to dangle level with her body. The men buckled the strap about her neck like a collar. The hook end they brought round to her out-thrust rear.

Belinda's eyes bulged in horror as she realised what they were going to do and she twisted her hips about in a desperate attempt to evade them. But they caught hold of her bobbing haunches and held them steady while they pried apart her frantically clenching buttock cleeks and forced the blunt tip of the hook into her anus. She wailed through her gag as she felt the unyielding beak of iron open her sphincter wide and slide up into her rectum, trapping a bite of her flesh in its embrace and hooking her like a gaffed fish.

They ran the rope further through the ring of the hook until it was taut. The other end pulled up on her collar so that she lifted her chin and her arms were straight, while the hook dug deeper into her tender entrails. They tied it off when her back was dipped and her head and bottom were painfully raised, drawn up and inward by the tension of the rope slung over the beam above her.

From out of the shadows the men produced bamboos with flat strips of rubber tied to their ends and held them in front of her eyes so she could see

every detail. She moaned and shook her head, rolling her eyes in a mute plea to be spared. But of course it was futile.

‘This is how we treat bad girls,’ said their leader.

They swiped the paddles across her taut buttocks and up between her spread thighs to kiss the pouch of her sex. From either side of her they attacked her freely dangling breasts, smacking into their sides and setting them shivering and jumping, or else swinging their paddles upward to drive her hard nipples deep into their parent flesh bells which flattened against her ribcage and then sprang resiliently back into shape. While the crisp smacks of rubber on flesh rang out Belinda howled as the flesh of her breasts, buttocks and pubes blazed.

She knew the blows were not as hard as they might have been and did not cut her flesh, but piled upon her fear and shame how they hurt! Tears ran down her cheeks which bulged with the gag stuffed inside them and burned in sympathy. Her hook-stretched bottom swung about on the end of its rope like a fish fighting a fisherman’s line, the jerks transmitting themselves over the beam to tug on her collar, digging its edge deeper under her chin, by now wet with her tears.

Yet under the pain there was lurking the seeds of arousal because with every smack on her behind her anus clenched by reflex about the hook that impaled her. Soft flesh sucking on hard iron as it worked to and fro within her, which was insidiously sensual and horribly comforting. It was an iron dummy for her rear to chew on even as it violated her. She felt warm slickness seeping between her pubic lips only to be beaten away by a paddle smacking wetly into it.

Of course it was preparing her for the final degradation. That was the idea of the beating: to make her beg for sex and welcome their disgusting penises inside her. She would have begged for them now if she could have spoken. She just wanted it to come to an end. Yes, please just fuck me and be done! She screamed in her mind

And then the beating stopped, leaving her swaying from her ropes, her breasts and buttocks hot scarlet and stinging and throbbing. A terrible sense

of relief flooded through her as the pain abated and she almost felt grateful for what was to come.

Hands took hold of her hips and a cock was rammed between her wet stinging sex lips. She gasped as she was plugged to the hilt and he began to pump away inside her, the thrusts making her body swing from its restraining rope, pulling her head up and dipping her haunches down and setting her hot breasts swaying in time. Fortunately the beating had aroused him and he came in a minute, filling her sheath with his hot slimy outpourings.

She expected another cock immediately he had withdrawn but there was instead a rubber hose that flushed her vagina out, the discharge falling into a bucket. Then another straining flesh shaft was rammed up inside her.

To her acute shame she came over the third cock. She could not help it and for a few seconds as the bliss of the orgasm rippled through her she felt a surge of raw sensual joy that knew nothing of convention. Distantly she heard stifled laughter as her discharge dripped onto the blanket. Then they got stuck back into her again. How many of them had that been? She was losing count. Like Arabella's men they must be having her a second time round. Would this never end? Another cock and another... and she came again.

Belinda realised they were pulling the gag from her mouth. Her raw sex hung open to the cool air, seeping and dripping softly. The heavy tang of semen and her own juices filled the close dark air.

It was over and she felt shattered and defiled. The brief pleasure her orgasms had given her was nothing compared to depths of her humiliation. One last wretched lie remained and it was all she could do to utter it: 'Thank you... Masters,' she choked through her dry lips.

After Jemima had led Belinda, now respectably dressed and wearing her opaque dark glasses once more, out of the shed, the Cranborough boys pulled off their masks and scratched gratefully.

‘That was great having to fight with her like that!’ Gosset exclaimed, amid a general chorus of agreement.

‘I’d no idea Belinda had such neat boobies!’ Harris observed.

‘And what about that tight cunny?’ Bicks put in.

‘Swapping about so she only saw three of us at a time was a good idea,’ said Parsons. ‘You don’t think she counted five different prongs going into her?’

‘Shouldn’t think so,’ said Jackson. ‘Right, let’s get changed. We’ve got to get back.’

In ten minutes they were back into their school uniform and had concealed their belongings amongst the clutter of the shed for future use. Going outside they shut and locked it, leaving the key concealed under a stone for Jemima to collect later.

‘Great idea of Jem’s to use this place,’ Bicks said. ‘She’s quite smart really. For a girl, I mean.’

As they made their way back to the school talking over the finer qualities of their newest sex slave, Harris said thoughtfully: ‘Funny thing though. Some of the time I thought Belinda was really upset about what we were doing to her. She was crying because she was genuinely unhappy, you know.’

‘I thought that for a moment when I was having her,’ Parsons admitted.

‘That must just be how she wants to play the game,’ Gosset said. ‘It stands to reason. I mean why else would a free woman beg to be spanked and screwed?’

## Chapter 16: Reunited

Sue's face lit up with hope as she opened the Hoakham Wood cottage door to Miss Newcombe. 'This time?' she asked breathlessly.

Miss Newcombe smiled. 'Yes.'

'Well, I'm all ready,' Sue said, ushering Miss Newcombe inside. 'Do I look all right?'

Sue's formerly creamy skin was now artfully bronzed, only a few shades lighter than her hair, which had been straightened and cut back to a pageboy bob. Miss Newcombe inspected her critically and then nodded. 'Yes, you look perfect.'

'How is Amber? And Melanie?'

'They're both fine. Melanie is safely back in the Hall pack and you'll be seeing Amber very shortly.'

'Whenever you're ready... Mistress,' Sue said. Her heart was thudding with excitement. She had been waiting for what seem like forever to return to where she knew she belonged.

'Then set the alarms, turn everything else off and lock up. Any perishable food we can take with us.'

Fifteen minutes later they were upstairs in the spare bedroom with a bag of assorted groceries beside them. At Miss Newcombe's direction Sue was now wearing a demure summer dress, sandals and hat.

'You'll have to appear dressed in public in it at least once before I can take you as my bonds slave and I don't want to attract any more attention than necessary,' Miss Newcombe explained. She lifted a corner of the small floor rug laid out beside the bed and placed an ivory disk under it. Sue recognized it from their return home weeks earlier as a phallus box homing beacon.

‘From now on we can come here directly to this exact spot. I’ll be sending you or Amber back here regularly to keep the cottage maintained. It will be useful to have a safe place to cross over to. What about the rent and other services?’

‘Amber set up standing orders to take care of all that before she left,’ Sue confirmed.

‘Good. Then I think you can drop your pants and go down on the mat on your hands and knees. Keep hold of the groceries.’

Eagerly Sue obeyed, pushing her smooth soft buttocks and naked split peach of her pudenda out ready for penetration. She could feel her sex already growing slippery with anticipation.

From her own shoulder bag Miss Newcombe took out the handle and shaft of the phallus she had used on Amber. As she screwed it together Sue trembled as she felt the same lure of the spell that had drawn her to its mate long weeks before deep in Hoakham Woods. Miss Newcombe slipped the bulbous end of the phallus into her own sex, knelt behind Sue and the slid the shaft into her. She hardly needed to couple with her long to bring her to orgasm. She had so much pent-up lust within her that she came in moments.

As the glorious surge of delight burst from her loins Sue felt a twisting sensation and her surroundings blurred. A moment later she found herself slumped on her face with her rear in the air, still clutching the bag of groceries and with the phallus still lodged inside her dripping sex, but resting on a mat in quite a different bedroom.

Miss Newcombe pulled the phallus out of her and unscrewed the handle. Then she took the bag of groceries from her limp hand.

‘You really can transport inanimate objects very easily,’ she said. ‘I think you’re going to be very useful.’

‘Thank you, Mistress,’ Sue said, getting to her feet and pulling her knickers back up.

‘I’m not your Mistress yet. Not officially. That’s what we’re going to sort out. But first there’s somebody you’ll want to meet...’

Excitedly Sue followed Miss Newcombe downstairs. In the sitting room was Amber, wearing slave chains and dressed in a minimal French Maid’s costume. She was holding a feather duster and was in the act of cleaning a side table. But since her hands were cuffed behind her back she was holding the rubber-sheathed duster handle in her teeth. Bent over she showed the smooth inrolling curves of her bare buttocks with the supporting chain of her ankle hobble running up between them.

Sue squealed in delight and ran to her, while Amber dropped the duster and they kissed passionately and Sue hugged her. It felt so good to hold her lover and mistress again! ‘How are you?’ she choked out. ‘Oh, look at those marks!’

‘They’re healing, don’t worry about them,’ Amber assured her. ‘How have you been? And look at you! What have you done to your hair?’

‘Do you like it?’

‘Yes.’

‘I’ve been missing you terribly. And Sally... and Jemima. What about her?’

‘She came to see me yesterday. She’s fine...’

Miss Newcombe tolerated their tearful exchanges for a minute and then pulled them apart.

‘Catching up can wait for later,’ she said, picking up Amber’s fallen feather duster and giving her a warning flick across the rear with its handle before plugging it back into her mouth. ‘First we must make you legal, Sue. We don’t want you falling foul of the law like Amber did. I’ll tell you exactly what you’re going to say and do...’

The burley policeman sitting behind the desk rose as Miss Newcombe ushered Sue into the tiny station house.

‘Oh, good afternoon, Matron,’ he said genially. ‘And you, Ma’am,’ he said with a polite nod to Sue.

‘I’m glad I found you in, Constable Bailey,’ Miss Newcombe said, ushering Sue forward. ‘This young woman’s name is Elizabeth Frances and it appears that she’s... well, she’s an outsider.’

Bailey blinked, suddenly looking at Sue with very different eyes. ‘Oh, is she now? Another one, eh?’

‘Apparently. I found her wandering about my back garden in a state of some confusion and so I took her in and gave her a cup of tea,’ Miss Newcombe continued. ‘She seemed to be very lost. When she started to explain where she came from and how she got here I realised what she was. So I explained the law concerning people like her and she understands.’

‘Does she really?’ Bailey said.

‘Yes, Constable,’ Sue said meekly. ‘Miss Newcombe told me about “outsiders” and that you keep what you call “bondslaves” here and legally that’s what I would be. She showed me one in her cottage dressed in chains. She brought us the tea and cakes. And I saw some naked girls in harness pulling a cart as we came down here. It was a bit of a shock at first but I’ve had a chance to think about it and I don’t want to cause any trouble. Besides I don’t think I’ve got any choice. I don’t know how to get back home and I haven’t got anywhere else to go, so Miss Newcombe said she would take care of me if I agreed to be... well, her slave.’

‘I believe that’s the law, Constable,’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘A person found on private land can surrender themselves to its owner under the terms of the bondslave servitude act.’

‘That’s right enough, Matron,’ Bailey confirmed, ‘so long as the person in question has committed no offence prior to her surrender.’

‘Well Elizabeth’s hardly had a chance to break any of our laws, and as you can see she appears to be perfectly respectable.’

Bailey opened his log book. ‘Then I’d better take some details for the record.’ He took Sue’s full name, address, place and date of birth, and then asked: ‘Now, how did you come to be wandering about in Matron’s garden?’

‘It’s very strange,’ Sue said. ‘I don’t really understand it. I was walking in some woods near my home when I found a small black box half covered by leaves. It looked like it might have been oriental and it had obviously been outside for some time. And inside it had...’

‘... odd looking statues that you handled and then came over all queer and ended up here,’ Bailey finished for her.

‘Well there was only one statue but that’s it, more or less. How did you know?’

Sue actually knew that this was almost the same story that Amber had told Bailey when she had first arrived. Hopefully it would tie-in closely enough to be acceptable without telling him anything he didn’t know already.

‘Heard this one before,’ Bailey said with a worldly air. ‘I dunno what this land of yours is like with all these trick boxes lying about. Still, now you’re here you have to live by our rules. Now I’ve got to take photographs for the records. That means, with you wanting to be a bondslave, without any clothes on, understand?’

Sue tried to appear shocked. ‘Oh... yes, I see. Do you keep slave girls naked all the time?’

‘We do,’ said Bailey. ‘It shows who’s who and helps keep them in their places. And in cold weather it encourages them to work harder. You’ve never seen firewood chopped quicker than by a bare-assed girl knee-deep in snow with her tits turning blue... sorry, Matron.’

‘I’m sure that graphic image will be a salutary reminder to Elizabeth one day, Constable,’ Miss Newcombe said with a grin.

‘Then I suppose I’d better get used to it,’ Sue said.

Hiding the illicit thrill she felt under a show of embarrassment as she exposed everything else to his gaze, she stripped off her clothes which Miss Newcombe took from her. When she was naked she made a show of bravely keeping her arms to her sides and not attempting to cover herself, although she did hang her head in evident shame.

Bailey unhurriedly looked her over with frank approval. ‘Very nice. We don’t get many girls with clean-swept twats round here... begging your pardon again, Matron.’

‘That’s all right, Constable, I’ve heard it called far worse. And she is quite striking, isn’t she?’

‘Yes. I reckon you’ve got lucky, there.’

Bailey took the old tripod and bellows camera from its store cupboard and arranged Sue against a wall, where he took views of her: face, profile and full figure.

‘I believe you have the bonds slave consent forms, or do I need to go to the post office?’ Miss Newcombe said when he was done.

Bailey found the necessary form and he and Miss Newcombe filled in the blank spaces.

‘Shall we say a year of service?’ Miss Newcombe asked. ‘Then we can see how you feel.’

‘Yes... I’m sure that will be fine,’ Sue said.

When they were done Sue read it through.

#### DECLARATION OF VOLUNTARY SERVITUDE

I, Elizabeth Frances, aged twenty two (22) years, resident of... (outsider address) do this day... freely give my person into the ownership of

Jane Newcombe of School Cottage, Oakmead Lane, Shaftwell, West Wealden, England, as a Class Three (III) servant for the period of One (I) calendar year(s). During this period I accept and submit to whatever lawful duties, functions, restraints or punishments may be imposed upon me, according to the Female Public Servitude (Bondslave) Act of 1769. (And as amended 1782, 1788, 1795, 1811, 1837, 1890, 1936).

Signed....

Taking a deep breath Sue signed. She'd begun as Arabella's secret captive slave, then briefly the Cranborough boys' hidden playing and then joyfully Amber's slave within the confines of their rented cottage. But now for the first time she officially, openly and legally belonged to somebody else, who could do with her as they wished.

'As you were only in here the other day after the auction I don't need to remind you about the registration and taxes,' Bailey said. 'I'll make my report about her arrival, but as there's been no breach of the peace you can keep her until your ownership is confirmed.'

'Thank you, Constable.' Miss Newcombe fished about in her bag and brought out a collar, cuffs and a leash. 'I laid in a stock of restraints for the school educational project so I took the liberty of bringing some along. I want to walk her back home like a proper slave girl.'

'Quite right too,' Bailey agreed, as she buckled the restraints onto Sue, who fought back a shiver of delight as she felt the leather straps tighten about her. Yes, she was a proper slave girl now and this was how she should be restrained.

Miss Newcombe had just taken up Sue's leash when she exclaimed: 'Oh, how stupid of me! By finding her in my own back garden I've deprived you of the traditional perks of the job, haven't I, Constable?'

'Fair's fair, she's your catch, Matron.'

'But I've got a year of use out of her to come and you've been so

helpful.’ She handed him Sue’s leash. ‘I’ve just got to pop over to the post office for some stamps so you have her while I’m gone. She might as well start by being broken in by an expert. Why not give her a spanking at the same time to teach her a little discipline? Save me the trouble later.’

‘Well if you’re sure, that’s very good of you, Matron,’ Bailey said.

Miss Newcombe departed. Picking up a long ruler from his desk Bailey led Sue through a doorway into a corridor that ran along the outside of three small jail cells with barred doors. At the moment they were all empty.

‘If I’d have caught you I’d have had you in here every day for a week,’ he told her cheerfully. ‘Still it’s good of your new Mistress to let me have the use of you. She’s a real lady, she is, so you be good to her.’

Bailey bent Sue forward, levering her over with her bound arms until her head was level with her knees and her breasts flowed down towards her shoulders. Then he pressed her shoulders and raised arms against one of the cell doors. He threaded the end of her leash through the bars, wrapped it round them a couple of time and then ran it up and over the upper horizontal bracing rod that kept the bars evenly spaced and then back through to tie round her cuffed wrists. Now she was bound doubled over with her arms twisted painfully upright with her shoulders pressed against the bars, looking back through her own legs that she had to spread wide to brace herself and ease the strain on her hips. Her soft, rounded buttocks with her pouting naked sex pouch hanging ripe below their deep cleft were totally exposed to Bailey’s gaze.

He stroked and pinched her bottom to gauge its fleshiness and slid a finger into her pussy. Sue groaned and trembled.

‘You’d better get used to being touched up, girl, because a prize specimen like you is going to get a lot of that.’ He ran the length of the desk ruler through her slot, parting her glistening love lips and making her shiver. ‘Don’t worry, girl. I won’t be too hard on you. This is just an introduction to how we do things around here. In future if you don’t want the hurt you behave yourself, understand?’

‘Yes, Constable. Thank you, Constable,’ Sue moaned.

The ruler came away from her cleft dark and damp and scented with her juices. ‘My, but you’re a hot one,’ Bailey exclaimed, examining the stained wood. ‘You are going to be popular. Now, let’s toast that pretty bum of yours. While I do you can beg me to screw you. When I think you mean it I will, got it?’

‘Yes, Constable... ahhh!’

He had smacked the ruler hard across her bottom, indenting her cheeks and leaving a glowing red stripe in her flesh.

‘Uhhh... no, please screw me, Constable!’ she gasped.

But Bailey simply smacked her again and again. She squirmed and twisted as the blows sent shivers through her buttocks while her heavy inverted breasts danced and jiggled just below her chin.

‘Aww... no! Stop please!’ Sue begged, her pleas punctuated by the swish and smack of the ruler across her steadily heating rear. ‘Fuck me, screw me! Please Constable... eek! I want you up inside me... uhhh... up my cunt!’ A drip of fluid from her upturned, weeping pussy shaken free by the impact of the ruler fell onto the underside of her wobbling breasts. ‘See, it’s hot and wet... ohhh... now, please now!’

The smacking halted. Through blurred and tearful eyes she saw him free his thick shaft from his trousers. Without preamble he took hold of her hips and rammed it into her dripping sex. As she was vigorously plundered by the hard constabulary penis she knew she had truly arrived.

A few minutes later a contented Bailey brought Sue back to the outer office where Miss Newcombe was waiting.

‘Thank you for the use of her, Matron.’

‘I hope she gave satisfaction.’

‘She was very willing for a first timer.’

Her mistress inspected the state of her behind, which now glowed with an even pink blush. ‘You did a neat job on her, Constable,’ she observed.

‘Well I always try to be neat, Matron. I think this one’ll do you proud. Make a good pair with the Jones girl, as long as you’re firm with them.’

‘Oh I will be,’ she promised.

Miss Newcombe led Sue by her leash along the tree-lined street that ran down one side of Shaftwell’s village green.

Sue was acutely aware of her pink, simmering buttocks and traces of Bailey’s sperm still oozing from her sex and running down the inside of her thighs which in her imagination screamed out what had just been done to her. Inwardly she thrilled and wallowed in her shame at this outrageous public exposure, and yet the people they passed hardly gave her a second glance.

The very gentle ordinariness of the setting seemed so wildly at odds with her state of bound servitude. Then she saw another naked slave with a wicker basket strapped to her back being led across the green by her mistress. And in a garden at the side of a house was a hobbled serving girl was beating the dust from a rug hung over a washing line. Ordinary and normal was what you chose to make it. She was now an official slave so it was only right and proper that she should be displayed honestly for what she was.

As they left the village proper behind and the number of passers-by diminished Miss Newcombe said, ‘You pleased Bailey. I don’t think there’ll be any trouble with the legal process. It never hurts to keep the local policeman happy and now he thinks kindly of both of us. Well done.’

‘Thank you, Mistress,’ she said with a shiver of delight.

Miss Newcombe looked at her searchingly. ‘You understand I offered you to him quite deliberately and it cost you an unnecessary screw and spanking.’

‘I’m your property, Mistress. You can do what you want with me, as long as I know I’m being useful and giving pleasure. You’ve told me I’ve done well and pleased you. That’s what makes you and Amber so different from Arabella. She was never satisfied. I’ll be happy to be screwed and spanked all day long if I know it’s what you want.’

‘But you do enjoy it for its own sake as well?’

‘Oh, yes, Mistress. I’m a true masochist. But I think if I just went around acting like a sex-slut it would seem, well, selfish and indulgent. Also I’d worry about losing control. It’s nicer if I’m doing it because I’m told to. Besides it feels exciting to open my legs to order.’

‘Well you’ll be getting plenty of orders like that from now on, especially at work.’

‘You mean at the school, Mistress? Does that mean I’ll be seeing more of the boys?’

Miss Newcombe smiled. ‘Yes. And they’ll certainly be seeing a lot more of you.’

## Chapter 17: Packgirl Life

It was lunchtime as Melanie lounged against the wall of the packgirl pound, with several of her pack bitch sisters arrayed on the grass about her. There was Gillian, Gail, Una, Jill, Molly and Zoe and the rest sprawled in a lazy tangle of bronzed limbs, bare buttocks, twitching tails and gently swaying breasts, most of which had not known a stitch of clothing for years. They had been training hard that morning and now while they rested Melanie had been entertaining them with more tales of life in her world, which shocked, bemused and amazed the others in roughly equal measure.

Melanie had been accepted back into the warm sisterhood of the pack after her absence with a show of love and relief that had moved her to tears. They had been even more impressed when they learned she had negotiated a new servitude agreement that permitted her to go outside the Hall grounds outwardly as a free woman. She had gone out of her way to assure them that it was out of duty and necessity and not any lack of commitment to the pack, which might collectively suffer from the failings of a single member. She did not want them to feel jealous of her new privileges or to imagine that she had become some sort of part-time dilettante slave, if there could be such a thing. They must have believed her because she had then slipped back into the routine alongside them with almost frightening ease. Perhaps it was because life for a packgirl was very simple and in a strange way highly pampered.

It was true that they were worked hard, currently either training for the County Show or else pulling barrows or rollers about the estate for the gardeners. They might also be called upon to serve the sexual desires of Hall guests. But when they rested they had no other worries in the world. They were kept in peak physical condition, fed well and simply but comfortably housed. They didn't even have to wipe their own bottoms after using the special toilet block reserved for their use. A pot boy took care of that messy business, in the process flushing out and re-greasing their rectums ready for whatever use might be next required of those orifices.

Melanie knew they were slaves, albeit highly prized ones, and that

with skin the colour of hers she of all people should be disgusted at their treatment. And yet she found it impossible to maintain any such resentment. Was that because they were the property of a man who truly cared for their welfare, even if it was in his eyes the welfare of humans demoted to the status of talking animals? And was it also because she felt such an inexplicable sense of respect and even affection for him?

That was another worry to add to her personal list of cares and responsibilities that she knew would have to be faced at some point. But for now she just wanted to enjoy the sun on her naked body and the scent of her sister bitches as their naked and regularly stimulated pussies exuded their intimate secretions. They had been trained to be uninhibited about their passions and displayed their feelings without shame. Right now she knew they were all feeling blissfully content.

Alison entered the packyard and whistled as one would to attract a dog. All the girls pricked up their ears, ready to respond. 'Melanie: here, girl!' she called out.

Melanie rolled onto her paws and knees and shuffled quickly over to Alison, the swing of her hips setting her plug-in tail wagging in a parody of eager interest.

'Somebody to see you,' Alison said, clipping a leash to Melanie's collar. She led her through the door into the kennel room and then out into the inner yard. The Major and Jemima Moncrief were waiting for her.

Alison handed Melanie's leash to the Major and went back into the office. The Major walked Melanie round in a circle so Jemima could admire her. 'There, she's fine now, you see.' he said as if in reassurance.

Jemima watched her for a moment and then smiled brightly at her master. 'Thank you so much for bringing her out for me, Major,' she said. 'Before, I only saw her when she was sleeping in the sick room recovering from Arabella's thistle ride. She looked so sad.'

The Major smiled wistfully. 'Yes, you brought her flowers, I remember, and said how sorry you were. That was kind of you.'

Melanie recalled the flowers that had been left on the bars of her sickroom bed, but she'd hardly had a chance to thank Jemima for them. The night of the ball following her removal from the Hall they had both been fully occupied with surviving the Cranborough boys' celebratory orgy. The next morning Miss Newcombe had stepped in and she had been separated from Jemima and returned home.

'I always wondered what she would look like when she was fit and well again,' Jemima said. 'She does look beautiful and very strong. I can see why she's your best bitch. I'd love to own one like her some day. Do you think I could walk her round the yard to see what it feels like?'

'Of course,' the Major said, beaming as he handed over Melanie's leash.

Jemima walked her round the perimeter of the yard, watching her with wide-eyed fascination. 'She does keep to heel just like a dog!' she exclaimed. 'Isn't she clever?'

But as they circled round Melanie was noticing the way her master was smiling indulgently not at her but at Jemima. And Jemima was flashing her bright smile back at him. There was unmistakably some sort of chemistry between them.

Melanie continued to walk to heel as she had been taught, but the evident familiarity between Jemima and the Major was stirring a sudden and unexpected pang of resentment within her. She knew that weeks earlier Jemima, as part of Amber's scheming, had deliberately insinuated herself into the Major's affections in order for the Cranborough boys to exact their revenge on Arabella and free her in the process. As she revealed later she had asked the Major to relieve her of her virginity, which he had happily done. At the time of this revelation Melanie had too many other things on her mind to worry about it. Now it seemed she cared more than she had realised.

She was like a dog fearing that her owner's affections were moving elsewhere. The fact that such feelings were sick and pathetic made them nonetheless real. But why was she affected like this? She did not resent his interests in other girls of the pack and he'd had all of them repeatedly. But

then they were her equals while Jemima was an interloper into the secure closed world of the Hall. Listen to yourself, she thought. Now who's being prejudiced? Pull yourself together. Her bond with the Major was quite different and was stronger than any petty jealousy. She must not let it spoil her life at the Hall.

She had embraced the path of submission, and that meant she must accept her Master's will in all things, including which girl's orifice he chose to put his cock in. It was not her place to judge his friendships, especially with a nice girl like Jemima. If she wanted to please him and keep his affection she would be a perfect obedient bitch. Therefore if he wanted her to trot round at Jemima's heel she would do so proudly.

Her head lifted and a fresh bounce entered her step, setting her tail wagging merrily.

Jemima drew Melanie to a halt, causing her to crouch alertly at her feet, and said to the Major: 'She's been so good. I have a sweetie here. Can I give it to her as a treat?'

'Of course.'

Jemima held up a small nougat. Melanie sat back on her haunches as she had been taught, raised her crooked arms with her paw-sheathed hands flopped forward until they pressed against the undersides of her breasts and opened her mouth wide, her tongue hanging out in supplication. It was one of the great humiliations and thrills for a submissive: to beg for food from her master. But Jemima was not her master. Yet she had asked politely and her master had given permission. It was his hand by proxy.

Jemima popped the sweet into Melanie's mouth and she chewed on it gratefully. Jemima bent over and hugged and patted Melanie like a dog. As she did so she whispered in her ear: 'Come to Miss Newcombe's cottage tomorrow for tea.'

She led Melanie back to the Major and handed him her leash. 'Thank you so much. She's a lovely animal. I'd like to see her run some time.'

‘I’d be delighted to show you a training session. Then you can see the whole pack in action.’

‘That would be wonderful. Thank you, Major.’

Alison was called back out and Melanie’s leash was handed back to her. She walked Melanie back through to the kennel room. As she shuffled along by her side Melanie said: ‘Please, Miss Chalmers, would you tell Mr Platt that I’ll need to leave the Hall for a few hours tomorrow afternoon?’

It was while Jemima was visiting the Hall that Belinda was once again approaching the Pump Maid Inn at Lower Boxley.

She was grateful that Arabella arranged to see her in her room at the Inn rather than the dreadful barn. She could not have faced her henchmen again after what they had done to her. She glanced up at the girl chained within the frame of the Inn’s living sign as she approached the front entrance and shivered, but not from cold. She had a brief insight into what it would feel like to take her place in the sign. Suddenly the contraption did not seem as amusing as it had the first time she had seen it. She felt both ashamed and angry. Damn Arabella! She was going to give her a piece of her mind.

‘Did you know Melanie has come back to the Hall?’ she said as soon as she was inside Arabella’s room.

‘Yes I did,’ Arabella said calmly. ‘I’ve been paying Styles and Burdock to keep me informed on happenings in Shaftwell. How did you find out? I thought you were keeping clear of the Hall circle.’

‘It was Earnestine and Penny. I bumped into them and they thought I looked depressed and tried to cheer me up with some local gossip. Apparently it came through some Hall stable lads drinking in the Three Bells. Nobody seems to know where she’s been, only that your uncle is a happy man again.’

‘I know,’ said Arabella bitterly.

‘Well did you also know that your Uncle gave Melanie the reward he was offering for her return and Sister Newcombe has arranged an account for her to draw it from?’

She was pleased to see the surprise on Arabella’s face. ‘What?’

‘Yes. They heard that direct from Mrs Skelton the postmistress. She didn’t approve, though she can’t do anything about it. It seems Melanie’s going to be allowed out of the Hall at times on her own, dressed like a free woman!’

‘And why is Sister Newcombe involved?’

‘Because she examined Melanie when she first arrived and she thought she’d be a trustworthy third party.’

‘My uncle must be going soft in the head!’ Arabella exclaimed. ‘You don’t give slaves freedoms like that!’

‘Well he does now. And that means I went through that filthy business for nothing!’

‘Not at all,’ said Arabella, recovering her composure. ‘We now know these men exist and that they most likely had something to do with the disappearances. Exposing them will still be a coup. Tell me everything that happened when you met them. And I do mean every detail.’

Resentfully Belinda did so, from her meeting Jemima at their agreed rendezvous by the churchyard to her being led blindly away soiled and shaken, having to pretend to Jemima that she had enjoyed the whole disgusting experience. And Arabella listened intently, almost hungrily, as she recounted each shameful moment. When Belinda was done she waited for some expression of concern for her wellbeing. But none came. Instead Arabella sat frowning deep in thought.

‘You might at least ask how I feel!’ Belinda said in exasperation.

‘What are you complaining about?’ Arabella replied. ‘You came

twice, didn't you? That suggests you got some pleasure out of it. Where's your sense of adventure?'

Belinda was appalled. 'That was not an adventure, they treated me like a bonds slave and beat me and shafted me! Not once but again and again!'

'Of course. You begged to be used, didn't you? What did you expect? Now, you said Jemima was checking you were not being followed.'

Apparently it was no use expecting sympathy from Arabella. 'Yes, all the time,' Belinda confirmed wearily.

'Then it seems neither she nor her mysterious friends are stupid, so we must be smarter. When will you meet them next?'

'Well Jem said something about next Saturday afternoon, but...'

'Then you must find out if you're going to meet the men in the same place.'

'No, because I won't do it!' Belinda said. 'Once was quite enough! Listen: she's on the lookout for anybody following us and we leave separately from the men and I can't tell which way we go. They wear masks and they don't chitchat. It's a waste of time.'

'It's irrelevant where you and Jemima go afterward. I'm only interested in the men. And with both of you gone they may get careless.'

'Well then you beg them to screw you, because I'm not going through that again for the sake of your social standing or precious revenge!' Belinda said.

In answer Arabella took a letter from the drawer of the small writing bureau and showed it to Belinda. It was addressed to Markham Hall and began:

*Dear Major Havercott-gore,*

*I feel it my duty to inform you about the recent unfortunate behaviour of Belinda Jenkins, whom I believe you know...*

‘I think my Uncle will still be interested to read this,’ Arabella said. ‘Suspicion will fall on you, especially now he apparently lets Melanie wander about alone outside the Hall. Can he trust you not to assault her if you meet on a deserted lane? The only way out is to discover who those men are.’

Belinda sagged in her chair. ‘All right,’ she groaned. ‘But just once more.’

‘If you do what I tell you there won’t need to be a third time,’ Arabella said. ‘First, confirm with Jemima that you’ll be going to the same place. Then this is what you’re going to do...’

## Chapter 18: Class Demonstration

The next morning the senior boys of Cranborough School gathered in the new stable block classroom. It would be fair to say that no lesson in the history of the school had ever been attended by such an eager group of pupils. The sense of anticipation was palpable. In the front row sat Jackson, Harris, Gosset, Parsons and Bickley, ready to show the rest how experienced men of the world took lessons on sex and bondslaves in their stride.

Before them was the teacher's desk. To its left was a blackboard with a large chalk drawing on it of what most of them recognised as the female genitalia, together with a list of the anatomical names of its features. To the right of the desk was an odd angular object covered by a dustsheet. Slight movements came from under the sheet suggesting it concealed something living, but none of the boys contemplated examining it closer without permission. This was one lesson none of them would dare misbehave in. They all knew that upstairs above them right now were two naked girl slaves chained up and ready for their use, but only if they passed this class first.

Miss Newcombe entered and the boys sprang to their feet with nervous speed.

‘Good morning, Class,’ she said, taking her place behind her desk.

‘Good Morning, Matron,’ they said in painfully polite chorus.

‘You may be seated,’ she said, and they sat.

They had all liked their school Matron for her ministrations during various bouts of sickness and minor injury they had suffered and many had secretly lusted after her. Now she had been raised to the status of teacher and put in charge of the keys to previously unattainably pleasures. That lifted her status in their eyes very close to that of Goddess: she who was to be obeyed.

‘This class will introduce you to the basic anatomy and pleasure responses of a slave girl,’ she began. ‘You must understand the underlying

theory before embarking on the next stage, which is the practical care and restraint of bondslaves, which will take place in the slave pen room upstairs.'

The class shifted in their seats in expectation of what was to come.

Miss Newcombe picked up a pointer and tapped the blackboard. 'As you can see I've drawn up a diagram of those parts of the female anatomy which I suspect are currently of most interest to you.' There were a few hastily stifled sniggers from the back. 'So that you can relate them to the real subject I have also provided a live display model for comparison.'

She pulled the dustsheet off the object on the other side of her desk and the boys groaned with delight. It was a wooden lattice frame tilted back at forty-five degrees and mounted on a wheeled table-height stand. Strapped to the frame was Sue's naked form.

She was resting with her back to the latticework. The pad of a broad bridle gag covered her mouth, held in place by thinner straps running under and across her cheeks to join at the bridge of her nose, round under her ears and across her head. Adjustable wooden wedges, bolted with wing nuts through the lattice just above her shoulders, pressed rubber pads against her temples, holding her head rigid. All she could move were her bright eyes which blinked and swivelled about the room as the cover was pulled off her.

A strap crossed Sue's neck, going over the top of her slave collar from which hung a metal tag bearing her name. Her arms were bent outwards, crooked at the elbows and strapped back against the frame so that her hands were level with her shoulders. Broad straps passed over her chest below her full breasts and across her stomach just above her hips. Her legs were splayed wide, pulled back and up and bent at the knees, held in place by cuffs buckled about her thighs just above her knees and long straps buckled to the top of the frame. Straps running up from the lower corners of the frame were cuffed to her ankles, keeping her lower legs down and turned outward. This posture displayed her groin to its maximum possible degree, as was intended. The soft, cleft pout of her naked sex gaped at them, with the dimpled pit of her anus standing out below it like the dot of a fleshy exclamation mark.

Mounted on an adjustable rod below Sue's groin was a black, nine inch, rubber dildo angled towards her cleft. The rod ran down through a sleeve and pivot joint to an elbow hinge just above the floor with another rod that ran horizontally backward through another pivot joint to the rear of the stand where it was capped by a foot pedal.

To make her exposure even more complete, elastic cords with small round-tipped hooks on their ends had been stretched from the lower sides of the lattice frame across her hips and under the taut swells of her buttocks. They were hooked about both the inner and outer lips of her sex, pulling them wide and exposing every detail of the glistening pink valley between them; the bud of her clitoris, the small hole of her urethra and the dark tunnel mouth of her vagina.

Their eyes goggled as they took in this show of bound and clinically displayed flesh. Jackson, Parsons, Bickley, Harris and Gosset leaned forward and blinked a second time as they slowly recognised Sue beneath her new tan and hairstyle. Their familiarity with her body did not stop them gaping appreciatively at her.

All the other boys had seen naked bondslaves on the street. They were part of the background of daily life. Some had already had some intimate experience with them. But few had observed one so closely and certainly not inside a classroom where they were being invited to stare and take in every detail. The results were inevitable, signalled by a lot of embarrassed seat shifting and tugging at the inside legs of trousers.

Miss Newcombe smiled. 'This is my slave Elizabeth, and if you are not erect looking at her now you soon will be. However, in this particular class that's nothing to be ashamed or embarrassed about. It's a perfectly normal reaction for a young healthy man contemplating a young woman displayed as this one is. Therefore, for the sake of your comfort and to eliminate any further physical distractions which will interfere with your concentration on my lesson, you may unbutton and let your penises stand as freely and unconfined as they wish.'

There was a collective sigh of disbelief with an undertone of acute embarrassment as they realised what she was saying.

‘Come on,’ said Miss Newcombe. ‘It’s nothing I or any of you haven’t seen before, and certainly nothing this girl has not seen and felt inside her. Go on. The lesson will not proceed until you do.’

There was an agonised pause. Then very deliberately and with a superior grin, Jackson unbuttoned his flies and pulled his stiff shaft out. Understanding, his pals quickly followed his lead. With the whole front row exposed the rest of the class, with some blushes, did the same.

‘That’s better,’ said Miss Newcombe, viewing this array of stiff young cocks before her with apparent equanimity. She used her pointer to prod Sue’s sex mouth, making her whimper. ‘Now these parts of a girl’s body have many slang names, some of which you may already know, but today we shall use the proper or medical ones. Open your exercise books and copy and label the diagram of the female genitals as you see them on the board.’

She allowed them ten minutes for this task. Then she said: ‘One at a time you will now bring your books up for me to check, then you may compare them to Elizabeth’s genitalia...’

Jackson and his friends were the first to stand before teacher’s desk, casually showing their drawings to Miss Newcombe with their stiff cocks still exposed and then checking them against the living display of Sue’s vulva. None of their friends noticed the quick knowing winks they gave her as they bent over her body to hold up their diagrams next to her naked sex.

When they were all done, Miss Newcombe said: ‘Your exposure has been part of the lesson, teaching you something about freedom and restraint. For the sake of public decorum you must learn to manage your natural responses. Elizabeth arouses you and she is presented in a helpless and exposed state. She is a slave so she is theoretically available for sexual use, but you cannot have her at this time. However it is permissible in this class to masturbate. I’m sure you have all done so before.’

As the boys gaped at her in fresh amazement, she took a box of paper tissues round, ensuring they were all suitably provided. Then she stood beside Sue’s frame. ‘You will now see what it looks like for a girl to be penetrated in the normal manner and brought to orgasm with a penis-shaped probe.

We'll cover different penetration devices and the use of other orifices in later lessons. For now I shall just use her front passage, which is called...?' she waited for their response

'Her vagina,' they said.

'Good.' Miss Newcombe adjusted the front rod, sliding the tip of the dildo into Sue's gaping cunt that was already glistening with anticipation. Then she went round to the back of the stand and began to pump the foot pedal. Sue's vulva bulged as the dildo slid inside her, plugging her to the maximum, then pulled back, sucking at her insides. Sue gave a little moan and shut her eyes in delight.

The boys' eyes however were very wide riveted on the spectacle of the dildo pumping in and out of her engorged pussy. Forgetting their former embarrassment the hands of even the shyest of them slid to their erect cocks and began to rub, slowly at first but with ever increasing vigour, matching and then exceeding the rhythm of the plunging dildo. Miss Newcombe pedalled harder and the dildo began to squelch as it came out of Sue darker and wetter and she began to drip onto the stand top. In a minute the first of the boys began to gasp and clasp their tissues round their cockheads as they spouted their jets of sperm. Miss Newcombe kept pedalling. Sue's heavy breasts, capped by hard straining nipples and beaded with perspiration, were by now jiggling with the strength of the thrusts of the dildo that filled her belly. It was as the last of the boys were mopping themselves up that Sue finally gave a stifled moan rising to a gag-muffled shriek of delight. Her eyes rolled back and she jerked in her straps, expelling her juices over the floor in front of her. Then she sagged limply back against the frame.

Miss Newcombe stopped pumping the pedal and came round to the front of the stand once more. She took the sodden dildo out of Sue's vagina, leaving it stretched and still gaping hungrily and then turned and looked at the slightly dazed and glassy-eyed boys with solemn intensity.

'There, you have just had the privilege of seeing a real woman brought to orgasm for your pleasure and instruction. Fortunately Elizabeth is naturally passionate and submissive and enjoyed the experience, but because she is a bonds slave she would have had no choice in the matter in any case.

We've treated her like a piece of laboratory equipment to demonstrate a physical principle, but whatever her legal status she is a living person. Never forget that.'

'No, Matron,' they promised.

'The next lesson tomorrow will be a practical in the pen room,' she continued. 'Now button up and dispose of your tissues in the bin. Wash your hands in the basin outside. As you leave you will thank Elizabeth for her efforts. Look her in the eye as you do so. Don't be ashamed of the pleasure she's given you. You'd praise a dog or horse for its efforts, so you can certainly praise a slave girl.'

They filed out past Sue, Jackson and his pals leading the way with the clearest and boldest: "Thank you, girl."

When they were gone Miss Newcombe took out Sue's gag, wiped her face with a damp flannel and fed her some water. 'I think that went very well for a first lesson,' she said, running her fingers through the still puffy lips of Sue's sticky pussy mouth. 'Did you enjoy being on display like that?'

Sue smiled wearily. 'Yes, Mistress, that was amazing. When will I be put up in the pens?'

'You'll join Sally and Doreen for the practical tomorrow, but the boys have got to prove they can look after you properly first before they can use you for intercourse.'

'They'll be ready to burst by then, Mistress.'

'All the more fun for you when they do. I want to teach them the value of patience, however hard it is on their balls. Meanwhile Sally and Doreen can keep the boys entertained this afternoon while they roll the lawn. You're coming back to the cottage with me. I've arranged for Melanie to visit so all three of you will be together again.'

Sue's face lit up. 'Oh, I do want to see her again.'

‘Well you can all have a proper reunion,’ Miss Newcombe promised. Then her expression became more sombre. ‘And then I’ll explain how I came to live here and why I’ve brought you all back.’

# Chapter 19: The Abduction

That afternoon Melanie, in sunhat and dress, knocked on the door of School Cottage. It was strange how unnatural it felt to walk around in this world fully clothed. She'd never have felt this way back home, but here her senses seemed to be attuned differently. Clothes itched and she felt empty without the comforting plug of her fake dog tail in her rear. It reminded her that she belonged to something, like her police badge.

The door was opened by Amber in slave maid attire. She said with a straight face: 'Good afternoon, Miss Kingston. Do come in. My Mistress is expecting you...'

Melanie waited until the door was closed before saying: 'Well look at you. I see you've joined the slave club too.'

'I was drafted,' Amber replied with a grin. 'You got the Mistress's message all right, then.'

'Very cloak and dagger using Jemima.'

'Just a bit of fun. The Mistress wanted to give her something exciting to do to keep her involved. And it helps to keep her friendly with the Major.'

'Yes, I thought they seemed very close.'

'Jemima's sweet. She likes to be friends with everybody. Anyway, you'd better come through...'

Miss Newcombe was in the sitting room beside a laden tea tray being waited upon by Sue in a matching maid outfit. She gave a happy cry and ran to hug and kiss Melanie. Soon all three of them were chatting together. Miss Newcombe allowed them time to catch up on their respective experiences since they had last met before she called for their attention.

'Now that you're all here together at last, it's time for me to answer

some of those questions you've asked me,' she said. 'I'll tell you my story and then you'll understand why I've taken an interest in you and what I've been doing living here this past year as the matron of a minor public school.'

She had their full and undivided attention.

'It began on a hot summer night three years ago in London: our version of London, I mean. I was a ward sister at St Luke's. Whatever else I've had to lie about, my medical qualifications are genuine, you see. I was with my partner Chloe Moore. We'd been together for over a year and we were very happy. Chloe was smart and beautiful, we both had jobs we enjoyed and we had enough money to get by. She wasn't as adventurous when it came to sex as I was but we were good together. That night we'd been invited by friends to a party in Teddington, not far from the river. And at this party I got drunk...'

Her face clouded and she bit her lip. 'That might seem unimportant to you and on any other night it wouldn't have mattered. You see I'd always been careful with drink. I've seen what it could do to too many patients in A&E to risk ruining my life. I thought I was being careful that night as well. As I found out later somebody had been spiking the drinks for a laugh, mine included. But by then of course it was too late.

'Anyway by about ten o'clock I was in the back garden of this house singing merrily along to the music while Chloe was getting confused and angry and begging me to go home. Then I felt the call of the spell that only women can hear. I think you all know what I mean.'

'From an activated puzzle box,' said Melanie.

'Yes,' said Miss Newcombe. 'Not that I had any idea what it was then, just that I had to answer it...'

'Jane! Come back here!' Chloe called. 'What are you doing?'

'Can't you feel it?' Jane said, fumbling at the bolt of the back garden gate while the other guests looked on in surprise and amusement. The call

was cutting through the mush in her head and even overriding the dangerous churning in her stomach. It was the most exciting and arousing thing she had ever felt and all she knew was she had to get closer to it. Finally she got the gate open and stumbled out into the narrow street at the back of the tall terraces. It was not as well lit as the main road and she blinked, trying to get her bearings.

‘Feel what?’ Chloe said, joining her in the street.

Jane looked at her incredulously. The air seemed to be thick with it. Her panties were getting wet in sympathy. Why couldn’t Chloe feel it too? ‘Something... special. Come with me and you’ll see!’

Jane headed off unsteadily down the road with Chloe at her heels. After a hundred yards she tripped over a kerbstone. Chloe caught her, hauled her upright and put her arm over her shoulder.

‘I’m taking you back home now!’ she said firmly.

And then Jane saw the car tucked into the mouth of a cul-de-sac. It was a large, dark, stretched saloon with tinted windows. That was where the call was coming from!

Half dragging Chloe along with her she stumbled towards it. One of the rear doors opened invitingly. Illuminated by a courtesy light she could see somebody sitting inside beckoning to her. She heard Chloe shriek: ‘Jane, no don’t...’ Then she tumbled into the footwell between the rear sets of seats, pulling Chloe in with her.

‘Two for the price of one,’ a man said as the door slammed shut behind them.

There was a click and the wonderful, magical call vanished in an instant. Jane was aware of Chloe shouting and struggling beside her and she felt the first pang of fear that was submerged as her abused stomach could take no more and she was copiously sick over the floor of the car and a pair expensive high heels.

‘She’s bloody well falling down drunk!’ a woman exclaimed indignantly. ‘And she’s ruined my shoes!’

Jane thrashed about trying to sit upright. Then a hand pressed a chemical soaked cloth to her face. She clawed at it feebly but she slipped away into darkness.

The next thing Jane knew for certain was that she was sitting propped up against a wall with a pounding head, an aching stomach and the sour taste of sick in her mouth. She tried to spit but she could not. There was something in her mouth, filling it and clamped over her lips. She blinked but her eyes were gummy and all she could see were blurs. She tried to move but she could not. There were straps bound tightly about her head and body. With a final chilling shock she realized she was totally naked.

Jane shook her head and blinked and cleared her eyes. She felt warm flesh beside her and looked round into Chloe’s terrified face. She was sitting propped up beside her, also naked and bound in the same way she was.

Their arms were strapped behind them by wrist cuffs that were hooked to belts buckled about their waists. Their legs were held spread by lightweight expandable rods linked to ankle cuffs. Chain leashes had been clipped to rings in the middle of the spreader bars, with their other ends clipped to the front rings of broad collars bucked about their necks. The leashes had been doubled over thereby pulling up their cuffed and spread legs, forcing them to bend their knees and splay their thighs, unwillingly displaying their naked groins. Broad thick pads with the ringed ends of circular fittings showing in their centres covered their mouths, held in place by a bridle-like array of lesser straps. Jane could feel a rubber plug filling the inside of her mouth, stifling her instinctive yell of fear and anger.

Jane and Chloe were resting against the side wall of a long, bare tandem garage or workshop with a concrete floor, lit by a couple of fluorescent tubes. The big car was parked just inside the double doors. A large man in a grey chauffeur’s cap and suit stood patiently beside it. His eyes were covered by a domino mask. Two more figures stood in the middle of the floor in front of Jane and Chloe. They were a man and woman, perhaps

in their late thirties or early forties. It was hard to tell exactly because they also wore domino masks. Both were otherwise smartly attired; he in a dark suit and bow tie and she in a crimson evening dress. By their feet was a square of hardboard and a folded car rug.

They appeared to be in the middle of an argument.

‘This is not how the evening was supposed to go!’ she was saying angrily. ‘Do you know how much those shoes cost?’

‘Yes, dear, because I paid for them,’ he retorted.

The woman glanced round at Jane and Chloe. ‘She’s coming round at last. Now we’ll sort this out.’ She was holding a large evening bag from which she pulled out a black lacquer box with an elaborate inlaid design. ‘Are they both receptives or is it just one of them?’ She came over to Jane and Chloe holding the box in front of her and flipping open its lid. Jane saw within, nestling in moulded beds of red silk, a slender carved ivory phallus with a pair of screw-in handles: one straight and slender and one curved with bulbous tip. On the inside of the lid was what resembled slightly a basic calculator keypad with large square ivory keys marked with oriental-looking characters.

The woman tapped the keypad and Jane felt the thrill of the silent call flood from it into her even more powerfully than before. Even as Chloe whimpered and flinched aside, Jane’s fear was replaced by a surge of inexplicable lust. She moaned in desperate need and opened her legs further.

‘It’s her!’ the woman exclaimed in disgust. ‘It would be the drunk! Well we can’t risk using her in that state.’

She tapped the keypad again and the call died away, leaving Jane trembling with a sense of dreadful loss and confusion.

‘We’ve no time to go out again so we’ll use the other one and come back for her later,’ her partner said. ‘She’s still quite a find judging by the strength of her response.’

‘We wouldn’t have to be grubbing about for stray tarts like this if you hadn’t lost us Jasmine!’ the woman spat.

‘How many times do I have to tell you that was not my fault!’

‘All right! Let’s just go!’

They unclipped Chloe’s leash, freeing her collar from the spreader bar and hauled her to her feet. She struggled in their grip but with her legs spread she could hardly stand. Despite her own fear and confusion, Jane thought Chloe looked achingly beautiful in her distress.

Chloe was lean-bodied with strong shoulders and prominent hip-bones. Her hair was a dark honey blonde, shoulder length rippling mane. Her nose was straight and determined and her eyes were clear sharp blue. Her breasts were pneumatically prominent capped with large pale brown nipples that Jane knew swelled and blossomed at a lover’s kiss. Her deep cleft pussy with its pouting inner lips was a treasure house of delight. Chloe could have had any man or woman she wanted, but she had chosen to be with her.

And now these strangers were taking her away with them and it was all her fault!

Jane tried to shout through her gag to leave her lover alone, but it came out as a muffled grunt. She shuffled after them, scraping her buttocks painfully on the rough floor, but she only succeeded in toppling over onto her side, where she flopped and squirmed about impotently.

‘Pick her up and keep an eye on her until we return, Higgs,’ the woman said impatiently to the chauffer.

‘Yes, Ma’am,’ he said, striding over to Jane, taking hold of her by the hair and yanking her back upright. He maintained his grip, keeping resting with her back against his legs. She could do nothing to help Chloe now except watch.

They dragged Chloe over to the middle of the floor where she stood swaying between them. The woman opened the box again and lifted a small

ivory disk out from it which she slipped under the corner of the hardboard. She then tapped the keypad again, took the phallus head out and screwed the bulbous-tipped handle into it.

Jane felt the call again and groaned in anguish

Apparently unconcerned that her chauffeur was watching, the woman lifted the front of her dress, revealing her panty-less and smooth-shaven vulva, and slid the bulbous end up into her vagina so that the ivory shaft jutted out from between her hips like a hard white penis. At the same time the man had freed his cock from his trousers and was massaging it into full erection. He moved to unfold the car rug and place it over the hardboard but the woman stopped him.

‘We go standing and you ride up her rear,’ she told her partner. ‘She’ll need the extra stimulation.’

‘But I was going to use her mouth. She’s not been properly cleaned out or greased,’ he protested.

‘Darling,’ she said acidly, ‘he won’t wait. A little muck on your cock is the least of our problems if we don’t go now!’

Grumbling the man positioned himself behind Chloe, took hold of her hips and bent her forward, then forced his cockhead into her unwilling anus. She whimpered in pain as it slid all the way up into her tight dry rectum, tears sparkling in her eyes. Jane raged at the sight of her lover’s distress even as perversely she wished she was in her place. The man pulled Chloe upright, now impaled upon him, and braced her shoulders. The woman stood in front of Chloe, took hold of her hips and slid her ivory shaft into Chloe’s vagina.

Doubly skewered between the couple, Chloe twisted her head round in despair and confusion to look at Jane. Help me! she said mutely.

Then they began to pump into Chloe with vigorous energy, careless of her comfort, as if trying to make their shafts of flesh and ivory must meet inside. The pain melted from Chloe’s eyes as they rolled up in sudden wonder, overwhelmed by a power she could not resist. By reflex she began to

work her hips to meet the thrusts of her violators. The ivory shaft slid out of her glistening with an outpouring of her juices. Jane could smell the sweet scent of her unnatural arousal. She was gasping and moaning now filled with lust, desperate for the only release left to her; the only way out.

She threw back her head and shrieked. The three figures seemed to blur in a way that hurt Jane's eyes. And then they simply vanished, totally and completely, and Jane was alone in the garage with the chauffeur.

'And about fucking time,' she heard Higgs mutter to himself. He tugged at Jane's hair. 'Now what'll we do until they get back?' he asked rhetorically.

He dragged her over to the unused car rug and unfolded it across the concrete floor. Then he rolled Jane over onto the rug. He lifted her spread legs into the air and undid the leash from the spreader bar and then unclipped it from her ankle cuffs. He kicked her unresisting legs further apart and undid his flies, freeing a stiff thick shaft. Going down on his knees he mounted Jane, sliding easily into her sex that was still slippery from her unrequited desire. Then he began to ride her with hard, uncaring thrusts.

'Get used to it, girl,' he grunted as he pounded into her, 'there's a lot more of this to come!'

Jane was too dazed to resist him, frightened and confused, only half aware of what he was doing to her and feeling too wretched to care. What had she just seen? Had it been an hallucination or some kind of trick? Where had Chloe gone?

When Higgs was done he pulled out of Jane and got to his feet. She lay unmoving, his sperm oozing out of her red-lipped cleft and her legs splayed limply while her eyes stared up at nothing. He prodded her with his toe and she groaned and rolled up onto her side into a foetal ball.

'None of that,' he said, bending over to grasp her hair, 'you'll learn to keep me sweet or else...ugh!'

Jane had uncoiled, kicking him hard in the testes with all her strength.

As he doubled up cursing and clutching at his groin she rolled over backwards onto her feet, took a quick step forward and kicked him again with the heel of her foot slamming into his nose, feeling the crunch of breaking bone. As he jerked upright, grabbing at his nose which was spewing blood, she kicked him in the crotch again. He staggered backwards, hit the front of the car, slithered across the bonnet and slumped to the ground, choking and moaning feebly.

Jane sprinted for the double doors, twisted round to pull the big bolt back with her strapped hands, shouldered them open and ran out into the night...

‘... and I found I was in a narrow lane full of lockup workshops and garages like that one,’ Miss Newcombe said. ‘There was nobody about and I knew Higgs would not let me escape that easily so I ran. At the end of the lane I came to a proper street and ran right into the arms of a group of half a dozen teenagers on a night out who, contrary to the popular stereotype, could not have been kinder. They undid my straps, put a coat over me and called the police. I found out then that I was in Ealing not far from the West Coast line.

‘By the time the police came and I was able to retrace my steps to the lockup it was empty. There were some splashes of Higgs’ blood and traces of use, but no sign of the car or the couple or even the disc they’d put down under the board. There was enough physical evidence to convince the police that Chloe and I really had been abducted and assaulted, but not to prove the part about the phalluses or them vanishing. Well who’d believe such a crazy story? It was put down to a combination of shock and drink.

‘Where the couple were going that night I don’t know, except it was obvious they needed a suitable girl to act as their transporter in a hurry and used the box to find one. Why did they work out of that anonymous lockup? Perhaps they didn’t want others to be able to trace them back to where they lived. The car had been seen on CCTV between Teddington and Ealing but its plates were false and it wasn’t a standard model so it couldn’t be traced. All I know is the police never found them or Higgs, even though they had his sperm sample from inside me, and I’ve never seen Chloe again from that day

to this.'

Sue laid her head on her mistress's knee in sympathy and she gently stroked her hair. Miss Newcombe continued with her story.

'From what I've found out since, you can make any woman use a phallus to transit between realities, but it doesn't attract them beforehand if they have emotional bonds that bind them to their homes or families, and Chloe had plenty of those. Whereas I had no family ties or close personal relationships except with Chloe. And that night she was with me and it condemned her! If she hadn't been there then maybe I could have resisted the call. Or else I might have played their game and become their transit slave. But I was drunk and no use to them whereas Chloe was sober and passionate, even if she didn't have a taste for the kinkier side of sex as I did. And that's why all of you responded as you did to the phallus box you used. You had no strong personal ties to our reality and you had a desire or capacity for extreme sexual adventure, even if you didn't know it at the time.'

'What happened next?' Melanie asked.

'I returned to work while hoping every day that Chloe could be found. I also kept pestering the police, which was unfair as they're hardly set up to deal with this kind of incident. My mistake was, as I later realised, that I still insisted I'd seen Chloe and the man and woman vanish into thin air. That sort of crazy story doesn't help convince anybody of the truth. People began to think either I was trying to cover something else up or I had psychiatric problems. Also my relationship with Chloe's family had always been fragile. This convinced them there was something deeply wrong with me. Finally the pressure began to interfere with my work and I was put on indefinite sick leave. Effectively I was finished in the medical profession.

'However I wouldn't let the case drop, which only made things worse. I discovered that subtle pressure was being put on the authorities to shut me up. Filthy stories about my private life began to circulate and I realised some influential people were trying to discredit me.' She looked at Melanie. 'I think you've also had contact with people like them, or at least with their hired help.'

‘It sounds familiar,’ Melanie agreed.

‘I changed address and dropped out of sight but I was still determined somehow to find Chloe. The box with its distinctive dragon pattern design was my best lead. I searched through libraries and museums and the web and began to find oblique references to odd events concerning women and what must have been phallus boxes which only made sense if you accepted they were a means of moving between alternate realities. I still don’t know how they work. They might be “Eastern” but they don’t match with any oriental culture I could find. But whoever made them they’ve been around for a long time.

‘Anyway, after months of searching I found a single phallus box in a Portobello antique shop. I think there are many different versions and sizes of boxes, like different makes of cars. Some are even disguised. It took me a while to find its hidden catch and confirm it was what I thought. They don’t open for men, by the way. So I had physical proof but by then I was too wary to go back to the police with it untested. I didn’t trust anybody in authority so I had to work out how to use it by myself.

‘From what I’d seen of a phallus box being used and my later researches I’d got a rough idea what to do. I had the sense to transit at night so that wherever I ended up there was less chance me being seen and more chance to escape again if I was. Remember I’d have to recover from my orgasm and reset the phallus before I could get back home. I also took a camera to record what I saw so I could study it in detail later.

‘My first journey brought me to the local equivalent of Winchester, just outside of which, in our world, I was living at the time. The local fashions were easy to copy so I made further trips, interacting with the locals a bit more each time while avoiding being identified as an “outsider”. As soon as possible I visited a public library and learned the history of this worldline. This version of England seemed to be politically stable and advanced enough to be comfortable without the level of surveillance which would make insinuating myself into society impossible. I was startled by their attitude to slavery at first, though I admit also rather drawn to it. I prefer women to men as sexual partners and here, with slaves at least, such relations were commonplace. Also the people who took Chloe were obviously slave

owners so perhaps they had a link here, or maybe through owning slaves I could form some connection with them. Anyway I decided this would be my base for further exploration of other worldliness. I later found that many other key combinations brought me back here. Perhaps they're now "dead" box addresses and this is a relatively safe default destination. That would explain the number of outsider girls who arrive here accidentally.'

'That's why we came here when we fought over the box that first time,' Amber said to Melanie. 'I must have scrambled the settings so it chose the safe option.'

'That's probably the reason,' Miss Newcombe agreed. 'Anyway I had to find a suitable position in local society so I could earn a living and move about openly. I saw an advert for Matron at Cranborough School just outside Shaftwell, which seemed a nice quiet spot, and so I applied for the post. It's quite easy to fake local documents and certificates back in our world using scanners and digital manipulation. I've still got a few sympathetic friends there who do me favours without asking why and I don't burden them with the truth. It wouldn't be fair and might be dangerous. Anyway with their help I got the job.'

'Once I was established in my new life here I was ready to resume my search for some trace of Chloe or the couple who took her. Then I had a shock. My first transition took me to a wasteland populated with savages and I was lucky to get back alive. I had to accept that I might have to call on extra assistance, perhaps even a few strong male arms, if I was to continue. Even if I avoided savages, Melanie's experience proves the puzzle box users are not above using violence. But if I dared not risk involving anybody from my old life, who could I trust?

'Why did you want to look further for your couple, Mistress?' Amber asked. 'Wasn't it most likely they'd brought Chloe here, to this version of England?'

'I don't think so. They were dressed for some fancy occasion, but the fashion didn't match what they wear for parties here. They would have stood out as outsiders. I'm sure they were going somewhere else.'

‘I understand, Mistress.’

‘Then I realised that, properly handled, I could enlist the help of the senior boys. Jackson and his friends selected themselves after their encounter with Arabella and I began working on them. I knew they’d been spying on me in my room, so with a blend of charm, coercion and entrapment I planned to make them so indebted to me that I could call on them if necessary. I don’t mean while they were still at the school. I planned to maintain my links with them when they moved on. They were all from reasonably wealthy families and could expect to move into positions of modest influence, so they would make useful allies whose backgrounds I was sure of. I was planning for the long term, you see.’

‘What about getting proper local backup?’ Melanie asked. ‘Why don’t you confide in the Major? He understood when I explained how I had to do my duty. I’m sure he’d help you.’

Miss Newcombe smiled. ‘I know how much you respect him and in the past I have wondered about telling him to full truth. But up until now I’ve not been totally sure I could trust him. He was the wealthiest and most influential man in the neighbourhood and I suspect that’s just the position a box user would hold. Even if they didn’t bring Chloe here, how do I know they don’t have agents in this world as well?’

‘In any case you three turned up, bringing a three phallus box with you and your special talents: police training, burglary skills and the ability to transport large inanimate objects between worldlines. As soon as I realised how useful you could be I adjusted my plans accordingly. And here we all are.’

‘Were you sure we’d want to come back after you took us home, Mistress?’ Amber asked.

‘I could only hope you would, once you’d got a taste for life here.’

‘Why didn’t you tell me about all this before I returned Amber’s stash?’ Melanie asked. ‘Did you expect the box owners to behave the way they did?’

‘It was a possibility, nothing more. But if I had tried to convince you to act contrary to your sense of duty you still might not have agreed. You all had to make that decision in your own time and for reasons that made sense to you.’

She took a deep breath. ‘And now I have a request.’ She looked at Amber and Sue. ‘I’m not speaking as your mistress now and this is not an order. You understand the situation and why I have to continue my search for Chloe while maintaining my front as school matron. By simply being what you now are you’ll help me do that. But if there are times when I need special assistance, will you help me?’

‘You can count on me,’ Melanie said. ‘I’ve got to get some answers to this puzzle box business one way or another and you’re already clued up about it. And your friend was abducted, so it’s my duty to try to find her.’

‘You know I’ll help any way I can, Mistress,’ Sue said simply. She had seen the expression on Miss Newcombe’s face as she described the last time she had seen her lover. That sort of pain was impossible to ignore.

‘Of course I’ll help, Mistress,’ Amber said.

‘Thank you, all of you,’ Miss Newcombe said with evident feeling.

‘One thing, though,’ Amber added. ‘These box users seem to be wealthy types, right?’

‘I think the two go together,’ Miss Newcombe agreed.

‘So when we do run into them again, nobody would mind if I picked up the odd silver spoon along the way?’

## Chapter 20: Revelation

With the blackout glasses over her eyes once again, Belinda stumbled blindly along the woodland path with Jemima's arm linked through her left arm to guide her. Belinda's stomach was churning even more violently than it had the first time she had taken this journey. Not only did she know in graphic terms what to expect, but she also had a new and far more tangible secret to conceal.

In her right hand she carried a straw bag that she had earlier shown Jemima contained fresh panties, a flannel, cloths, talc and soothing cream to tidy herself up after the men had played with them. And indeed it did carry those items on top. But underneath was a paper grocers' bag taped to the top of a funnel whose nozzle projected through a small hole in the bottom of the bag. The nozzle tip was closed by a bottle top lid with a tape hinge and held shut by a rubber band. A length of fine black cord also attached to the lid ran up through the bag to the underside of one loop of its handle and under Belinda's fingertips. If she squeezed the cord it pulled the lid open far enough for a dry butter bean to drop from the bag onto the ground.

She dropped the beans at regular intervals as they went along and each time she felt the path turning or branching. She knew Jemima was checking for anybody who might be following them but she hoped she would not be looking down at the ground they had just passed over. Innocuous as they were the white beans stood out against the darker material of earth and dead leaves clearly enough to anybody who looking for them.

'Tell me when we're there,' she asked Jemima once again.

'Almost there,' Jemima said. 'You are eager today!' she added teasingly.

'Yes, really eager,' Belinda agreed.

That was true in a way. She was eager to get this whole disgusting

business over and done with, after which she hoped never to have to speak to either Arabella or Jemima again.

‘Nearly there,’ Jemima said.

Belinda felt the ground underfoot become more compact and gravelly. Now she knew it was only a few more paces. She counted and then stopped dropping the bean trail. A moment later they had stepped into the confines of the shed and she heard the door clang shut behind her like the crack of doom.

For a few minutes there was no movement outside the shed. Then a figure appeared by the gap in the hedgerow from which the path from the woods emerged to join the old lane that wound around the back of the gardens and orchard plots on this side of the village.

It appeared to be a tubby youth in a flat cap, an open-necked shirt tied with a bandana, an old stained jacket, baggy trousers and workman’s boots. The youth drew out a pair of binoculars and with them surveyed the trail of butterbeans that ran across and down the lane for twenty yards and then turned and stopped just short of the door to a large weatherworn shed with blacked out windows that was nestled amongst the brambles. Seeing no movement from the shed or along the lane, the youth dashed forward, snatched up the last few incriminating beans, then ran back to cover and settled down amongst the bushes opposite.

Arabella pushed back her cap and wiped her face with her bandana and adjusted the padding she had wrapped under her shirt to conceal the swell of her bust. A disguise had been essential if she was to move about Shaftwell without being recognised. Also her old loose clothes of brown and grey had provided additional camouflage while she had made her circuitous journey through the woods tracking Belinda and Jemima from a safe distance.

As she watched the door of the shed Arabella frowned as she tried to work out where they were relative to the more familiar main streets of the village. Of course, that would be Damson Lane over there. She could just make out its rooftops over the intervening trees and fences. That would mean that the shed was not far from the back of Jemima’s house. Perhaps her

family had some association with it. The sly girl was playing very close to home. No wonder it had been necessary to blindfold Belinda.

While she waited she pondered the news Belinda had imparted when they had met earlier to finalise their plans for the day. It had only emphasised her own frustrating situation.

It seemed that Amber Jones had been bought by Sister Newcombe, along with Doreen Knox. When the auction had been advertised Arabella had contemplated bidding for Amber herself, using Burdock or Style as fronts, to see if she could learn anything else about her kidnappers. But her funds were running low and she could not afford to spend money on a long shot. Apparently the girls were destined for some new educational project for the senior boys up at the school that the Sister was helping to run and which had been causing some local interest. Arabella resented the boys their use of Amber. She'd not been allowed slaves when she had been at school, so why should they? And when she had privately questioned Amber in the police yard she had seemed like a challenging girl to break.

And now Sister Newcombe had registered ownership of yet another slave for the school project: an outsider named Elizabeth she had found for herself, so costing her nothing. Some people had all the luck, Arabella thought bitterly.

She checked her watch once again. How long would the mystery men stay in the shed playing with their sex pets? She wondered what they were doing to them. If Belinda's last encounter was any guide they would be inventive...

Belinda was hanging naked from the beams of the shed while Jemima was being beaten on the bottom to encourage her into fucking her. They jerked back and forth, grunting and gasping about their gags while the sweat beaded on their bodies in the close musty air and the floor beneath them darkened with drip marks from their tormented and cruelly stimulated sexes. Belinda felt close to being in hell while Jemima's face showed a picture of ecstatic suffering as she savoured every minute of their ordeal.

Belinda's arms were stretched above her head with her wrists bound together. Her legs were spread and individually tied at the ankles which then hung from ropes tied to the next but one beam along, leaving her slung in the air rather like a hammock with her bottom lowermost. Jemima, also naked, stood between Belinda's wide-spayed legs. Her arms were also stretched above her head and tied to the beam between the two Belinda was slung between. This positioning brought their groins close together.

Jemima's vagina was plugged with one end of a double-ended phallus made from a length of thick old rubber hose with champagne corks in its ends driven through a hole cut through the middle of an old tennis ball. A dozen short pigeon feathers had been stuck into the tennis ball to form a crest running between the holes where the hose pierced it. The other end was driven deep into Belinda's gaping sex mouth.

It was possible for Jemima to step back and pull the double dildo shaft right out of them, but even if she'd wanted to this option was denied them. Their nipples were painfully clamped by small bulldog clips which were linked by strings and thick rubber bands. Every time Jemima pulled back their nipples were stretched, drawing their breasts out into soft unnatural cones. The pain and tension quickly drove them back together.

The masked men stood around them, suddenly lunging out of the shadows cast by the lanterns to swipe Jemima's bottom with a spanking paddle. She yelped and her slender hips thrust forward, driving the dildo shafts deep into each of them until they were both fully filled with the rubber and cork shafts and the tennis ball ground into their vulvas. Its stiff feather crest slid into their clefts, tickling and tormenting their swollen clitorises. The thrusts set Belinda swaying in her ropes only to return and drive herself back onto the dildo again. When Belinda did not swing back with enough force the men swiped their paddles from each side of her up into her hanging buttocks, which clenched as she yelped in pain, jerking herself up and onto the dildo until it pounded against the end of her passage and its feather crest riffled through her intimacies of her wet slot.

Smack, yelp, sway, groan. Again and again their stretched breasts alternated with their bulging pubic mounds. They were satisfying the male fantasy of seeing two women unwillingly make love until they orgasmed and

their captors were getting what they wished for.

They could not have guessed how unwilling Belinda truly was, but her will to resist was failing. She would have admitted she was a fake submissive if she could, except that now she was terrified by what the sinister men might do to her if they found they had been fooled. She could not fight it so she had to give in and seek the only pleasure there was left to her. She had to love this like Jemima did.

Belinda looked at her sex partner's eyes screwing up and then opening wide with delight at her degradation as each paddle slap stung her bottom. How red was it now? Was it hot to the touch? Were her own stinging buttocks pink now? Jemima was so very pretty and their hot wet sexes were connected so intimately and those feathers really were probing everywhere and her clitoris was throbbing and she could feel the elastic resistance of Jemima's breasts through her own clamped nipples with each tug of the cords. She could smell Jemima's arousal mingling with her own. This really was getting exciting and something was going to explode inside her...

Belinda bounced in her ropes and rammed her hips back into Jemima's as she came, drenching the feather studded tennis ball with her juices.

The men let them sway limply together for a minute as the spasms drained from their sweaty bodies. Then they dragged a small worn table over from the junk that piled up about the walls and slid it under Belinda.

Untying Belinda's arms from the ceiling but keeping her legs secured, they laid her down on her back across the table so that her buttocks overhung one end and her head the other. They pulled her arms out to the sides along the edge of the table top and tied her wrists to its legs. Bringing Jemima forward they retied her arms behind her back and then made her straddle Belinda's head, enclosing her cheeks with her soft warm thighs, and then bend forward. Belinda felt her body press down upon hers, her breasts pressing against her belly, until Jemima's face snuggled into her own sticky sex, even as Jemima's fragrant pussy sank down over her gagged mouth and her nose slid into her furrow. The men pulled Jemima's legs wide and tied her ankles to the lower ends of the table legs. They twisted her bound arms at

the shoulders, keeping them straight and pulling them upwards and tying them to the roof beam, the tension keeping her face firmly buried in Belinda's sex.

Now the pair of them were securely and bound head to tail and face to pussy, each forced to savour the other's most precious organ and inhale their most intimate scent. Then the men reached between them and took their ball gags off.

'Let's see you two sluts eat cunny!' the speaker growled. 'Lick each other clean or we spank you!' And the paddles swished against their exposed buttocks as a warning.

With little inhibition left and a sort of devil-may-care madness overtaking her, Belinda began to kiss and nibble and suck at the tender, juicy lovemouth before her even as Jemima delightedly reciprocated. She lapped and tongued its folds, probing deeper into its hot depths, overwhelmed by a mounting passion. She'd show them how good she was!

And then a hard male cock slid across her nose and plunged into Jemima's sex. Even as she flinched her head aside she felt another shaft ramming into her own pussy, making her eyes bulge. A hand slapped her buttocks. 'Don't stop!' So she didn't.

She licked the plunging shaft as it slid in and out of Jemima's slot and craned her neck and kissed its owner's hairy ball sacs as they slapped against her face with abandon. The man came with a grunt, pumping his seed into Jemima's clenching sheath.

He pulled his glistening shaft out and Belinda eagerly ducked forward to lap up the mess of female juices and sperm that tricked out of Jemima's hot slot over her face as though it was ambrosia sent from the Gods. Her own orgasm caught her by surprise and tore through her. Dizzy with delight she clenched on the cock that had given it to her and did not want to let it go. When it slid out of her Jemima's busy tongue comfortably took its place. Then another shaft penetrated Jemima's pussy and she fell to kissing it worshipfully once more.

The scent of raw sex was filling her mind like a drug and she did not want to think how she would feel when its effects wore off.

‘Say “thank you”, sluts!’ a voice boomed out.

‘Thank you, Masters!’ Belinda choked and slobbered past the pumping rod of flesh and its sopping, fragrant socket that she was tending so lovingly.

By then she almost believed it herself.

In her hiding place amid the bushes Arabella stretched and rubbed her stiff legs for the tenth time. They’d been in there over an hour. They were certainly getting good value out of Belinda and Jemima but she wished they’d hurry up. She rubbed the crotch of her baggy trousers feeling herself responding once again. She had been imagining what the men had been doing to their playthings, wishing she could be there, experiencing all that delicious, helpless fear and anticipation at first hand. Were their cocks big and hard, were they spanking her soundly while she strained against her straps until...

Arabella shuddered, feeling her panties getting wet. Damn them! How many times could they have her?

Just then the shed door opened and Belinda and Jemima, wearing their sunglasses, slipped out and walked away arm in arm, heading for the path through the woods. Amber smiled. It looked to her as if Belinda was walking rather stiffly suggesting she had been well used. At least if all went as planned she would not have to listen to her bleating about her suffering again. Then she turned her attention back to the shed.

Ten minutes later the door swung open again and five figures emerged. As she saw them it was all Arabella could do not to cry out in amazement. It was the five Cranborough boys she had set up for a fall before Easter! They were Jemima’s mystery men!

At a cautious distance Arabella followed Jackson and his friends through Shaftwell and back to school to see what else they might do. They looked innocent enough in their uniforms, just like any other boys visiting the village on a Saturday afternoon. But she now knew they were determined and ingenious schemers who had paid her back in full for the trouble she had caused them. Inwardly she burned with rage at the thought of what they had cost her. Well it was her turn once more and she would have her revenge!

She trailed them along Oakmead Lane and watched them pass School Cottage on the way to the school gates. Then they paused. Through the binoculars she saw they were chatting in a friendly fashion to Sister Newcombe who was out in her front garden. After a minute they proceeded on through the main gates.

That seemed to be it. She had her answer and now it was simply a matter of choosing the exact nature of her retribution. Except that Arabella hesitated, looking at the cottage with a frown. Sister Newcombe. Her name had been cropping up a lot recently, usually associated with slave girls. And now she seemed to be friendly with Jackson and his gang. Of course, she'd remained at the school to supervise them when they'd been serving their holiday detention. And hadn't Belinda said Jemima had been visiting her? Could that all be coincidence?

Arabella crossed the road and scrambled through the hedge into a field. Making her way along the hedgerow until she was almost opposite the cottage she found an oak tree with ivy growing thickly up its trunk, making it climbable. Keeping to the side away from the road she scrambled up and settled herself in a convenient fork in the branches. From her new vantage point she had good view of the front and one side of the cottage. Through her binoculars she scanned the scene closely.

There was Sister Newcombe in the front beside the path dressed in shorts and an old shirt with rolled-up sleeves, attending to some hollyhocks. She had quite a good body, Arabella noted. A flash of bare flesh in the small side garden drew Arabella's attention. She focussed on a brown-haired slave girl, naked except for a collar, gardening gloves and boots, hard at work digging over a flower bed with a fork. Arabella recognised Amber Jones. She still bore the fading marks of her mistreatment at the hands of her kidnappers.

Had the boys done that to her and then carelessly let her be found in the woods? But then they'd just seen her now without any show of surprise and coolly passed the time of day with her new owner. What was going on here?

She looked back at the front garden just as another slave in a maid's outfit and chains came out of the cottage door. This girl had bronzed skin, deep brown bobbed hair and a luscious figure. She was carrying a tray with three glasses of what looked like lemonade. She gave one to her mistress and then shuffled along the path around the house, moving with hobbled steps that made her plump bottom cheeks shiver, to Amber. She gave her the second glass and sipped from the last one herself as they chatted.

Arabella kept her binoculars on the maid, enjoying the view. Was this the new girl, the outsider? She seemed to be settling in quickly. Sister Newcombe was lucky because she was quite something. In fact she reminded Arabella of...

She stared, straining her eyes, mentally adjusting for her skin and hair colour. Could it be? Yes it was! It was Sue Drake!

The revelation hit her with almost orgasmic intensity, causing Arabella to cling to her perch, afraid she would fall off as the ramifications cascaded wildly through her mind.

Who did everybody in Shaftwell trust with their confidences? Who knew both Jackson's gang and Jemima? Who now owned two of the original outsider girls and was custodian of the reward money post office account of the third? Who had come out of the events of the last month with more status, wealth and personal slaves while she had been humiliated? The boys had simply been tools. The mastermind was Sister Newcombe!

Now Arabella knew who to take her revenge upon. And knowing *who* meant she also knew *how*.

## Chapter 21: Devices and Desires

It was Tuesday morning when Belinda next met Jemima on a seat by the village green. She saw the secret smile light up her face as she sat down beside her.

‘Wasn’t that amazing and so deliciously naughty on Saturday?’ Jemima said. I know you liked it because you had lots of orgasms.’ A deeper blush suffused her features. ‘And you tasted really lovely, your pussy, I mean. I just wanted you to know.’

Belinda steeled herself to smile back. ‘And you tasted lovely too,’ she assured her. ‘Look, do you want to come over to my house tomorrow after lunch and stay over? There’s a new... slave restraint device I’ve found that I think you’d be interested in trying out.’

Jemima’s face had lit up again. ‘Is it naughty?’

‘Oh yes.’

‘And a bit painful?’

‘A bit.’

‘Then I’d love to try it out.’

In a corner of the Equipment Room of the Markham Hall girlpack yard the exercise wheel turned smoothly on its well-oiled spindle, with the steady click of its revolution counter and tick of its timer marking its progress. Strapped within it was a naked and sweating Alison Chalmers.

The wheel was a drum of light wooden plank treads three feet deep and eight feet in diameter, extending from the side of a spoked wheel through the hub of which an iron axle was mounted. The axle was carried by a low sturdy “A” frame set on a low wheeled base. The other side of the wheel was

open, allowing its occupant to be put in place and observed without hindrance.

Extending from the axle boss into the interior of the wheel was a metal arm and right-angled rod like a crank handle, the offset of which allowed for different heights of its users. Alison's arms were crooked and pulled backward so that the rod could pass between the insides of her elbows and the curve of her back. Her wrists were cuffed and strapped across her belly while more cuffs about her upper arms were chained to rings set in the rod, ensuring she could not slip off its end and step out of the machine.

The arm and rod were hollow and through them a set of wires and pulleys were geared to the rotation of the wheel at the hub. These wires actuated two devices attached to the end and middle of the rod.

Extending from the middle of the rod back over Alison's haunches was a slender pivoted "Y" shaped metal arm with a pair of small spiked metal balls on its tips. These hung over her rolling buttocks and could be seen to rise and fall slightly as her pace varied. The second arm extended forward from the end of the rod, bent in a right angle and crossed in front of Alison's bouncing breasts. From it ran a pair of steel wires with spring clips on their ends that were clamped about her nipples.

As long as she maintained the pace that had been set on a dial on the axle hub relative to the rotation speed of the wheel, the spiked balls remained raised clear of her bottom and the nipple wires remained slack. But if she slowed down the wire clamps began to tug painfully on her nipples while the spiked balls dropped down onto her buttocks.

At the moment the sole observer of Alison's exertions was George Platt who regarded her efforts with deep approval, only a fraction of which he dared let show on his face. Trying to sound business-like he continued his explanation: 'A packgirl has to have endurance while she's running upright, both for hunts and track sport. That's a basic requirement. The wheel not only lets you examine her running action it lets you test her stamina with facts and figures, so you can build up a chart of her progress. Of course you can't always watch her for half an hour or more, so you set the machine up and leave it to monitor her. Then she has no choice but to complete her allotted

distance. It might seem a bit cruel but she has to get used to it.'

Alison's bottom already bore a few bloody pinpricks while her punched nipples were a dark pink. He did not want to damage her lovely flesh and yet at the same time he wanted any mark on it to be put there by his will, symbolising these brief precious moments when he had absolute power over her.

And yet she did not seem to realize this. Her pretty, flushed face was set in a look of studious attention as she took in his remarks while straining to maintain her pace. Sweat was already beading between her jiggling breasts and tricking down over her belly to sparkle in her pubic curls. She looked so earnest and lovely and alive, and yet she had no idea of the effect she was having on him. So near and yet so far, he thought bitterly.

There came an urgent knock on the door leading to the office, which caused Platt to curse under his breath. He unbolted the door and opened it a crack to see Billy Meddings holding the post in his hand

'You could have put it on my desk as usual, Billy,' Platt told him brusquely. 'I said I wasn't to be disturbed unless it was important.'

'But this one's special, Mr Platt,' Billy said excitedly. 'It's addressed to Her, Sir. Bitch Number Nine. Melanie.'

'What? Let me see...'

It was a letter bearing a local postmark and it was indeed addressed to Melanie, care of the Hall Packyard.

'All right, Billy, I'll deal with this.'

He shut and bolted the door and then opened the letter. He read it and then scowled.

It was almost unheard of for a pack girl to receive post. Pack girls should work in harness, serve in bedchambers or stay in their pens under lock and key. It wasn't natural to let them stand upright too often, unless for a race

of course, far less get dressed and roam about free. It might give them independent ideas. But Melanie was the Major's prize bitch and it was not his place to question his wishes regarding her.

He had to pass this on.

'I'll just be a few minutes,' he told Alison. 'You keep up to speed...'

Platt found Melanie in the gardens harnessed to a barrow that a gardener was loading with grass cuttings. He showed her the letter.

*The Post Office,*

*High Street,*

*Shaftwell.*

*Dear Miss Kingston,*

*A matter has arisen concerning your recently opened saving account which I regret requires your personal attendance. Since it would not be proper for customers to witness a bondsman engaging in matters of personal finance on post office premises, would you please call at my private house at 5 pm tomorrow (Wednesday) to resolve this problem. My address is Rose Cottage, Caldicotte Lane, which is the turning by the Church off the village green. Kindly be punctual.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*Elenora Skelton (Mrs)*

*Head Postmistress.*

‘I’m sorry, Mr Platt,’ Melanie said. ‘I can see this Mrs Skelton is not happy about this either but obviously I must go. I won’t let it spoil my training. I’ll do extra laps when I get back.’

He could not fault the girl for her dedication. ‘Well, we’ll see about that, girl. Just don’t be late.’

It was just before lunch when Belinda spoke to Arabella from the village call box. ‘It’s done. She’s coming as arranged.’

‘Good,’

‘You won’t do anything too bad to her?’

She heard Arabella chuckle. ‘It sounds like you’re going soft on her. Was that last session too intimate? Found yourself a lover, have you?’

‘No, of course not. But she’s so, well, nice.’

‘And yet she betrayed me,’ Arabella reminded her. ‘And they do say take an eye for an eye.’

Belinda put the receiver down.

Arabella was frightening her now. The threat of the anonymous letter had forced her to cooperate in all this miserable scheming and now she was in dangerously deep but she did not have the courage to defy Arabella outright. Nothing would deflect her from having her revenge, although Belinda did not see how she expected to get away with it. She was no longer sure how she herself could escape blame. The end was coming, one way or another.

## Chapter 22: Gathering in

Early Wednesday afternoon, Belinda went round to Jemima's house to collect her. As they walked back Jemima was clearly bubbling with excitement, pestering her about details of the device. Belinda kept telling her to be patient while she struggled to conceal her own nerves. She actually felt worse than the first time Jemima had led her through the woods to meet her mysterious friends. At least Jemima had been honest with her about what to expect.

She led Jemima round to the back garden gate of her house, turning her eyes away from the horse and cart waiting a few yards down the lane.

'I thought you'd want to see it straight away,' she said by way of explanation. 'We can take your things up to the house later,' she lied.

She opened the door of the gardener's shed and showed Jemima inside

Standing in the middle of the shed was an open narrow rectangular wooden box about the size of a coffin, but with no back or lid. Rows of holes had been drilled through its sides, which were hung with rope handles. Its inside faces were fitted out with several sets of straps and cuffs. An adjustable rod rose up from the middle of its base board with a rubber dildo on the end.

'Take you clothes off and step inside and I'll show you how it works,' Belinda said.

'Yes, Mistress,' Jemima said with servile delight.

Eagerly she stripped off and stood inside the box frame. Belinda cuffed her wrists and ankles to the box sides and buckled longer straps across her waist and loops around her knees and upper arms, pulling them tight so she was held in place by their tension and could not sway about. Her pink

nipples were standing up in excitement, she noticed. She put a thick leather collar about Jemima's neck, buckling it loosely so that it could not choke, and then used long straps to secure it to the inside top corners of the box so that it would help brace her upper body. Belinda bent down and adjusted the rod now jutting up between Jemima's strapped and spread legs, sliding the dildo up into her pretty pussy slit. Jemima sighed in delight as she was penetrated. Belinda took up a ball gag and fitted it into Jemima's mouth. Then she picked up a small sack and quickly pulled it over Jemima's head, so she did not have to look her in the face.

'I'm sorry, I have to do this,' she said, moving to the back of the shed and pulling out the lid of the box which she slotted into its recess, followed quickly by the lid. The lid and base already had nails driven halfway into their top and bottom corners. With a hammer she drove them into the ends of the blocks that braced the inner corners of the box sides.

From inside the box she could faintly hear Jemima begin to moan and struggle, but of course it was far too late. Belinda went to the shed door and opened it. Arabella was waiting for her, with Burdock and Styles in close attendance. The men were wearing black hooded masks over their heads, making them look even more sinister.

'She's ready,' Belinda said simply.

As Burdock and Styles carried the box with its living captive out of the back gate, Arabella smiled in satisfaction. 'I said she'd just step right into it. You see, it was no trouble at all.'

'Just go,' Belinda sobbed. 'I don't want to know what you're going to do, just keep my name out of it. I don't know how I'm going to face Jemima again.'

'You say masked mystery men threatened you with some unspeakable torment if you didn't hand her over to them,' Arabella suggested with a mirthless grin. 'As you can see I've put Burdock and Styles into masks now and it's emboldened them. No more foolish inhibitions about manhandling free women. Don't worry. For all Jemima knows they might be copycats following the boys' example. I can have them rough you up a little if you

want to make it look convincing. They know you enjoy that sort of thing.'

'No! Just go!'

Belinda slammed the shed door on Arabella's heels and collapsed sobbing onto the floor.

As Melanie made her way to Caldicotte Lane that afternoon she reflected on the oddness of the situation for both her and the Postmistress. She was probably breaking a lot of taboos by holding an account while being a bondslave and nice people did not mix with slaves as equals in a post office queue. She wondered what the law was for girls who held accounts and were then sold into slavery. Perhaps the accounts were simply frozen. You weren't earning anything as a slave but neither did you have any outgoings. She supposed she was being discriminated against by being forced to use the equivalent of the tradesman's entrance, but at least it was not on account of her colour. And she was privileged to be trusted to be let out on her own without even her collar. The Major valued her for what she was and to her that counted above all else.

Caldicotte Lane was a narrow, tree-lined winding road, with tiny picturesque houses peeping over the front hedges and fences on either side of it. There was a horse and cart beside the rose-trellised arched gate set in the high hedge of the cottage she was looking for. She opened the gate to find a couple of flat-capped workmen bending over the slabs of the path leading up to the front door. Beside them was a long coffin-sized box with a few tools and lengths of rope protruding from it.

'Excuse me, can I get past?' she said.

They parted without a word to let her through and then rose up on either side of her. They had their hands over her mouth to stifle her cry of alarm and were already forcing her down onto the ground before she realised that underneath their caps they had been wearing black masks.

George Platt was just finishing his paperwork for the day in the

packyard office when the housephone rang. It was Miss Martin, the Major's secretary, informing him she had received a call from Sister Newcombe saying that Melanie had come to her house to sort out the problem with her post office account and would be back later than expected or perhaps stay overnight.

Platt thanked her and put the phone down, glaring at Melanie's Post Office letter that still lay on a tray on his desk. 'Packgirls staying out overnight while they sort out their financial affairs,' he muttered to himself. 'What's the world coming to? So much for your extra laps, girl!'

Still, he mused, waiting up for Melanie would give him an excuse to introduce Alison to another aspect of bondslave life. For her further instruction, of course.

He went across to the kennels where Alison was securing the last of the bitches in their pens for the night.

'Come over to the office when you're done, Alison,' he said casually. 'There's a new training routine I'd like to go over with you...'

Ten minutes later Alison was naked and bent across his desk with her face and breasts pressed against the worn wood. Her arms were roped behind her back. A loop of rope across her neck fastened to unobtrusive ringbolts under the front lip of the desktop held her head down. More ropes about her ankles secured to ringbolts in the desk base held her legs spread. Her own balled up panties, held in place by a rope about her mouth, stuffed her mouth. Platt barely contained himself as he surveyed her perfectly presented pale and willing buttocks bent across his own desk.

'You don't need elaborate devices to put a packgirl in her place and give service and pleasure to her master,' he explained. 'In a domestic situation it only takes a few ropes and a simple ruler.' He held up the ruler in question. It was old, worn and stained with rounded edges. He had used it for this purpose many times before.

He smacked her bottom lightly with the ruler half a dozen times, savouring the delicate shivers that radiated out through her pliant bottom

flesh, until it was lightly blushing. Alison made delightful little whimpers of pain. Then he pried apart the warm soft mouth of her vulva and carefully slid one end of the ruler up into her vaginal sheath. Her pussy scent was like the rarest perfume. He stopped when the ruler showed it was eight inches deep. Then he gently stirred the ruler inside her, making her groan and her eyes grow wide in wonder at the stimulation of this unnatural object within her.

‘She is aroused but of course she cannot bring herself to climax,’ Platt said, letting go of the ruler and allowing it to remain jutting out of Alison’s by now glistening love lips. It twitched as she clenched down upon it, trying to squeeze the pleasure out of it. ‘She must learn simply to accept her situation and wait with patience while her master finishes his paperwork...’

It was just after seven thirty when Amber went to answer the door of School Cottage. She’d been working in the kitchen while her mistress was upstairs having a bath. She hoped it was not some problem at the school otherwise she’d have to put the dinner on hold. My, but she was getting domesticated. It must be the combination of chains and kitchen sinks.

‘Good Evening Sir...’ she began automatically. Then the door was pushed back out of her grasp, a large gloved hand was clamped over her mouth, forcing a rubber ball between her teeth even as she opened her lips to cry out. Then she was pushed back hard against the wall, staring into a masked face. She tried to fight back but he was too strong and she was hampered by her slave chains. Two other dark clad masked figures came through the door: another man and a woman.

While her attacker grabbed and twisted her chains, pulling her arms behind her back and forcing her down onto the floor, the other two stealthily climbed the stairs. As a hood was pulled over her head she heard the sound of a door banging open upstairs, the beginning of a cry of alarm from her mistress, the sound of a brief struggle and then silence. After a minute she heard footsteps descending the stairs, accompanied by the jingling of keys.

‘Thank you,’ said a woman’s voice. ‘I’ll need these.’

Sally Potts snuggled up against Sue's warm soft body. On the other side of Sue, Doreen Knox was snuggling in the other direction.

For sleeping purposes the three of them were sharing a single pen in the upper floor of the old stable block, lit by a single red nightlight. With all their blankets combined and their body heat it was very cosy, and they were only ankle chained so they were perfectly comfortable.

Even if she'd had not been restrained in any way Sally would not have tried to escape. She'd discovered it wasn't a bad life being a slave, as long as you had the right mistress. In exchange for light punishment, a bit of grovelling, sucking and screwing she got good regular meals, clean living, a roof over her head and security. Boys' cocks weren't hard to manage since at that age they came so quickly and were just pleased to have any soft welcoming orifice to shoot their seed into. And Sally was not alone. Doreen had settled in fast and was helping Sue and her share the work. When Amber was fit they'd rotate so she could go back to the cottage for a spell.

Her Mistress had been right weeks ago when she said some of her respectability would rub off on her if she became her maid. And she was teaching the boys to treat them with respect, which was more than Sally had known from most people in her short eventful life. When she and her sister model slaves were heavily bound for demonstration purposes the boys even had to wipe their pussies and bottoms for them. At such times she tried to look both pathetically grateful and a touch shamed to give them a thrill of power, while actually she was chuckling inside. It was quite a turnaround for a ragged vagrant who'd been living from hand to mouth just a month ago.

It was as she was drifting off to sleep that she heard the stair hatch being unlocked and swung open and then somebody clambering up into the loft. Sally and the other girls stirred sleepily, wondering who it was. They thought they were done for the day.

They could not see the hatch from where they were secured, only hear feet advancing along the floor. Then a bright torch shone in their faces.

'That's the one, in the middle!' she heard a woman say. 'Secure the other two so they can't raise the alarm.'

## Chapter 23: The Ordeal

Melanie blinked and squinted as the hood was pulled off her. She could at least see now but a ball gag was still plugging her mouth, reducing her growls of protest to indistinct grunts.

She found herself looking into the pale gagged face of Jane Newcombe. Melanie had known she was not alone when the men had taken her out of the box they had used to carry her here in and strap her in place. She had heard muffled and distressed female voices about her as the men had pushed blobs of lubricating jelly up her rectum with their large rough fingers. But only now did she see who she was sharing that same fate with and realised how bad their situation was. To either side of Jane were Amber, Sue and Jemima, shaking their heads and blinking as their hoods were pulled off in turn. Like Melanie they were also naked, gagged and bound.

The five of them were confined within a frame of wooden posts and beams roughly nailed together, some seven or eight feet across and about the same high. It had a base of six struts radiating out in a symmetrical star tied together at the ends with flat planks to form a hexagonal ring. From the ends of these struts angled posts sloped inward to a second smaller hexagonal ring of beams, braced by another inner strut star. Nailed to this upper ring and to the lower ends of the posts were lengths of buckled leather belts, to which their wrists and ankles were strapped.

They stood on the ring of planks with their legs spread wide, hanging from their strapped wrists above their heads and leaning inwards with their backs dipped and haunches outthrust. These strained postures were forced upon them by bulldog clips that had been clamped to their nipples and tied down to the radiating base struts, stretching their breasts downwards and in towards the middle of the frame.

The frame stood on a floor of old mouldering hay that filled the air with its must. Enclosing them were the dark post and rough plank walls of a barn, hung with hurricane lamps. Beside one of these lamps stood two

hulking men, both stripped to the waist with black bandit hoods covering their faces. They carried lengths of bamboo cane and were eyeing the array of helpless female flesh before them with evident lecherous interest.

‘I’ll take your gags out in a moment,’ a woman’s voice said from behind Melanie. ‘But don’t bother screaming for help. There’s nobody to hear you at this time of night out here. However do feel free to scream from pain at any time. Or you might like to try begging for mercy. It won’t do you any good, of course, but I’d just like to hear you trying.’

Melanie knew that voice only too well and it sent a shiver down her spine, even as she twisted round to try to see the speaker.

Arabella strode into view. She was wearing a long, buttoned, black coat and riding boots and carried a crop. She had a black silk mask tied across her eyes which covered her face from brows to upper lip, but there was no doubt it was her.

She walked round the ring of her captives, idly stroking their bottoms and tickling their pubic pouches. ‘Five pretty maids all in a ring,’ she said. Then she smiled and patted Jane Newcombe’s bottom. ‘Or should I say four maids and one Matron? You see I know all about your little gang.’

Jane was shaking her head and trying to speak. Arabella reached round and pulled out her gag, letting the ball hang from its rubber cord about her neck

‘Miss Westlake, this is very a foolish and irresponsible act,’ Jane said. ‘You may think kidnapping these bondslaves is just petty theft, but Jemima and I are free women. That’s a serious crime.’

‘But I’m not Arabella Westlake,’ said Arabella simply. ‘No, Arabella is staying with friends in the north. Everyone knows that. I’m Nemesis, the masked avenger.’ She laughed. ‘There are so many masked mystery men roaming about Shaftwell right now I thought one more wouldn’t hurt. And you know it’s very liberating wearing a mask. You can do anything you want to people.’ Her voice suddenly became harsh and for a moment her rage showed. ‘Such as stripping them naked and tying them up and shaming them

in front of all their friends! Do you know what that does to somebody? It changes them so that they...' She took a deep breath and continued in a more even tone: 'So you mustn't complain, because it was you who started it. Poetic justice, really, that it should end like this, but very necessary.'

By now Melanie was wondering if Arabella had gone slightly mad. She'd been callous enough before but now she was clearly obsessed with revenge. Her stomach churned in fear at the thought of what she might do.

'Whatever grievance you might believe you have against us you still can't get away with this,' Jane persisted, trying to sound reasonable. 'We'll be missed.'

'But not for hours at least and maybe not all night,' Arabella said. 'That's how I arranged it, which means there's plenty of time for justice to be served and revenge to be enjoyed to its full. I considered punishing the boys, but they're only your tools, aren't they, Sister? Anyway when they find out what happened to you and realize it was their fault they'll be punished enough. As should all spies and traitors!'

By now Jemima was crying and shaking her head. Arabella moved round to her and pulled her gag out. 'Have you anything to say for yourself?'

'I... I'm so sorry,' Jemima choked. 'Don't blame them for what I did.'

'But I do,' Arabella assured her. 'And I used your naïve stupidity to help trap the rest of you.' She glanced across at Jane. 'You didn't know your boys were dressing up in their masks again and playing private slave games outside school with Jemima's connivance, did you? And they thought Belinda wanted to play as well. You should never have trusted her, although I have to say she appears to be regretting it now. Pity. If she'd been stronger she could have been here now and watched you get what you deserve. But it seems nobody has the stomach to do what they know is right anymore. Anyway, we'd better get on. Judging by the bulges in their trousers my associates are eager to begin. Have any of the rest of you got anything to say first?'

She went round pulling out Melanie, Sue and Amber's gags.

'If this is about me beating you in that fight in the kennels then let's keep it between us two,' Melanie said, biting her lip against the pain of her clamped nipples.

'Do you think you can beat Arabella again?' Arabella asked, stroking Melanie's taut smooth back as though to assess its strength.

Melanie clenched her fists. 'Just give me the chance.'

'Perhaps. We'll see. Anybody else?'

'I put the boys up to it,' said Amber. 'Stealing Sue from you, luring you to the playhouse, the lot. Don't get these people involved.'

'How noble and self-sacrificing,' Arabella said. 'But then why do you now belong to our good Sister, and why is she setting up a harem for the boys at the school and bringing Sue, *Arabella's rightful property*, back under a false name and pretending she belongs to her? And she's even custodian of this brown bitch's reward money. No, I can see now who the real power is here.'

'Then punish me if you must,' Jane said. 'If the boys and these girls have been working under my direction, as you seem to believe, then I'm responsible.'

'If you want me back so much, take me and let the others go,' Sue said. 'I'll be your slave. I'll do anything you want.'

'No, Sue, don't!' Amber said.

Arabella gave a derisive laugh. 'You're all so ready to sacrifice yourselves. But that's not the way it works because you are all guilty one way or another. Now I want you to see each other suffer. That's the payback for what you did to Arabella! I want to see you all beg for a screwing, so you understand what it's like to be humiliated.' She gestured to the two waiting men. 'Do it just like I told you...'

The men came forward, grins showing beneath their masks. They unbuttoned their flies and freed straining erections and heavy ball sacs. They stroked their shafts, showing their girth off to their captives while swiping their bamboos through the air.

‘You want a piece of this, bitches, you gotta beg us for it!’ they taunted them in delight. ‘Until you get these up you we’ll tan your arses raw!’

And they began to swing their bamboos with vicious delight across the circle of five upturned and defenceless bottoms, dodging round the frame and laying their canes about them with wild abandon, sending shockwave ripples through smooth female buttock flesh and leaving burning crimson stripes of skin in their wake. Yelping and gasping in pain the women jerked forward in an automatic response to escape the searing blows. But as they did so they pulling agonisingly on their clamped and tethered nipples, trapping themselves between twin torments. The air became thick with the hiss of canes and the crisp smack of soft yielding flesh. Five sets of buttocks clenched in reflex while heaving breasts were stretched into unnatural shivering cones.

As Melanie reeled in pain, straining at her straps, she suddenly thought: Why am I being brave? She was a trained Markham packgirl and had no shame or false pride to protect. If a screwing was less painful than a beating then she would beg for it and preserve her body as intact as she could for its rightful owners. Nobody else would suffer if she demeaned herself. Perhaps Arabella didn’t understand the strength being a slave gave her.

‘Fuck me, Masters!’ she shouted. ‘I want your cocks up inside me! Please screw me!’

Rough hands took hold of her hips and she gasped as she felt a hard rod of flesh ram into her vagina with brutal delight. She yelped as she was driven forward by the force of the thrust, stretching her brown breasts. But she was not being beaten which meant it was one source of pain less to cope with.

She heard Sue and Amber pleading for their abusers’ cocks almost together, and then Jemima began to beg. The swish of the canes was suddenly

replaced by the grunt of men pumping into pussy sheathes. Her user pulled out of her, leaving Melanie feeling empty as he moved round to pleasure Jemima. She heard Jane plead: 'Please screw me!' and saw the man who had been up Sue shuffle round to her, while the other man pulled quickly out of Jemima and moved on to Amber.

'Say "Thank you"!' Arabella commanded.

'Thank you, Master!' they gasped as the men pumped into them.

A few pokes in each hole and then they move on, spreading the shame around and letting them know they were simply there to be used. They had become a circle of blushing, increasingly raw-edged sex slots, miserably eager to be used. By instinct and self-defence their juices were flowing and dripping on the straw. The same juices were being passed around the circle from one hole to the next on the men's cocks, which by force of will had yet to spurt. They knew the cocks they felt pounding so briefly up inside their vaginas had been in the others but that did not matter. They were all sisters in suffering now and at least their simmering buttocks were being spared. The torment was they were not inside them long enough for them to gain real pleasure. But then this was all about Arabella's twisted pleasure and not their own.

'Now have them up their bum holes!' Arabella said. 'I want to see bruises!'

The men pulled out of Amber and Sue's slots that they had been occupying and drove into their tightly crinkled but already greased anuses. The girls squealed as they were violently broached, causing their bottoms to bulge. As the cocks thudded into their tight and unwilling rectums they were thrown against their nipple tethers once again. After a few thrusts into each tender orifice the men pulled their glistening shafts out of the sucking anal mouths and moved round the circle and plunged into the next available bottom.

Suddenly one of the men groaned: 'I can't hold it!'

'Inside the Matron!' Arabella snapped. 'Quickly!'

He stumbled round to Jane, took hold of her hips and rammed his shaft up her rectum. Melanie saw her face contort as he plugged her rear passage to its painful limit and then with a grunt spent himself deep in her entrails. No sooner had he emptied his balls then his partner was pulling him out of the way, his cock coming out of Jane's greased bottom with an audible sucking sound, and ramming his brimming manhood into Jane's vagina. In seconds he had also ejaculated and with a sigh of relief pulled out of her, wiping his cockhead clean on her sore bottom. As Jane sagged limply from her bound arms sperm began to drip between her spread legs from her doubly violated orifices.

Triumphantly grinning, Arabella took hold of Jane by the hair and pulled her head up so she could look into her eyes. 'I hope you can feel their spunk inside you, and the juices of your fellow sluts. That's what you get for plotting against Arabella, understand?'

Jane nodded, too shocked to speak. The other girls could only look on helplessly. By now they were a miserable bunch of captives with their tethered breasts heaving, filmed with sweat, legs trembling, pussies and rectums bruised, bottoms blazing, backs and shoulders aching. And they knew their ordeal had only just begun.

'You sluts liked that, didn't you?' Arabella said with contempt. 'It's all you're good for. Even Matron got a bit of a thrill having a common cock or two up her privileged pussy hole. Well now we'll try something else...'

At her command the two men began dragging objects out of a shadowy corner and arranging them side by side facing one wall of the barn. They were roughly made chairs set on flat wooden platforms. They had high backs, no proper seats except for narrow ledges down the sides, widely splayed front legs and were well hung with restraining straps. Behind each of the chair backs was a curious mechanical contrivance that Melanie could not make out clearly from her angle of view.

One by one, all the captives except Melanie were unstrapped from the frame and dragged across to the chairs, whimpering as the circulation painfully returned to their squeezed purple nipples. They now saw close up the devices beneath the empty chair seats and hanging on their sides and

began to moan and struggle but they could not prevent themselves being strapped rigidly into place with their legs spread wide. Straps across their foreheads held their heads upright and facing forward.

It was as she realized that only four chairs had been set up that the men came for Melanie. They unstrapped her and took her instead across to the wall opposite the chairs. Here she saw a long rope had been passed over a pulley block hung high up on the end of a roof beam. On one end of the rope was tied a block of building stone resting on the ground while on the other was a leather harness. The men buckled the harness onto Melanie, strapping her wrists behind her back and binding longer straps over her shoulders and crossing them between her breasts and about her waist, so that she could not slip out of it.

Melanie examined the rope and pulley arrangement. She could move as far as the rope leash allowed, as long as she could lift the stone counterweight as she did so. At the moment the stone was secured with a short rope and hook to the side of a wall post, but once it was free it looked as though it was long enough to allow her to reach the line of chairs. But why had she been separated from the others like this?

Meanwhile the two men had gathered up their coats and hats and put them on. Arabella handed over some banknotes to them. 'Well done,' she told them. 'That will be all for now.'

They touched their caps respectfully and went out of the barn to their cart parked outside. As Arabella dropped the latch bar back into place the women heard the cart clip-clop away into the night. She came back from the door casually unbuttoning her coat and then tossing it aside. She was wearing nothing underneath and stood before them naked from the top of her boots to her mask.

Arabella's skin was creamy, her breasts pale and proud, her buttocks strong and smoothly rounded and her pubic curls were as golden as the hair on her head. Even caught up in her fear Melanie thought: God she looks hot!

'There, that's better,' Arabella said, smiling brightly, tucking her riding crop down the side of one boot. 'All girls together now. We've nothing

to hide, have we? Except for your deceit and treachery, of course. You did your best to hide that but you weren't clever enough. And now you've got to pay for it.'

Melanie saw Jemima was biting her lip to stop from crying openly. The others said nothing, fighting to control their fear. They knew it was pointless to beg. Arabella was beyond reason.

'I expect you're wondering how this is going to work,' Arabella continued, walking round behind them and tapping the mechanisms attached to the backs of the chairs. 'Well this is my version of an indoor thistle ride. At the top, you see, is a big bucket full of sand with a corked funnel in its base. When opened the sand will pour down and fill and turn the cups on this paddle wheel that works through a ratchet that cranks up these sprung arms on either side of the chair holding these posies of nice spiky thistle which will be smacked against your breasts. To make proper targets of them I'll just wrap these straps about their roots....'

She moved between the chairs binding thin leather straps about their breasts until they bulged into trembling pink mushrooms. Then she positioned the thistle bundles so they rested against the fronts of their breast over their nipples.

Arabella continued as if giving a lecture: 'Then the sand pours down into this lower bucket with sits on this treadle lever. As it sinks it pushes this rod upwards.' She indicated a rod sliding through a vertical sleeve that was positioned below the empty seats in line with their buttocks. The rod tip was formed of a series of wooden beads with a hole drilled through their centres on which they were threaded. They were mounted in increasing size from half an inch to two inches across. 'These will go up your bottom holes, of course. They might feel a bit hot because they're smeared in mustard. I'll just line them up...'

She crouched in front of the chairs adjusting screw fittings and winding the rods up until the smallest bead of each stack was jammed into their greased anal mouths. Jemima gasped and whimpered as the stinging bead began to burn in her sore anus.

‘Of course you’ll fight them but the weight of the sand will increase and keep pushing them up inside you one bead at a time. Now as you can see running up in front of the rod is this lighter sprung arm with a nice fat sprig of holly tied to it. The boys introduced Arabella to the joy of having holly stuck up her pussy so I thought I’d return the favour. As each bead goes in there’s a ratchet which will swing the holly back and give you a smack with it. As the rod rises higher there’ll be more prickles to kiss your pussy mouths, which I think should be open wider to get the full effect...’

Arabella pulled pairs of rubber cords with wire hooks on their ends round from the sides of the chairs, drew them over and under their splayed legs and hooked them about the outer lips of the four captive vulvas. The women gasped as their labia were pulled painfully wide, exposing their vulnerable pink sex valleys with the delicate ridges of their inner lips, the mounds of their clitorises and the dark mouths of their vaginal wells, still red and gaping from their recent hard usage. And now just in front of them stood the threatening, needle-spined holly sprigs.

‘I’m sure you’re wondering by now where Melanie fits in,’ Arabella said. ‘Well it will work like this. I’m going to pull the corks and start the sand flowing and then I’ll release the tie holding down the stone she’s roped to. It will take about ten minutes for all the sand to run through into the bottom bucket, by which time I expect you to be quite uncomfortable.’ She pulled her riding crop from her boot and swished it through the air. ‘That’s the time Melanie has got to get past me and save you. She can undo a wrist strap with her teeth or something. I’ll leave the details up to her.’

Melanie gulped. This was a twisted recreation of the fight in the kennel room back at the hall that the boys had forced between them. Except now the odds were heavily stacked in Arabella’s favour and with what was at stake she could not refuse to fight. But it was a mockery of a rematch.

‘You call that a fair fight with her strapped up like that?’ Amber said.

‘No, I call it a fight on my terms because I am master here,’ Arabella replied. ‘Life is not fair! Would you rather I left her tied to the wall so you had no chance at all?’

Amber did not reply. Arabella went round the backs of the chairs and pulled the corks from the bucket funnels. The sand began to hiss softly into the paddle wheel cups. Then she crossed to the wall and undid the rope holding down the counterweight, stepping quickly away from Melanie.

Melanie edged towards Arabella, leaning forward as she pulled the counterweight off the ground, setting the pulley squeaking. How was she supposed to fight her with her arms tied and hauling this weight that upset her balance? But she had to try. She feinted to the left and then lunged right. If she could get side on to Arabella perhaps she could shoulder her to the ground. But she was too slow. Arabella stepped aside and swiped her crop across Melanie's exposed breasts, sending her staggering backwards gasping in pain.

The chair paddle wheels began to click round. One by one the thistle sprays swung back and smacked the array of bound breasts. The women yelped as the spikes stabbed into their tender flesh. As they pulled back they left a few spines embedded in their nipples.

Melanie tried to kick at Arabella's shins, but she skipped backwards out of range.

The burning anal rod popped a larger bead up into Amber's rectum, forcing its way past her anal sphincter. A glossy green holly sprig smacked into her open sex and she gritted her teeth to stifle a shriek of pain.

Back and forth Melanie dodged and dived, trying to get past Arabella, the counterweight pulling her backwards, she straining forwards, dragging the rope over the squeaking pulley.

The captives' strap-bound breasts were going purple. Where the thistle spines had dug deep there were spots and trickles of blood.

Melanie tried to head-butt Arabella but she ducked aside and swiped the crop across her back.

Jane gasped as two beads slipped past her straining anal sphincter in quick succession and filled her bottom even deeper burning mustard. Her

groan of pain was punctuated by sharp yelps as the full spread of her holy sprig smacked twice into her peeled-wide vulva.

Melanie managed to connect with a kick against Arabella's wrist, knocking her crop from her hand. Melanie tried to barrel past but Arabella tripped her up. By the time she had scrambled to her feet Arabella had recovered her crop.

Tears streaked Sue's cheeks and dripped onto her full breasts that by now looked like purple melons bristling with thistle spines, bouncing and shivering as she jerked at her straps.

Arabella swiped her crop across Melanie's stomach, making her double up in pain.

Jemima shrieked as the holly smacked into her stretched pussy mouth, digging its prickles into her elastic pink sex lips. The fear and pain became too much and hot pee hissed from her cleft onto the straw.

Arabella swung her crop up between Melanie's legs to smack with agonising force into her bare pubes. Melanie yelped, staggered and fell over backwards, pulled over by the counterweight that thudded back down to the ground.

By now Jane, Amber, Sue and Jemima were all writhing in their straps as their rectums were half filled with burning mustard-coated bead rods. Their anal mouths were stretched alarmingly wide while the sand continued to pour into the lower buckets, building up the pressure on their bruised and simmering rears. Their groans and whimpers of pain filled the air of the barn and they gazed helplessly at the fight between Melanie and Arabella through tear-filled eyes.

'Can't you do better than this?' Arabella taunted Melanie as she staggered to her feet with dust and hay stalks in her hair and plastered over her sweaty body. 'I expected more of you.'

'Let them go!' Melanie pleaded.

‘Make me!’ Arabella retorted. ‘Unless you do I’m going to really hurt them. That’ll be on your conscience. Do you want that?’

And then Amber cried out, her voice cracked with pain: ‘You can beat her, Mel. *Because she wants to lose!*’

Melanie saw a flicker of alarm or perhaps even fear cross Arabella’s face and she half turned to shout something angrily back at Amber. For a moment she was off guard and in that split second Melanie lunged, twisted and kicked with all her strength. Her heel connected cleanly with Arabella’s jaw. She spun round off her feet and thudded to the ground unconscious.

Sobbing with relief Melanie ran toward the chairs and their row of squirming, agonised occupants. Two yards short she was jerked over backwards as her tether rope grew suddenly taut. Dizzily she looked round. A strand of the rope where it passed over the pulley had unravelled, jamming the wheel. She scrambled to her feet and backed up but the rope went slack and the jam would not clear. The stone block dangled too high for her to pull it down from the other side. She lunged forward again, trying force the jam through the wheel, but it would not budge.

She looked despairingly into Amber, Sue, Jemima and Jane’s tear-filled eyes as the holly sprigs smacked harder against their naked sexes, the burning beaded rods forced their way higher inside their rectums and thistle sprays beat across their bulging, purple breasts. She was going to have to watch them suffer. How badly would they be hurt before the sand ran out? ‘I’m sorry!’ she sobbed.

With a thud and crash the barn doors bowed inwards as they were struck heavily from outside and the latch bar burst out of its catches. The doors flew wide and the Major, Platt, Jackson and his friends, all waving cricket bats like clubs, charged into the barn looking ready for a fight.

The bizarre scene brought them up short.

‘Oh, Arabella, what have you done!’ the Major exclaimed in heartfelt dismay.

## Chapter 24: The Harvest of Revenge

Half an hour later the five women were seated together on the straw bales in a corner of the barn, as comfortably as their sore bottoms allowed, huddled under the Major's carriage blankets.

They had pulled the worst of the thistle spines from their bodies and water had been brought from a nearby horse trough to douche their mustard-filled rectums. Platt had been sent back to the hall to bring back another carriage to transport them all home. While the boys stood guard over a groggy Arabella, the Major was still apologising profusely to Jemima and Miss Newcombe, while trying like a gentleman not to look at the intimate bare parts of them that the blankets did not quite cover.

'I blame myself for not taking a firmer hand with her earlier,' he said. 'To treat bondslaves like this is bad enough, but to inflict such appalling suffering and indignities on two decent free women is utterly beyond my understanding. How can I ever apologise?'

'Well I don't blame you in the slightest, Major,' Jane Newcombe said. 'We're just pleased you arrived like the Seventh Cavalry in the nick of time. How did you find us?'

'By roundabout means,' he admitted ruefully. 'Alison Chalmers, my kennel maid, you know, chanced to see a letter on Platt's desk supposedly sent to Melanie from Mrs Skelton, asking her to come to her house to sort out some matter to do with her post office account. Alison's a bright girl and she wondered why the postmistress would ask Melanie to go to her house at a time when she would still be at the post office and there would be nobody at home, since she's a widow. Platt then checked on a call, apparently made from the school saying Melanie had then gone on to your cottage, and found they knew nothing about it. Alerted, Mr Speers went down to School Cottage and discovered signs of a struggle and you and Amber gone. Checking the grounds they also found the old stables unlocked, Elizabeth here missing and Sally Potts and another slave gagged and bound.'

‘Please, Major, are they all right?’ Sue asked anxiously.

‘They’re fine, girl,’ he assured her.

Melanie saw him frown at Sue as he spoke, perhaps wondering if he’d met someone very much like her once before, which of course he had. But the moment passed. Tonight was not the time for further mysteries.

‘It was Sally who said she was sure the voice of the masked woman who seemed to be masterminding the abduction was Arabella’s,’ the Major continued. ‘By that time I had driven over to the school with Platt and heard her statement. I said that was impossible because Arabella was staying with friends in Northumberland but she was adamant. She has spirit that one. The senior boys had been helping in the search and young Jackson over there suggested we question Jemima and Belinda Jenkins, who had been close to Arabella in the past and might know something. These plucky lads insisted on coming along in case we met up with the mystery woman’s henchmen on the way and because they seemed to have a great deal of concern for your safety, Sister, not to mention that of their school slaves. As there was no time to alert the police I agreed. At Jemima’s house we found she was supposed to be staying over with Belinda, but when we checked she was not there. However Belinda was in quite an emotional state and broke down. In confidence she confessed that Arabella had been blackmailing her into finding out who was responsible for her recent humiliation so she could exact revenge. For some reason she had determined it was you, Sister, and Jemima, and that these bondslaves were also somehow implicated. Belinda told us the location of this barn and so we made for Lower Boxley as fast as we could.’

‘You haven’t told Constable Bailey about any of this yet?’ Jane Newcombe asked.

‘There’s been no time. Of course I understand you’ll want to press charges. But first you must have medical attention. I’ll rouse Doctor Gideon as soon as we get back.’

‘I’m sure Mister Platt can take care of us,’ Jane said. ‘I understand he’s had plenty of practice treating injuries that Arabella has inflicted.’

Melanie could see Jane Newcombe's keen mind calculating the consequences despite what she had just been through. She was certainly a determined woman. She glanced at Melanie, her eyebrow raised slightly. Melanie smiled and nodded.

'Sometime soon, Major, we must have a long talk about certain matters,' Jane said. 'But for now I suspect you would prefer that Arabella's recent activities were not made public, for the sake of the family name.'

Melanie saw hope flicker in his eyes. 'Of course, Sister, but this is too serious to ignore.'

'I don't mean we ignore it, Major, or that she goes unpunished, only that we adjust the facts slightly.'

'But too many people know something serious has occurred,' he pointed out, 'both at the school and Jemima and Belinda's homes. They'll want to know who was behind it all.'

'We can put it down to one last escapade of the masked slave theft gang, who you and these brave boys have just heroically chased out of the district with sore heads to be seen no more,' Jane suggested. 'I'm sure Belinda would go along with such story if she's made to seem more of a victim than a collaborator.' She looked across at Jackson. 'You'd be willing to support such a story, wouldn't you, Antony?'

The boys suddenly looked unusually contrite for potential heroes. 'Yes, Sister,' he said meekly.

'But what about Miss Moncrief?' the Major asked, looking sorrowfully at Jemima.

Melanie saw understanding growing in Jemima's eyes, but she had one reservation. 'I will as long as Arabella can't hurt anybody else ever again like she has us,' she said firmly.

'But what can I do with her?' the Major said. 'I can't keep her locked up in the Hall without good reason. That would make a nonsense of the

whole scheme. Yet she's clearly not safe to leave unsupervised.'

Melanie said gently: 'I think Amber knows what we should do with her, Master.'

'Arabella was deliberately forcing the situation to its limits, Major,' Amber explained. 'You know she loves being as close as possible to abject slaves, to experience their pain and fear and submission. Well if you think about it there's one stage further she could go, except that her upbringing wouldn't permit it. She kept going on about masks being liberating and talking about herself in the third person, like she was separating herself from her past. I think she was making the transition from master to mastered in the only way her pride would allow, maybe not even admitting it to herself. She wanted to lose so somebody else would make the big decision for her.'

'Ahh...' said the Major gravely as he caught her meaning. 'Yes, I think begin to see now. I have heard of cases like this.'

They all turned to look at Arabella, who was now sitting huddled up in a corner with her face in her hands. Melanie got up and walked stiffly over to her.

'You know the only way out for you now?'

'I know,' Arabella said in an uncharacteristically meek voice.

Melanie extended one foot. Arabella bent over on her hands and knees and kissed it humbly. 'Thank you for beating me,' she said.

'But I still can't keep her at the Hall,' the Major said.

'I can take care of her,' Jane Newcombe told the Major. 'If we change her appearance nobody else need know. Just say she's travelling abroad for a year or two.' She looked at the Cranborough boys. 'Don't worry, they won't tell.'

Sue asked: 'Major, does Arabella have a middle name she doesn't use much...?'

# Epilogue: A New Girl

A week after that exciting night Cranborough School was getting back to normal.

Constable Bailey had investigated and taken statements, but admitted there was little likelihood of catching the gang now. However after the shook they'd had they would probably give Shaftwell a wide birth from now on, and, as Bailey said: good riddance to them! Meanwhile Jackson and his dorm mates were being unusually modest about their part in the affair and seemed to want to put it all behind them. Besides, the senior boys had something else to think about. As Sue and Amber were still recovering from their ordeal, Sister Newcombe had obtained a new girl for them to make up the numbers.

'Her name is Prudence,' Sister told them as she led the first group of half a dozen boys along the slave pen room to the end stall. 'She responds well to a firm hand. You have permission to use spanking paddles on her if she's slow to obey or displeases in any way.'

The eager boys gathered round the end of the last pen.

Spread out on her back on the mattress was a girl in a slave collar with cool blue eye and short dark hair. She was perhaps a couple of years older than Sue or Doreen, but with an excellent figure and full breasts capped with nipples that stood up brazenly hard with anticipation. Her mouth was held open with a ring gag and her vulva was excitingly smooth-shaven. Standard cuffs were locked about her wrists and ankles. Ropes from their tethering rings ran through a series of large eyebolts that had been screwed into the side boarding to a hand cranked windlass mounted on the post by the front of the pen. Adjusting this gave the girl as much freedom to move about as was desired. Currently Prudence was tautly and very invitingly spread-eagled.

They looked down at her appreciatively, as the growing bulges in their trousers showed.

‘As you can see she has an overactive libido and will require regular attention,’ Sister said. ‘So I thought the whole year can start by having her. You’ll be the first batch.’ She took a spanking paddle from its hook and handed it to the nearest boy. ‘I suggest you warm her up before you start. She enjoys discipline. Remember to clean her out after each spend and...’

‘Be sure to thank her,’ the boys said in chorus.

As the first lad bent over Prudence and swiped the paddle across her breasts, which shivered and bounced resiliently, Miss Newcombe contentedly left them to their fun. It was surprising how things worked out for the best in the end. Now she had a meeting with Major Havercott-gore to plan and a story to tell once again.

Prudence moaned ecstatically as the boy tanned her breasts with just the right degree of firmness. She opened her legs a little wider and begged mutely with her eyes. He dropped the paddle, pulled down his trousers and fell upon her, his hard shaft sliding effortlessly up her slippery and welcoming sheath.

As he rode her helpless body with youthful delight, she discovered that if one had the courage to give pleasure unconditionally, to the right person, it was repaid in kind. How had she missed seeing this simple truth for so many years?

That was why she had taken her revenge, of course. Not on those who had humiliated her but on her own selfish nature that had held her more of a prisoner than she was now. The chains had not been easy to break but it was done and Arabella was no more. She was Prudence: a humble school slave and the plaything of so many young men’s cocks. And she would serve them not just faithfully but with a greater purpose. She knew they already lusted after her so joyfully and innocently, which was a thrill all of its own, but she would also strive to make them love her. That would be a challenge because all her life she had been suspicious of love, and its bedfellow: compassion, perhaps resenting and mocking their power because she had not understood them. But at least she could recognise them now. She had felt their presence all around her in the barn the night Arabella had been put to rest.

Of course it would be a challenge but being a slave did not mean she had surrendered her determination. Besides, Prudence could do anything she wanted now because she was no longer alone. She had her sister slaves for companionship. And one day, perhaps not so far off, they might even learn to call her... friend.

THE END

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